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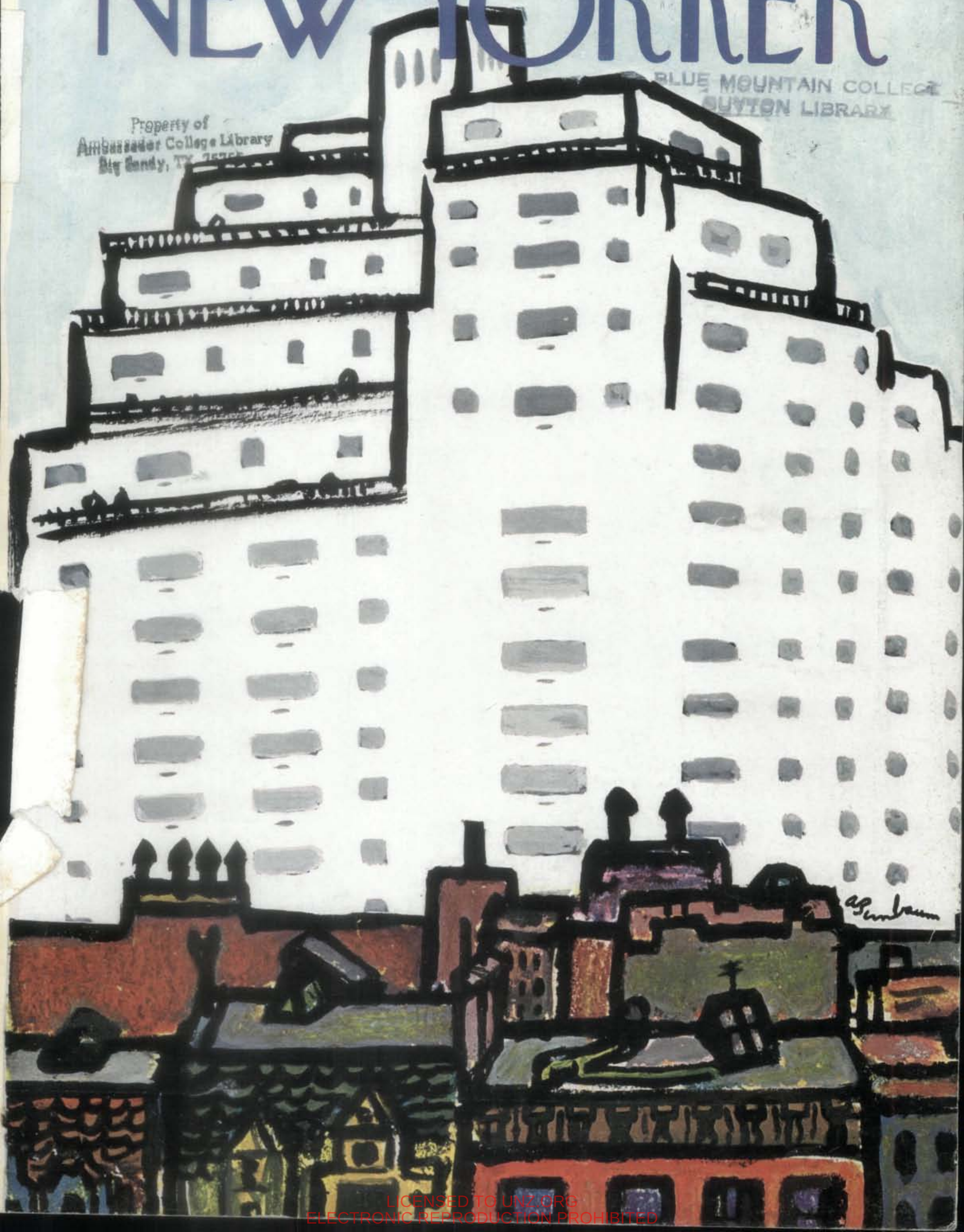
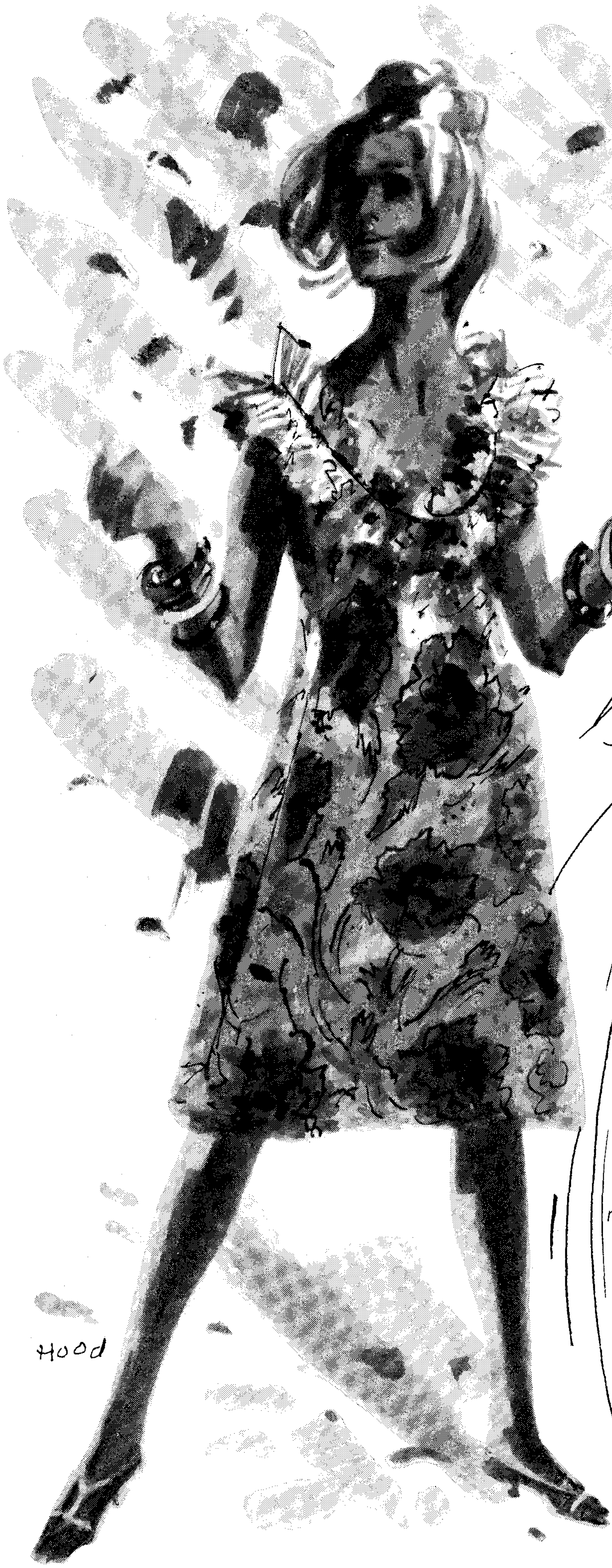


I can't figure women out !!!
She wants Arpege-this...and Arpege-that.
You'd think she'd have more fun with a space helmet.
LANVIN
ARPEGE
DUSTING POWDER
Promise her anything but give her Arpege...LANVIN



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prints and solid colors, too.
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Amen Corner—James Baldwin's rueful description of life in a Harlem store-front church—a play that is very loosely strung together and a trifle too loquacious to be entirely effective but that nevertheless has a number of meritorious scenes. Bea Richards, as the pastor of Mr. Baldwin's tabernacle, does a fine job, and so, for that matter, do her supporting players. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Catch Me If You Can—Dan Dailey, Tom Bosley, and Bethel Leslie are estimable people, but their efforts to galvanize this dull murder-mystery comedy are unavailing. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

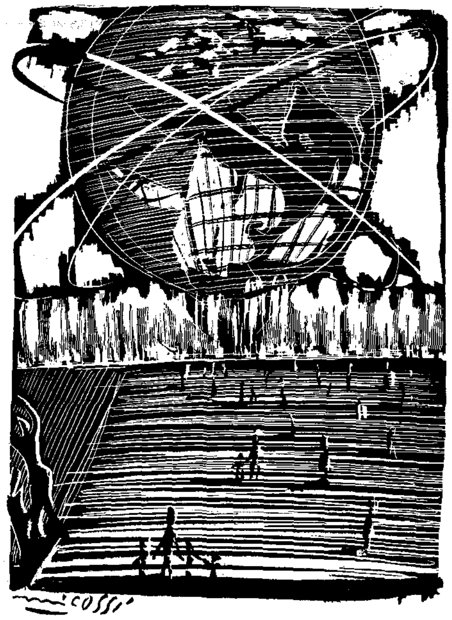
Luv—This comic triangular trifle by Murray Schisgal, which has an excellent cast—Alan Arkin, Eli Wallach, and Anne Jackson—has been wonderfully directed by Mike Nichols. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Odd Couple—A fine, funny comedy by Neil Simon having to do with a couple of hilarious male marital rejects trying to keep house in a rambling Riverside Drive apartment. Mr. Simon has been given a big assist by the director, the ubiquitous Mike Nichols, and by Walter Matthau and Art Carney, who head up the cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Owl and the Pussycat—A two-character comedy by Bill Manhoff, in which Alan Alda and Diana Sands appear as a stuffy pseudo-intellectual and an antic prostitute, with sporadically amusing results. Skillful direction by Arthur Storch, and a good set by Jo Mielziner. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Tiny Alice—An excursion into metaphysics arranged by Edward Albee. The play often seems incoherent as it explains man's relation to the world above and below, but John Gielgud, Irene Worth, John Heffernan, and Eric Berry are for the most part admirable in it. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**ANY WEDNESDAY:** Barbara Cook, Rosemary Murphy, and Don Porter in a play by Muriel Resnik about a girl being kept by an industrial big shot. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **BAREFOOT IN THE PARK:** Neil Simon's frivolity concerning the adventures of a pair of newlyweds in a Manhattan walk-up. The cast includes Penny Fuller, Anthony Roberts, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **NEVER TOO LATE:** A sixty-year-old gentleman is dismayed at the prospect of his wife's having a baby late in life. Arthur Godfrey and Maureen O'Sullivan have the leading roles. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40. May close Saturday, April 24.) ... **THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES:** About a clutch of middle-class Irish-Americans in the Bronx who spend most of their time bickering. With Jack Albertson, Irene Dailey, and Martin Sheen. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)



A CONCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	1

MUSICALS

Bajour—Gypsies dancing, prancing, reading tea leaves, examining palms, and all that sort of thing in a lively creation that has a book by Ernest Kinoy and music and lyrics by Walter Marks. Peter Gennaro is responsible for the choreography, and the musical has the nimble services of Chita Rivera, Nancy Dussault, and many other attractive performers. (Shubert, 44th St., W. ST 7-8100. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Baker Street—Holmes vs. Moriarty in a divertissement that is only occasionally effective. Fritz Weaver is the Sherlock of the piece and Martin Gabel the Professor. Jerome Coopersmith created the book and Marian Grudeff and Raymond Jessel the lyrics and music. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, April 22, at 2:30.)

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THE NEW YORKER
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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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Ben Franklin in Paris—An old-time piece of agreeable schmalz on the order of the Shubert operettas. The best thing about it is the enormously ingratiating Robert Preston. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Comedy in Music—Victor Borge doing his stimulating stuff, this time with Leonid Hambro. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly at 9. Matinées Thursday and Saturday at 3. Closes Saturday, April 24.)

Do I Hear a Waltz?—Despite the fact that Richard Rodgers contributed the score for this musical version of Arthur Laurents's "The Time of the Cuckoo," it isn't anywhere near as beguiling as most of the other works in which the Master has had a hand. Stephen Sondheim did the lyrics, and Mr. L. the book, which describes the ups and downs of an American spinster reluctantly caught in the amorous atmosphere of Venice. Elizabeth Allen portrays the spinster and Sergio Franchi the Venetian who unsettles her. The cast is directed by John Dexter. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Fiddler on the Roof—Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, garnished with music by Jerry Bock, lyrics by Sheldon Harnick, and choreography by Jerome Robbins, who also directed the enterprise. Although the material is rather too frail to sustain all the large production numbers, the cast, headed by the redoubtable Zero Mostel, is diverting. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Golden Boy—Sammy Davis in an adaptation of a tired Odets play about a fighter who doesn't like his work. With the exception of a couple of fine production numbers, it has little in its favor. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 581-4792. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, April 22, at 2:30.)

I Had a Ball—Behind the scenes with the grifters at Coney Island, who are no more amusing than the folks they try to swindle. Buddy Hackett, Richard Kiley, Karen Morrow, Steve Roland, and Luba Lisa are among those present. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**FUNNY GIRL:** Barbra Streisand representing Fanny Brice. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** The Carol Channing commotion. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **WHAT MAKES SAMMY RUN?:** A musical having to do with a Hollywood striver who would be glad to throw his own mother into the snow if she didn't pull her weight on his sled. Steve Lawrence, Robert Alda, and Bernice Massi are in it. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

And Things That Go Bump in the Night—A play by Terrence McNally, with Eileen Heckart. Directed by Michael Cacoyannis. Opens Thursday, April 22. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Half a Sixpence—A London musical, based on H. G. Wells' "Kipps." Beverley Cross wrote the book, David Heneker turned out the music and lyrics, and Tommy Steele heads the cast. Gene Saks is the director. Previews

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TAKE ONE BEFORE PROPOSING

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Saturday, April 24. Opens officially on Sunday, April 25. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Race of Hairy Men!—Brandon deWilde in a comedy by Evan Hunter, staged by Elaine Perry. Previews through Wednesday, April 28. Opens officially on Thursday, April 29. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center—**CITY CENTER GILBERT & SULLIVAN COMPANY:** Final performances of a two-week repertory; matinées are primarily for children. Thursday, April 22, at 12:30 and 5:30: "H.M.S. Pinafore."... ¶ Friday, April 23, at 2:30: "Patience."... ¶ Friday, April 23, at 8:30, and Saturday, April 24, at 2:30: "The Pirates of Penzance."... ¶ Saturday, April 24, at 8:30, and Sunday, April 25, at 1: "The Mikado."... ¶ Sunday, April 25, at 5:30: "The Yeomen of the Guard."... **NEW YORK CITY CENTER LIGHT OPERA COMPANY:** A revival of "Guys and Dolls," with Alan King, Sheila MacRae, Jerry Orbach, and Anita Gillette, is the first in a series of four musicals to be presented by the company. Preview Tuesday, April 27, at 8:30. Opens officially on Wednesday, April 28, and will run through Sunday, May 9. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

Lincoln Center Repertory—**INCIDENT AT VICHY,** an attempt by Arthur Miller to dramatize the plight of a group of people rounded up by the Nazis in Vichy and scheduled for dispatch to a concentration camp. Joseph Wiseman and David Wayne lead the able cast, which was directed by Harold Clurman. Performances Thursday and Friday, April 22-23, and Tuesday through Friday, April 27-30, all at 8:30.... **AFTER THE FALL,** also by Arthur Miller, has its faults, but it does provide a moment or two of dramatic excitement as it goes its autobiographical way. Hal Holbrook has the leading role. Final performances Saturday, April 24, at 2 and 8.... **TARTUFFE,** Molière's old war horse about a pious fraud has been newly translated by Richard Wilbur. Michael O'Sullivan, Hal Holbrook, and Larry Gates are in it. Performances Sunday, April 25, at 2 and 7:30, and Saturday, May 1, at 2 and 8:30. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. OR 4-5600.)

APA at the Phoenix—A three-play repertory by an exhilarating company. Tolstoy's **WAR AND PEACE:** Thursday and Friday, April 22-23, at 8:30.... Giraudoux's **JUDITH:** Saturday, April 24, at 2:30 and 8:30; Sunday, April 25, at 2:30 and 7:30; Tuesday, April 27, and Friday, April 30, both at 8:30; and Saturday, May 1, at 2:30 and 8:30.... Shaw's **MAN AND SUPERMAN:** Wednesday and Thursday, April 28-29, at 8. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288.)

Amato Opera Company—Through Saturday, April 24: "Faust."... ¶ Starting Friday, April 30: "The Barber of Seville." (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Evenings at 8:15.)

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The Cat and the Canary—This production of John Willard's spooky old comedy has a few pretty fair moments, but there would be more if the players could restrain their fun at Mr. Willard's expense and make better use of what he has given them. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

Cindy—A cheerful little musical about a Miss Cindy Kreller, who works in a delicatessen and gets to go to a ball at the Plaza. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Do Not Pass Go—A two-character play by Charles Nolte, in which Roberts Blossom appears with the author. Alan Schneider is the director. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—In this musical comedy by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the whimsey is as thick as *that*. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Knack—Ann Jellicoe's farce, which has been directed by the inventive Mike Nichols, is a British import, and so is half its cast. The theme is seduction, and the story, such as it is, concerns three young men and a girl on her way to the Y.W.C.A. The show has its ups and downs, many of the ups being provided by the comic acting of Brian Bedford. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Matty and the Moron and Madonna—A dreary and woeful thriller about a boy who cannot quite bring himself to escape from his murderously insane mother, although his father has already deserted the family. The setting is a New York tenement, and most of the other tenants are also in bad shape. Felice Orlandi and Glenn Scimonelli do very well, as father and son. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. May close Sunday, April 25.)

Othello and **Baal**—Shakespeare's tragedy has been joined in repertory with an adaptation by Eric Bentley and Martin Esslin of the Brecht play. "Othello": Fridays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays at 3.... ¶ "Baal": Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056.)

The Room and **A Slight Ache**—Mystery and torment and wildly funny talk are again the ingredients of these brilliant one-act comedies by Harold Pinter. "The Room," his first play, written in 1957, takes place in a dingy rooming house; the country setting for "A Slight Ache" is far more genteel. (Writers' Stage Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. GR 7-7030. Moves on Tuesday, April 27, to the Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St., GR 7-9894. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Slave and **The Toilet**—These one-act plays by LeRoi Jones constitute an evening of low punches and high-flown or obscene words. Many of the words deal with the antagonism between Negroes and whites, and, valid though they may be, the effect is more numbing than stirring. Settings by Larry Rivers. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Sound of Silence—The daughter of a conventional Southern family brings a Negro clergyman home for the weekend. The play is weak but otherwise harmless, and so is the performance. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. LO 4-2298. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3:30.)

The Trojan Women—This production of Euripides' tragedy of the aftermath of the Trojan War is always clear and visually satisfying. Michael Cacoyannis is the director, and the beautiful translation is the work of the late Edith Hamilton. The individual performances vary considerably in quality. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3.)

A View from the Bridge—Robert Duvall in a strong revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Wet Paint—A topical revue that, at its best (the scenes in which Paul Sand appears), is rather entertaining and, at its worst, is rather foolish. (Renata Theatre, 53 E. 11th St. AL 4-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday matinée, April 22: "Western Symphony," "Swan Lake," "Meditation," and "Firebird."... ¶ Thursday evening, April 22: "Scotch Symphony," "Prodigal Son," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Friday evening, April 23: "Serenade," "Harlequinade," and "Fanfare."... ¶ Saturday matinée, April 24: "Harlequinade," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Firebird."... ¶ Saturday evening, April 24: "Serenade," "Agon," "Interplay," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Sunday matinée, April 25: "Interplay," "Tarantella," "Swan Lake," and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Sunday evening, April 25: "Scotch Symphony," "Prodigal Son," "Allegro Brillante," and "Firebird."... ¶ Tuesday evening, April 27: "Harlequinade," "Dim Lustre," and "Fanfare."... ¶ Wednesday evening, April 28: "Liebeslieder Walzer" and "Harlequinade."... ¶ Thursday evening, April 29: "Swan Lake," "Prodigal Son," "Pas de Deux and Divertissements," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Friday evening, April 30: "Piège de Lumière," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Saturday matinée, May 1: "Western Sym-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

phony," "Swan Lake," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Firebird."... ¶ Saturday evening, May 1: "Dim Lustre," "Prodigal Son," "Allegro Brillante," and "Stars and Stripes." (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:15. Through Sunday, June 13. Latecomers are officially, and severely, frowned on.)

Royal Ballet—Thursday and Friday, April 22-23, at 8: "Romeo and Juliet."... ¶ Saturday, April 24, at 2:30 and 8:30: "Giselle."... ¶ Sunday, April 25, at 2:30 and 8: "Romeo and Juliet."... ¶ Tuesday, April 27, at 8: "Romeo and Juliet."... ¶ Wednesday, April 28, at 8:30: "Giselle."... ¶ Thursday, April 29, at 8:30: "Les Patineurs," "Les Biches" (American première), and "Marguerite and Armand."... ¶ Friday, April 30, at 8:30: "Les Biches," "The Dream" (American première), and "Marguerite and Armand."... ¶ Saturday, May 1, at 2:30 and 8:30: "Les Sylphides," "Les Biches," and "The Dream." (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1554. Through Sunday, May 16. No seating at any performance after the curtain is up.)

Daniel Nagrin—In a dance recital. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, April 24, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Maurice Chevalier at 77—A solo show of songs and monologues. (Alvin Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Sundays at 3. Final performance Saturday, May 1.)

Blue Hill Troupe—Presenting benefit performances of Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Yeomen of the Guard." (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Thursday through Saturday, April 22-24, at 8:45, and a performance primarily for children on Saturday, April 24, at 2:30. For tickets, call SA 2-0570, from 1 to 5.)

This Was Burlesque—A revival of the locally obsolete art form starring Ann Corio as mistress of ceremonies and, in the next-to-closing spot, as nostalgic stripper. Sometimes comic and sometimes merely dirty. (Hudson Theatre, 141 W. 44th St. 757-9570. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Circus—Whatever happened to the old steam calliope? (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Thursday and Friday, April 22-23, at 10:30 and 3, and Saturday, April 24, at 10:30, 3, and 8:30. Thereafter Tuesdays through Thursdays at 2 and 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 2 and 8:30; and Sundays at 1:30 and 6. Closes Sunday, May 9. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around among the sideshows and the menagerie in the basement.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Pearl Bailey (if her wicked-world lyrics are to be believed, a Pearl of great price) is proclaiming herself her favorite charity. This amiable amusement takes place at dinner and supper in the Royal Box. The dance music comes from the orchestra of Lee Evans, which night by night in every light is getting better and better. Closed Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The restaurant, which is sort of Department of State, has music by George Anaya's minute band—done menu style from eight to ten and prancing style from then until one. No music on Mondays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—Though this enterprise has lately been given quite a bit of body English, at least thirteen of the original colonists are still visible in its ancestral halls. The grand ballroom contains Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra; customers who would rather be wired for sound resort to the Garrison, a built-in discothèque; customers who would rather not be on their feet at all resort to the Champagne Room, where Ernest Schoen's threesome suns itself, not in dance tempo, on the banks of the Blue Danube. Closed Sundays.

Mark Twain Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—The reënactment of the Age of Steamboating that takes place here is so deftly done that it is restoration comedy, but the stage set is nonetheless rich and handsome. On the promenade deck, Stan Rubin's Tiger Town Five makes dance music from around seven-thirty to a bit past midnight during the week, and from nine to two Saturdays; Sundays, the sound is all tinned tunes.

New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000)—In the piazza known as the Seven Hills, the Quintetto di Roma, a jaunty bunch of boys, plays from eight to one, or even to two on Fridays and Saturdays. Dino Palermo, the carolling member of the Quintetto, makes Italian a truly Romance language. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Café Pierre, one of Ben Cutler's jolliest do-or-die-for-dear-old-Yale bands is chattering away every night of the week. The Irish-coffee breaks are occupied by Yvette Souviron's voice and piano, though not on Mondays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Juliet Prowse and a squadron of young men fill in the dinner and supper hours at the Persian Room with a great deal of hoofing, and they can be heard singing at their roadwork, but the purpose of their project remains obscure. The big band of the unforgotten Emil Coleman, now in the hands of Emil, Jr., and the scampering posse of Mark Monte wax eloquent all through the night. Closed Sundays. ... ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano and violin play watercress-sandwich music in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, and *vin-rosé* music in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. They're off duty Mondays.... ¶ Some enchanted evenings can be spent in the Palm Court, converted (on the stroke of eight) by the necromancy of light and shadow into a perfect Xanadu. Simultaneously, Gunnar Hansen's soulful violin, a thousand-calorie pastry cart, and a covey of lovely handmaidens laden with water ices and *café noir* debouch upon the scene. One in the morning is time to go home. Sunday nights are stilly nights.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—On top of Old Smoky, which is a fair enough name for this town. Remote control brings the music of George Cort's quintet to the cocktail lounge (view south); the sound appears in person, from eight to one, in the dining room (view north and west), which has a small dance floor. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Downstairs in the Maisonette, which is a grandiose and life-enhancing way of doing over the Nether Regions, swinging and swaying are practiced to the good-humored music of Charles Turecamo's band, and fancywork to the music of Quintero's able-bodied Latins. Closed Sundays.... ¶ La Boite, too, goes grandiosely about its task of care and feeding, which are expedited by the outpourings of Walter Kay's piano and Jani Sarkozi's violin, on hand between eight and two. No dancing. Closed Sundays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181)—Not the Shepheard's of Kingdom Come but a Modern American version, in which even the whirling dervishes

that haunt the dance floor are our compatriots. After ten, the music is issued by computers, and it rolls on until three or four every night except Sunday, when curfew arrives at one; from seven to ten, a trio of real human beings supplies the sound.

NOTE—ROSELAND DANCE CITY, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—Where the deer and the antelope could play if the boundless plains were not occupied by serious, non-Twist dancers. They are fringed by two ceaseless bands, one Norte and one Sud, which sound off at about seven-thirty during the week and stay put until around one; Sundays they start off at three-thirty. For insatiables, there are Thursday and Saturday matinées, from one-thirty to six, and a floor show at eleven every Tuesday. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The look and the sound of a ceaseless cocktail-and-dinner party of family style, inasmuch as all ages are clinking glasses. Through this merry crossfire can be heard the sound of music from cocktails on—beginning with Sam Hamilton and ending with Wayne Sanders and Goldie Hawkins himself, who settle down to four-handed piano after the theatre. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Tenors and sopranos willing to sing for their supper (and dinner, too) without benefit of microphones and other extra added detractions tackle anything from Porter to Puccini. Right now, they are devoting themselves to "Brigadoon," but on Tuesday, April 27, they will turn to "Guys and Dolls." Thursdays through Saturdays, there is also at-your-leisure dance music. Closed Mondays. . . . **LE CAPRICE**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): The levees held by Bobby Short, whose songs are for the permanently wide-awake (and not the wide-eyed), begin at the suitably fashionable hour of ten-thirty. Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan, his alert sidemen, and Mr. S.'s own brisk piano conspire with him far into the night. Jules Kuti lifts the cover of the piano in the bar at five-thirty and plays until nine. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The evergreen kingdom of Cy Walter, the Bureau of Standards by which drawing-room musicians must be measured. His piano, both succinct and succulent, is presented on a timecard that is generous—six to one, except Sundays. . . . **IL MIO**, 65 E. 59th St., in Delmonico's Hotel. (EL 5-2500): Tanya Everett, who spends part of the evening in "Fiddler on the Roof," is a sprite for sore eyes as she takes the floor in a discothèque of which she is an entrepreneur and its star frugger, swimmer, et al. The music is L.P. (which in this case also stands for "loud-playing"), the pleasure of all the young guests is evident, the net result is amusing. The schedule: from eight until all-fall-down every evening but Monday. The menu though, is minimal. . . . **SHERATON-EAST**, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): In the august Café Ambassador, Ray Hartley's piano redecorates the tunes of the day in a fashion that makes them sound brand-new. This takes place between seven and one every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ In Le Palais, the lower deck of this enterprise, Vienna is restored (in wine, menu, and sound) in a manner grand enough for the approval of Maria Theresa. The sound is the zither of Hans Hansberg, who gently vibrates it from seven to ten. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): All the ills that love is heir to are alleviated, or even cured, by the artful lyrics that no one but Mabel Mercer has on the tip of a wise old tongue. Her ministrations to the walking wounded commence at ten-thirty. Sam Hamilton, her lifetime equerry, is her pianist. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Quaint conceit is the essence of this childrens'-hour castle keep. The everlasting Norbert Faconi tosses and turns a come-hither violin as he roams from table to table. No sound on Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The good King's second castle keep, likewise planned to amuse the eye as well as the palate. George Cardini and his enthusiastic violin provide the marching music. Silence on Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The songs and the dances by the permanent party are all in colloquial Spanish. There's dancing for the customers as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S.P.Q.R. are thinking of holding their annual conventions here. Already among the population is a round of dulcet wandering minstrels. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A road that leads in a straight line to Rome. Journeyers are serenaded along this Appian Way by a clutch of musicians who are often on the prowl. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the little Londoner, has, after ten years at one piano, unassailable squatters' rights in the New World. He begins at nine-thirty in this segment of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 48,** 15 E. 48th St. (HA 1-3448): An all-out propagation of faith in Iberian architecture, décor, cuisine, and music. The last commodity comes from a guitar (José Luis Franco) that begins at seven in the third room back of this opulent display. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 49,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): One more affirmation of delight in everything Spanish—sight, sound, and sustenance. The music—guitar again (Gustavo Lopez)—is hands-across-the-sea that lies between Iberia and the New World. No sound effects Sundays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Exactly the sort of place where you'd expect to run into someone who is named Lord Superior, who plays guitar, and who sings West Indian chansons. The music occurs Thursdays through Saturdays, from seven-thirty to two, and in shorter stints the rest of the week. The décor, which is amusement in its own right, is there all the time. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Home port for a bunch of young people who have to do with this or that dab of the amusement industry. The setting and the talk are very heads-up. A robust jazz trio performs every day of the week but Sunday, when a solitary pianist handles the whole thing. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): You expect the real Henry James to stand up at any moment in this dining-in-state and dining-in-the-nineties restaurant. In the bar, there's piano from five to eight and nine-thirty to two, except for Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Dignity is what the Regency Room cocktail lounge stands on, but that does not prevent Rack Godwin's piano from indulging itself in occasional subtle bouts of byplay. He's there from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): A Budapest that was not built in a day is occupied by a hand-picked citizenry, such as players of the fiddle and the zimbalon, not to mention chanters of ballads. Béla Babai's band does the dance tunes. Closed Mondays. . . . **SHERATON MOTOR INN,** Twelfth Ave. at 42nd St. (OX 5-6500): The Hudson River, a next-door neighbor whom we rarely see, is plain as day from the windows of the Crown Restaurant. From seven to ten-thirty, a harp—in the hands of Daphne Hellman or Gladys Hubner—sounds throughout this version of Tara's halls. . . . **LA FONDA DEL SOL,** 123 W. 50th St. (PL 7-8800): In this wholly imaginary South American republic, it's nip and tuck between the scenic pleasantries and the musicians to see which are the livelier Latins. The performers are there every Sunday from one until nine. . . . **PETROUSHKA,** 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): An establishment operating on Central Standard Chekhov time, which means no haste, no waste, and a plenitude of *chansons d'amour* (Marina Fedorovskaya attends handsomely to these), Slavic violin and piano, and occasional Volga-boatman chimings-in by the gentlemen in the audience. Seven-thirty until two every night but Monday is the house rule. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, whose manner of song swings between gypsy-caravan and wickedest-woman-in-Paris, sings at dinner through the week and at dinner and supper on Fridays and Saturdays. A trio provides for dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Singing waiters, singing cigarette girls, singing salad chefs, singing bottle washers, none of them in the least frustrated performers of Italian opera, work here with all stops out. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A Book-of-the-Month Club in which *Debrett's* is compulsory reading. The centerpiece is George Feyer, player of piano that is full of Valenciennes lace. Eight-thirty until one or two is the range of the music. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): On the top deck of the Casino-on-the-Park, Steven Weltner feeds a concert grand a balanced diet that runs, in leisurely fashion, from Gershwin to Grieg. The music goes on from five-thirty until midnight every evening but Sunday. . . . **NANDO'S MIRAMAR,** 38 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-4186): Fun-and-games piano by Bunty Pendleton, a girl who's seen a lot of New York night life but is still cheerful enough to sing at her work. Most of the evening, she takes turns with Lynn Richards, another girl pianist. Thus, there's apt to be music from six until around three. Closed Sundays. . . . **STANHOPE GATE,** Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): In a bar of Andalusian antecedents and great dignity, there is guitar (Monte Rodriguez) between the hours of nine-thirty and one. No music Mondays, and no dining on any night. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): The decorum of this carefully brought up refectory is punctured ever so slightly by the piano of Muriel Roberts, whose work never quite conceals the fact that she has a real get-with-it jazz background. No music Sundays.

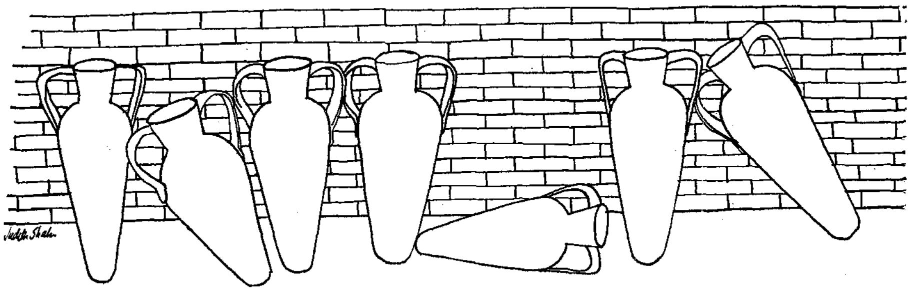
BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): "Tonight's the Night" is a prodigious caper, choreographed to the hilt and replete not only with young ladies but with the customary very special variety acts—the fantasy ballet of François Szony and Nancy Claire, and a maniacal Japanese demon-driver sequence. On Wednesday, April 28, Edie Adams joins up, bringing song and stuff in her portfolio. Dancing for the house guests, too. All quiet Mondays. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Leslie Uggams, a pretty and perky cricket, is an improvement on almost any other girl singer you'd care to name, and on dozens you wouldn't. Her companion is Pat Henry, said to be a comedian. Dancing. . . . ¶ Up in the lounge, a smother of musicians is carrying on as if there were no tomorrow. The sound runs from ten to four every night of the week. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Woody Allen, who can play one of the best word games all by himself, is the sly speaker of the evening; Danny Meehan works his musical-comedy songs into miniature production numbers. Closed Sundays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9—, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): The world and its problems are cut down to size (pretty damn small) by the words and music of "Bits & Pieces, XIV," the fourteenth of Julius Monk's annual White Papers. The enunciation of his cutting remarks is assigned to



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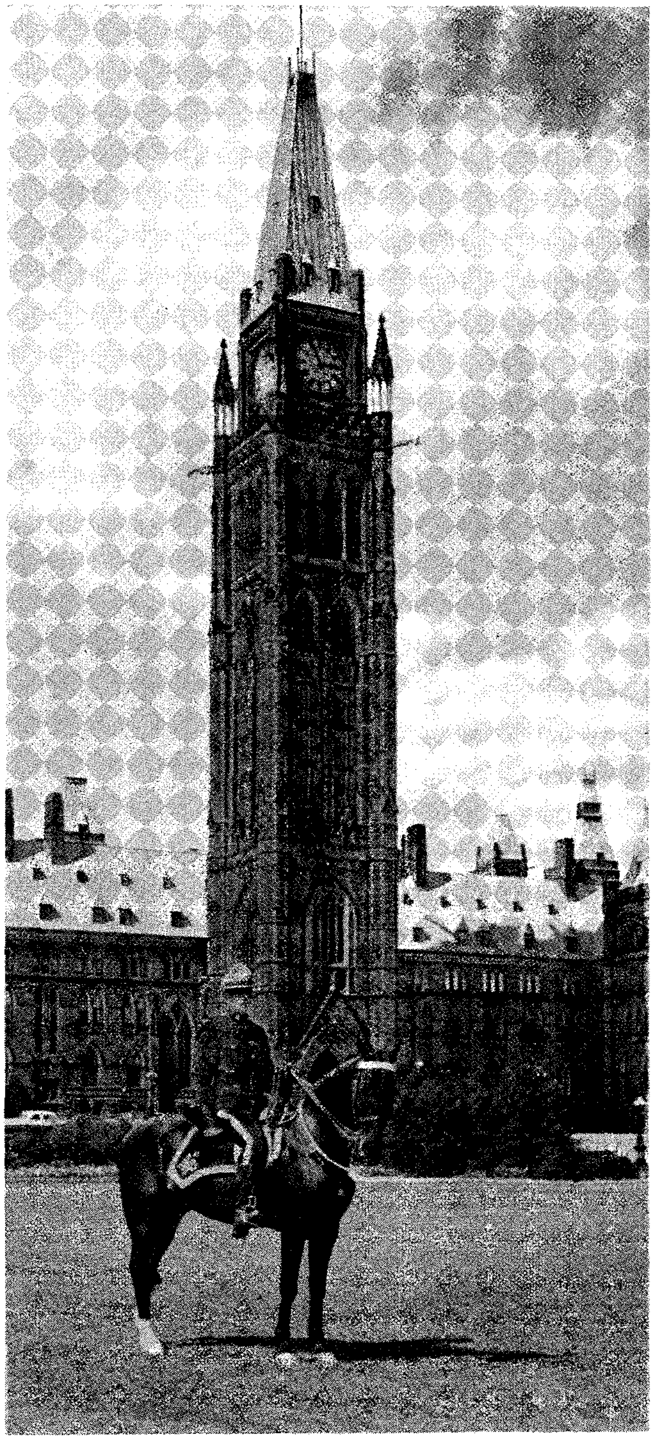

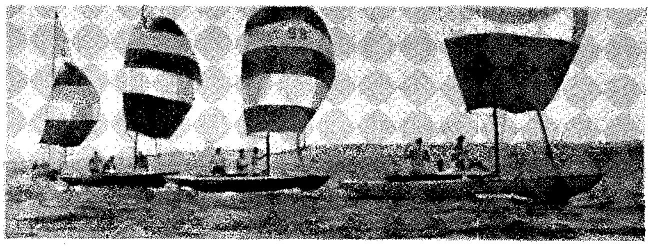

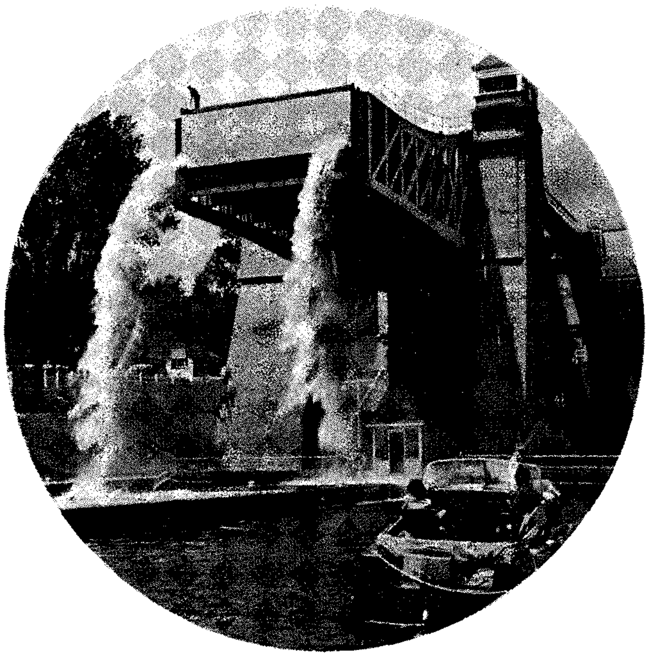

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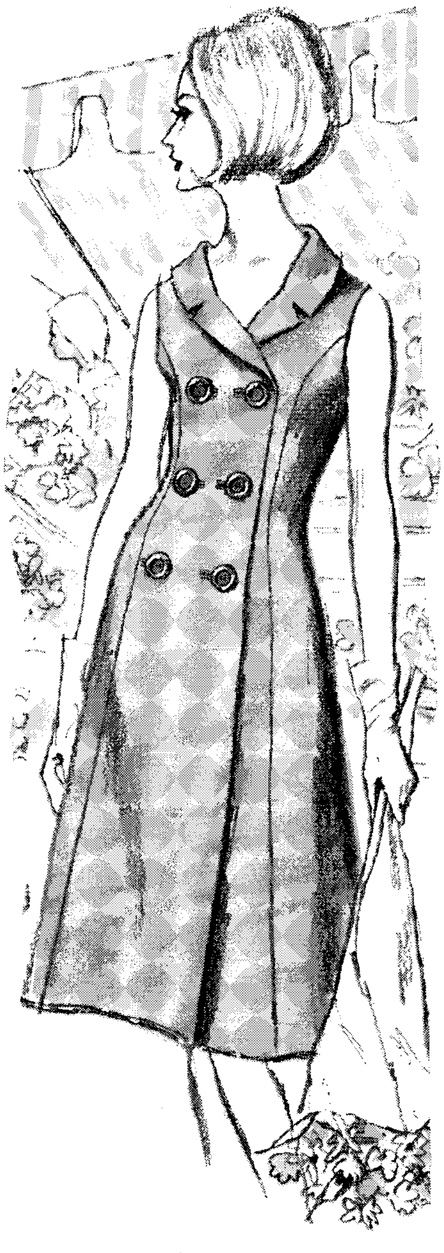
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Gerry Matthews, Barbara Cason, Jamie Ross, and Nagle Jackson, well-remembered faces from earlier Monk animadversions, and also to the more recent Barbara Minkus and Nancy Myers. Robert Colston and Carl Norman are the pianoforte orchestra. Nine and eleven-thirty every evening but Sunday. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Monday, April 26, is closing night for Lucho Gatica and his fragrant garlands of Latin lyrics, which he surrounds with the greatest of luxury, and for the Argentine ballet troupe of Juan Carlos Copes, which burns with desire and delirium. Los Chavales de España, Spain's largest marching-and-chanting club, moves in one evening later. Dinner and supper during the week is the schedule for the players, but the dancing by the customers makes the performance here continuous. On Sundays there is tea dancing in the afternoon and just one show, at ten-thirty. . . . ¶ In the neighborly Flamenco Room, after ten, Juan de la Mata's *simpático* guitar and Domingo Alvarado's arias serve the perfect stirrup cup. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "The Game Is Up," the tiny revue that lives here, has revamped and improved its editorial policy in its second edition, making itself simultaneously silly, swift, and salubrious. Again, R. G. Brown is the prize package, and Carol Morley and Marian Mercer are big helps. The runs begin at nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **LIBORIO**, 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): Exterritorial Cuba, with menu and conversation to match, to say nothing of the Latin ballet corps that is turned loose a couple of times a night. The customers get equal time on the floor. . . . **SQUARE EAST**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): Where there's Kaye Ballard there's fire, and so "The Decline and Fall of the Entire World as Seen Through the Eyes of Cole Porter Revisited," a revue devoted to the words and music of guess who, sounds perfectly wonderful a large part of the time. Harold Lang and his febrile feet are the other major contributors. Now and then, the affair endeavors to outwit Mr. Porter's wit—a losing battle for practically anybody. Tuesdays through Sundays at eight-thirty and Fridays and Saturdays an extra show at eleven—that's the ticket. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Felicia Sanders, for whom the phrase "melodramatic soprano" might as well be coined, is once more in residence. Her pianist, Irving Joseph, also conspires with Norene Tate and Warren Vaughn to produce a large supply of keyboard études. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Coleman Hawkins, ancient of days but tireless, is heading up a foursome. For laughs, there is a Harvard export, Richard Alpert, who is trying his hand at improvisations. Sundays, there is a four-thirty matinée as well as the evening show; Mondays are dedicated to *conversazioni*, often spirited, by people accustomed to speaking (or shouting) their minds. The topic, an inexhaustible one, is always what's wrong with what, and the shooting begins at nine-thirty. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Below the top-level restaurant, which operates from five to eleven every night but Monday, there is a vast cavern containing the band of Dizzy Gillespie, inventor, musician, philosopher, and humorist. Friday and Saturday, April 23-24, this group will be supplemented by Dick Gregory, the celebrated free-America-first champion, who will be talking in earnest and in whimsey; Fridays through Sundays, in addition, Gerry Mulligan's powerhouse foursome works out. Mondays, some Latin band or other is likely to show up; listening to Symphony Sid's conversation will be compulsory for the Latin students. Visitors get to dance, as well, every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Sunday. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The most reliable of the Village's coffee mills, and the most discerning in the choosing of new faces, new voices. Ronnie Gilbert (once of the Weavers), the folk singers who call themselves the Guild, and a young wit named Dick Cavett are the incumbents. Miss G. will depart on Monday, April 26. Tuesdays are assigned to visiting graduates and undergraduates. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): You can't tell the players without the program, which is usually a crash one. Late afternoons, the music issues not from templed hills and rocks and rills but from rocks and rolls; later on, Gene Krupa's quartet and Red Allen's do their best to blow each other to smithereens. Sundays, other players have the use of the hall. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Cannonball Adderley's sextet is coming down hard. On Tuesday, April 27, Toshiko Mariano's quartet replaces it. Whoever is in office serves double time (four-to-seven matinée, full evening recital) on Sundays and stays away on Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Roy Eldridge's horn is bold as brass these nights, it's a pleasure to report. He is attached to one quartet, and Roland Kirk, who carries a mass of instruments in his quiver, is attached to another. Walter Bishop's trio is the sole occupant of the premises on Mondays. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Business as usual (i.e., a survey of the glorious past) is being conducted by Max Kaminsky, Bob Wilber, Dill Jones, Cliff Leeman, and Herb Gardner. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Joe Castro, now producing a great deal more piano to the square inch, rumbles through the middle of the oval bar at the head of a trio; Eddie Thompson, an import from England, does piano-by-himself that waxes hot as the evening waxes long. Nine-fifteen is starting time; no music Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): Wild Bill Davison and his maddened horn have the local welkin all agog. His teammates are Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, Zutty Singleton, and Cliff Jackson. Sundays, Don Frye plays piano all by his lonesome, beginning at nine. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): A congeries of banjoists called the String Stretchers is hitting this sawdust trail. The peanuts and beer, though, remain as they were. The plunking runs from nine to three or four every night. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-5855): Another at-ease brewery, another set of junior citizens, another aggregation of clamorers (washboard, tuba, banjo, and such). On Sundays from four-thirty to eight-thirty, Dixieland comes into what's left of its own. . . . **GORDIAN KNOT**, 1584 York Ave., at 83rd St. (RH 4-9041):



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ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Pierre Alechinsky—Paintings and drawings by this Belgian artist who works in Paris; through May 8. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Will Barnet—Abstract oils; through Saturday, May 1. (Grippi & Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gifford Beal (1879-1956)—Paintings; through Saturday, May 1. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Louis Bosa—Semi-abstract paintings; through Saturday, May 1. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

David Burliuk—A farewell exhibition of new paintings by this artist, now in his eighty-third year; through Saturday, April 24. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

John Cavanaugh—Sculptures in lead and bronze; through Friday, April 23. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Lynn Chadwick—Small bronzes; through May 8. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Marc Chagall—Paintings 1955-64; through May 15. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

George Cohen—Paintings; through Saturday, April 24. (Feigen, 24 E. 81st St.)

Noche Crist—Nudes with mirrors, mostly; through Saturday, May 1. (Smolin, 19 E. 71st St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 12:30 to 6.)

Niki de Saint-Phalle—Sculptures; through Saturday, May 1. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

Michel Elia—Semi-abstract marble sculptures; through Saturday, May 1. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Joseph Goto—Welded-metal sculptures; through May 8. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Fannie Hillsmith—Semi-abstract paintings; through Saturday, April 24. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Alfred Jensen—Four abstract murals; through Saturday, April 24. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

John Paul Jones—Oils, pastels, and charcoal drawings; through Saturday, April 24. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

Wolf Kahn—Paintings; through Saturday, April 24. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Ellsworth Kelly—Paintings; through Saturday, May 1. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Jules Kirschenbaum—Paintings and drawings; through May 8. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Fernand Léger—"The Figure," an exhibition of paintings (1913-54) commemorating the tenth anniversary of his death; through May 15. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St. Closed Mondays.)

Peter Lipman-Wulf—Bronzes; through Saturday, May 1. (Tannenbaum, 19 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

George Luks—Drawings from his sketchbooks, mainly of people and animals, plus several paintings; through Saturday, May 1. (ACA American Heritage, 63 E. 57th St.)

Einar Lunden—Drawings and watercolors of European scenes; through Friday, April 30. (Contemporary Arts, 40 W. 56th St. Open Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30, and Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10:30.)

Marcia Marcus—Figure paintings; through May 8. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

Agnes Martin—Abstractions; through Friday, April 30. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Manolo Millares—Oils and gouaches by a Madrid artist; through Saturday, May 1. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ben Nicholson—A joint exhibition of paintings and reliefs (1955-65) by the English artist. (Marlborough-Gerson and Emmerich galleries, both at 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays. The Emmerich show closes Saturday, May 1, the Marlborough-Gerson show May 15.)

Isamu Noguchi—Abstract stone and marble sculptures; through Saturday, April 24. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Camille Pissarro (1830-1903)—A benefit loan exhibition of paintings; through Saturday, May 1. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Arthur Polonsky—Figure paintings and drawings; through Tuesday, April 27. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

Jesse Reichek—Drawings; through May 8. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Esther Rolick—"The Creation," a series of seven oils; through May 8. (Amel, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

James Rosenquist—Pop Art; through May 12. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Bernard Rosenthal, Ludwig Sander, and Zao Wou-ki—Sculptures by the first and paintings by the latter two; through May 8. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

Hyde Solomon—Impressionist landscapes; through Saturday, May 1. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Wayne Thiebaud—Drawings and small paintings; through Thursday, April 29. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St. Closed Mondays.)

Feliks Topolski—Line drawings; through May 7. (Hallmark Gallery, 720 Fifth Ave., at 56th St. Weekdays, 9:30 A.M. to 10 P.M.)

Claude Venard—Paris street scenes; through May 10. (Romanet-Vercel, 710 Madison Ave., at 63rd St.)

Robert Vickrey—Paintings; through May 8. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

American Watercolor Society—The ninety-eighth annual of watercolors, gouaches, and pastels by artists from all parts of the United States; through Sunday, April 25. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

African Art—"Style Regions in African Tribal Sculpture," an exhibition of masks, statues, and implements in wood, ivory, and bronze; through Friday, April 30. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Saturday hours: 2 to 5:30.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **lewison**, 35 E. 64th St.: Paintings by Thomas Cole, Theodore Robinson, George Inness, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists; through June 26. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **salpeter**, 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings by (for *instance*) August Mosca, Jacques Hnizdovsky, and John Sennhauser; through Saturday, May 1.

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **griffin**, 32 E. 58th St.: Art Nouveau and *fin-de-siècle* bicycling posters; through Friday, April 30. . . . **jackson**, 32 E. 69th St.: Collages and constructions in new materials by Alberto Burri, Louise Nevelson, Antoni Tàpies, and Ernst van Leyden; through Saturday, May 1. (Closed Mondays.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **hahn**, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Twentieth-century French masters, including Bonnard, Utrillo, and Miró; through Friday, April 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **saidenberg**, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings, drawings and sculptures by Picasso, Dubuffet, Giacometti, and others; through May 29. (Closed Mondays.)

Latin-Americans; Group Show—Thirty works (by twenty artists) selected from the II Bienal Americana de Arte, held last fall at the University of Cordoba, Argentina; through May 8. (American Federation of Arts, 41 E. 65th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Three Centuries of American Painting," an exhibition of nearly five hundred paintings dating from early Colonial times to the present (John Singleton Copley to Hans Hofmann), supplemented by American sculptures and eighteenth- and nineteenth-century furniture and silver; through Oct. 17. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"The Responsive Eye," a showing of optical paintings and constructions by artists from eighteen countries; through Sunday, April 25. . . . ¶ "John S. Newberry: A Memorial Exhibition," a selection of about forty drawings (by Grosz, Klee, Modigliani, Bontecou, and others) either presented to the Museum by Mr. Newberry or purchased with funds made available by him; through June 13. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Fifty twentieth-century Japanese prints; through May 13. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Cooper Union Museum, Cooper Sq. at 7th St.—"Designed for Theatre," a display of sixteenth- to twentieth-century drawings and prints (stage sets, backdrops, and costume and architectural designs), as well as French puppets, from the Museum's collection; through May 15. (Weekdays, 10 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—"Still Life Painters, Aertzen to Braque," a loan exhibit covering four hundred years; through Friday, April 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—Scandinavian painters, including Ernst Josephson, 1851-1906; through Sunday, April 25. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6:45; Sundays, noon to 5:45.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings by the Austrians Gustav Klimt and Egon Schiele; through Sunday, April 25. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective of landscapes, still-lifes, figures, and portraits by Ben Benn; through May 23. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Recent acquisitions; namely, the Morgan volume of "The Hours of Catherine of Cleves," master drawings, bookbindings, and autograph manuscripts; through June 4. . . . ¶ "Animals of Fact and Fiction," four centuries of drawings; through June 4. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—Fabric collage, including contemporary hangings and American quilts; through May 23. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Early American Folk Arts, 49 W. 53rd St.—"Hudson River Steamboat Portraits," a loan show of pictures by the nineteenth-century twin brothers James and John Bard; through May 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"The Jaguar's Children: Pre-Classic Central Mexico," an exhibition of archaic ceramic figures, effigy forms, bowls, bottles, and other objects; through May 9. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Views of nineteenth-century New York City, as depicted in engravings, lithographs, watercolors, and photographs. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Treasures for the Fair," comprising such rare items as the first copy of the Gutenberg Bible brought to America, a 1500 manuscript of Aesop's Fables, and Washington's Farewell Address in his own handwriting; through July 7. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The twenty-ninth annual of the American Abstract Artists, containing paintings and sculptures by about seventy members and guests (Richard Anuszkiewicz, Josef Albers, and Ibram Lassaw, to name a few); through Sunday, April 25. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—A hundred nineteenth-century American drawings and watercolors (by such artists as John James Audubon, Ralph Blakelock, and John Frederick Kensett) from the M. and M. Karolik Collection, recently presented to the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston; through May 19. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Mannes Opera Production Workshop—The second of two performances of a double bill: "Edgar and Emily," by Ernest Toch, and "The Tide," by Boris Blacher. Carl Bamberger is the musical director and James Lucas the stage director. (Mannes Concert Hall, 157 E. 74th St. Thursday, April 22, at 8:30. For information about free tickets, limited to two per person, call RE 7-4476.)

Brooklyn Opera Company—Saturday, April 24, at 8:15: "Carmen," with Gladys Kriese and Giovanni Consiglio. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 1, at 8:30: "La Bohème." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

Juilliard Opera Theatre—Benefit performances of the American première of Hans Werner Henze's "Elegy for Young Lovers," with a libretto by Wystan H. Auden and Chester Kallman. Staged by Christopher West, with members of the Juilliard Orchestra directed by the composer. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Thursday, April 29, and Saturday, May 1, both at 8. For information about tickets, call MO 3-7200, Ext. 35.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, William Steinberg conducting—An all-Mendelssohn program on Thursday, April 22, at 8:30; Friday, April 23, at 2:15; Saturday, April 24, at 8:30; and Sunday, April 25, at 3 (all with Rudolf Serkin, piano); and a Haydn-Mahler program on Thursday, April 29, at 8:30; Friday, April 30, at 2:15; Saturday, May 1, at 8:30; and Sunday, May 2, at 3 (no soloists).

BBC Symphony Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall—The first two in a series of six concerts by this orchestra appearing here for the first time. Friday, April 30, at 8:30: Antal Dorati conducting, with Heather Harper, soprano. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 1, at 8:30: Pierre Boulez conducting, with Miss Harper.

Master Virtuosi of New York—Gene Forrell conducting an orchestra in a program of chamber music of Italy, France, and Germany, with Leon Goossens, oboe. The last in a series of concerts. (Town Hall. Sunday, April 25, at 8:30.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Leopold Stokowski directing the final concert of the season, with the Schola Cantorum of New York. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, April 26, at 8:40.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau conducting the final concert of the season, with Gary Graffman, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, April 28, at 8:30.)

Munich Bach Chorus and Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall—Karl Richter directing the last two in an all-Bach series of concerts, with Ingrid Bjoner, soprano; Hertha Töpper, mezzo-soprano; Ernst Haefliger, tenor; and Kieth Engen, bass. Friday, April 23, at 8: "Christmas Oratorio." . . . ¶ Sunday, April 25, at 8: "St. John Passion," also with Lothar Ostenburg, bass.

Columbia University Glee Club—Bailey Harvey directing. (Town Hall. Friday, April 23, at 8:30.)

New York Choral Society—Martin Josman directing a performance of Haydn's oratorio "The Creation," with Mary Beth Peil, soprano; Matthew Raimondi, violin; John Solum, flute; and other soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 29, at 8.)

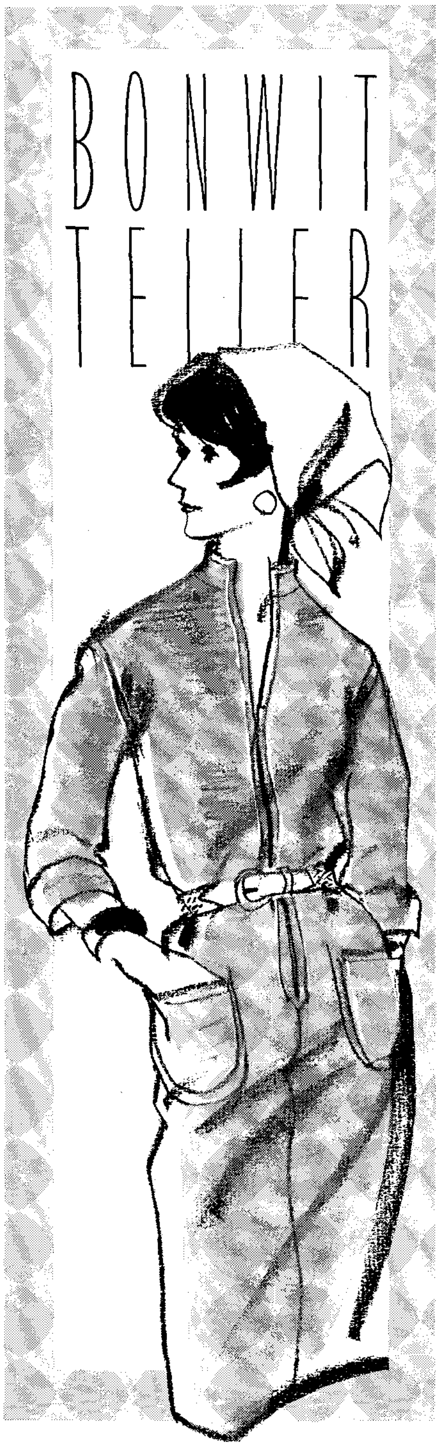
Renaissance Chorus of New York—Harold Brown directing. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, April 30, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Sviatoslav Richter—Piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, April 22, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, May 1, at 8:30, a benefit concert.)

Gary Towlen—Piano. (Town Hall. Sunday, April 25, at 2:30.)

Evenings for New Music—The last in a series



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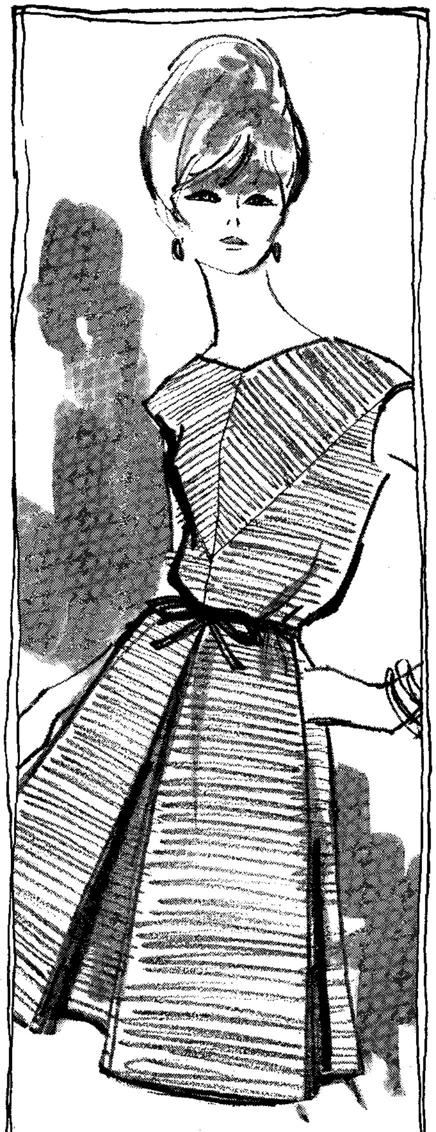

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

of programs prepared by Lukas Foss, this one devoted to the music of, among others, Shapey, Wernick, and Zukofsky. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, April 27, at 8:30.)

MARYAN FILAR—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 28, at 8:30.)

BEAUX ARTS TRIO—The last in a series of programs of piano trios. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. RE 7-8490. Friday, April 30, at 8:40.)

NEW YORK PRO MUSICA—The last in a series of concerts, this one a program of sacred and secular music by Josquin des Prés. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, May 1, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

BENEFIT CONCERTS—At Philharmonic Hall—Sunday, April 25, at 8:30: Carl Karapetian directing the Schola Cantorum of New York and the Orchestra of America, with Lucine Amara, soprano; Lili Chookasian, contralto; John McCollum, tenor; Ara Berberian, bass; and Berj Zamkochian, organ. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 1, at 2:30: Mary Burgess, mezzo-soprano; Gary Karr, double bass; and Jeffrey Siegel, piano.

JAZZ CONCERTS—Al Hirt's sextet and an orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 22, and Saturday, April 24, both at 8:15.) . . . ¶ The Modern Jazz Quartet. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, April 23, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At Yankee Stadium—Yankees vs. Minnesota, Thursday, April 22, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Los Angeles, Friday and Saturday, April 23-24, at 2, and Sunday, April 25, at 1. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Kansas City, Tuesday and Wednesday, April 27-28, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Baltimore, Friday, April 30, at 8, and Saturday, May 1, at 2.

CREW—Childs Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton. (Princeton. Saturday, April 24.) . . . ¶ Blackwell Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Yale. (Philadelphia. Saturday, May 1.) . . . ¶ Compton Cup Regatta: Harvard, M.I.T., and Princeton. (Princeton. Saturday, May 1.) . . . ¶ Goes Trophy Regatta: Cornell, Navy, and Syracuse. (Ithaca. Saturday, May 1.)

HORSE SHOWS—Boulder Brook Spring Horse Show. (Scarsdale. Saturday and Sunday, April 24-25.) . . . ¶ Sugartown Horse Show. (Newtown Square, Pa. Saturday and Sunday, May 1-2.)

HUNT RACING—Maryland Hunt Cup Association. (Glyndon, Md. Saturday, April 24.) . . . ¶ Virginia Gold Cup Association. (Warrenton, Va. Saturday, May 1.)

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT**: Weekdays at 1:30. The Grey Lag Handicap, Saturday, April 24; the Bed o' Roses Handicap, Wednesday, April 28; and the Carter Handicap, Saturday, May 1. . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK**, Camden, N. J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays (and Monday, May 31) at 2, from Saturday, April 24, through Monday, May 31. . . . **CHURCHILL DOWNS**, Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, Saturday, May 1.

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At Lime Rock Park, Lime Rock, Conn.: Saturday, May 1.

PROFESSIONAL TENNIS—Kenneth Rosewall, Rodney Laver, Lew Hoad, Pancho Gonzalez, Earl Buchholz, Mike Davies, Pancho Segura, Malcolm Anderson, Andres Gimeno, and Luis Ayala. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. MU 9-3560. Wednesday through Sunday, April 28-May 2, at 7:30.)

TRACK—Penn Relays. (Philadelphia. Friday and Saturday, April 23-24.)

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8:05; through Wednesday, May 12.

FOR CHILDREN

OPERA AND OPERETTAS—By the **CITY CENTER GILBERT & SULLIVAN COMPANY** (programs primarily for children): "H.M.S. Pinafore," Thursday, April 22, at 12:30 and 5:30. . . . ¶ "Patience," Friday, April 23, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "The Pirates of Penzance," Saturday, April 24, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "The Mikado," Sunday, April 25, at 1. . . . ¶ "The Yeomen of the Guard," Sunday, April 25, at 5:30. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.) . . . **AMATO OPERA COMPANY**: "The Mikado," Thursday, April 22. . . . ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Friday and Saturday, April 23-24. (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Afternoons at 2:30.) . . . **BLUE HILL TROUPE**: A benefit performance, primarily for children, of Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Yeomen of the Guard." (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Saturday, April 24, at 2:30. For tickets, call SA 2-0570, from 1 to 5.)

THE STORY DANCERS OF INDIA—"The Travels of Krishna." (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424, Thursday, April 22, and Saturday, April 24, both at 2 and 4.)

STAGE SHOWS—By the **B. GAY PUPPETS**: "The Emperor's New Clothes." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Saturday, April 24, at 1:30. For information about tickets, call LE 4-1672. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **CHILDREN'S REPERTORY GROUP**: "The Red Ruby." (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturdays at 3.) . . . **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS**: "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays at 2:30. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.) . . . **MARTINIQUE THEATRE**: "Rumpelstiltskin." (Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Thursday, April 22, at 1; Friday, April 23, at 2 and 3:30; Saturday, April 24, at 3:30; and Sunday, April 25, at 1.) . . . **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN**: "The Three Musketeers." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Thursday through Sunday, April 22-25, at 1:50 and 3:30.) . . . ¶ "The Prince and the Pauper." (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. LA 4-6731. Thursday through Sunday, April 22-25, at 1:30 and 3.) . . . **PALACE PRODUCTIONS**: "Sleeping Beauty." (Astor Place Playhouse, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. YU 2-4240. Thursday through Sunday, April 22-25, at 3:30.) . . . **PICKWICK PUPPETS**: "Cinderella" and "The Mice in the Cellar." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Thursday and Friday, April 22-23, at 1. For information about tickets, call LE 4-1672. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **SPYGLASS PRODUCTIONS**: "Treasure Island." (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:30, and Thursday and Friday, April 22-23, at 2.) . . . **STAGE 73**: "The Enchanted Forest," Saturdays at 3. . . . ¶ "The Absent-Minded Dragon," Sundays at 3. (321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500.) . . . **TAUBENSLAG PRODUCTIONS**: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. BR 9-1399. Thursday and Friday, April 22-23, at 1:30 and 3.) . . . **TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE**: "Robin Hood." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Thursday, April 22, at 1. Children under five not admitted.)

NEW YORK INTERNATIONAL CHILDREN'S FILM FESTIVAL—The final programs in a six-day series of films at Town Hall (JU 2-2424)—Thursday, April 22, at 1: "Skinny and Fatty" and "Circus." . . . ¶ Thursday, April 22, at 3: "One Wish Too Many" and "The Red Balloon." . . . ¶ Friday, April 23, at 11: "Skinny and Fatty" and "The Red Balloon." . . . ¶ Friday, April 23, at 1: "Adventures in Golden Bay" and "Children and Seagulls." . . . ¶ Friday, April 23, at 3: "The Yellow Slippers" and "The Red Balloon." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 24, at 11: "One Wish Too Many" and "The Red Balloon." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 24, at 1: "The Boy and the Blind Bird," and "Little Diver." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 24, at 3: "The Yellow Slippers" and "The Red Balloon."

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5: Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "Six Minutes to Mars;" through Monday, May 3. (Thursday and Friday, April 22-23, at 10, 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 8:30. Thereafter Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

Children's Zoos—In **central park:** A turreted castle, a Peppermint Stick House, Jonah's Whale, and many other delights make up this fairy-tale world, and the resident animals include mice, kids, monkeys, deer, and chickens. (Daily, 10 to 4:30.)...¶At the **bronx zoo:** Bunnies, lambs, piglets, kittens, and the like, which can be petted as well as admired. (Open, weather permitting, weekdays 10:30 to 4:30 and Sundays 10:30 to 5.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)...¶Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Artists' Studios—Eight artists will open their studios to the public on Tuesday and Wednesday, April 27-28, from 2 to 4:30, in a benefit tour. The studios shown on the first day will be those of John Hovannes, Moses Soyer, Julian Levi, and Ad Reinhardt. On the second day, the studios shown will be those of Hans Moller, Hedda Sterne, Theodoros Stamos, and Barbara Lekberg. (For information about tickets, call OX 7-1278.)

Amateur Needlework of Today—The fourteenth national benefit exhibition will contain handbags, tapestries, rugs, pictures, chair covers, ecclesiastical pieces, and other items, in petitpoint, grospoint, embroidery, and crewelwork. (The Lighthouse, 111 E. 59th St. Tuesday and Wednesday, April 27-28, from 10 to 5; Thursday, April 29, from 10 to 7:30; and Friday, April 30, from 10 to 5.)

Flower Show—The April Garden show presented by the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S. Wednesday, April 28, from 12:30 to 4.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 7, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, April 23-24, at 1:45: Eighteenth-century French furniture and decorations, belonging to the estate of John Vinton Dahlgren and others....¶Tuesday, April 27, at 1:45: Books on medicine from the Boston Medical Library, together with works on alchemy, incunabula, sixteenth-century books, Americana, and English literary material; from various owners....¶Wednesday, April 28, at 1:45: Modern prints by Leonard Baskin, Georges Braque, Marc Chagall, and others; the property of Ernest Pines and others. Exhibition starts Friday, April 23....¶Thursday, April 29, at 1:45: Old-master paintings and Barbizon and other works of the nineteenth century, collected by Mrs. Lottie Zork and others. Exhibition starts Saturday, April 24.

Daylight Saving Time—Starts Sunday, April 25, at 2 A.M. Clocks should be turned ahead an hour.

THE WORLD'S FAIR

Hours—Grounds open daily at 9 A.M., close at 2 A.M. Some exhibits close at 10 P.M., others stay open later.

Admission—Adults $2.50, children (2-12) $1. Admission for children accompanied by an adult will be twenty-five cents on Mondays and Fridays in July and August.

Pavilions—There have been additions made to some of the exhibits, and there is a new pavilion honoring Winston Churchill. The best exhibits are probably still those of Johnson Wax, IBM, and Africa, and among the best restaurants are those of Spain, Denmark, Sweden, Mexico, and India (all fairly expensive).

Maturity—Those visitors to the Fair who meet the qualifications of the Dynamic Maturity Pavilion, which is devoted to people over fifty-five years old, may obtain passes there enabling them to go to the head of the line at certain other pavilions, provided they are not accompanied by large groups of grandchildren.

It takes time
to make timeless silver

Leaf and Berry Bowl—the Louvre Museum

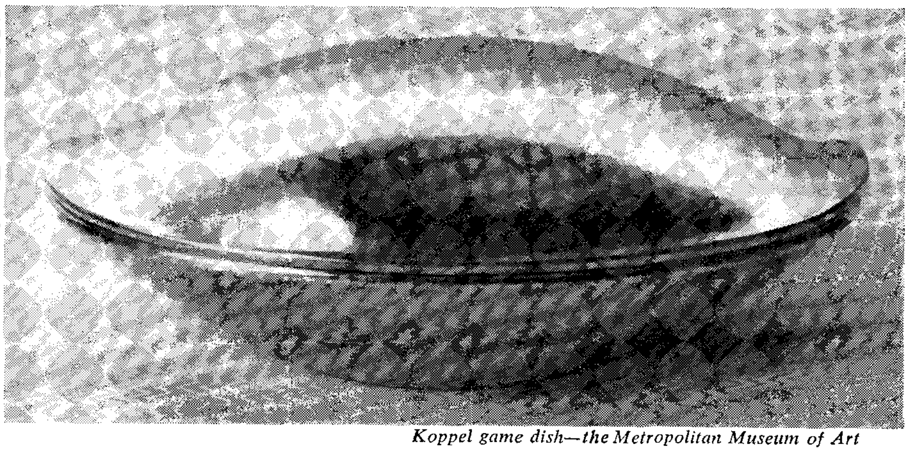
It takes a craftsman five years to qualify for his final test at Georg Jensen's Silver Smithy in Denmark. Before he can make the most outstanding sterling silver in the world, he makes a "svendestykke," which is the Danish word for masterpiece.

From a solid sheet of silver he will craft an original bowl. A committee of Georg Jensen craftsmen and managers will then study his work and decide whether he is skilled enough to become a Jensen smith.

He will then join the select group of craftsmen who translate the designs of Georg Jensen artists into sterling silver of such exceptional quality that museums show them as works of art.

To appreciate Georg Jensen's classic Louvre Bowl—its rich leaf and berry design forming a graceful column in support of the gleaming silver bowl—one must see it—feel its weight and smoothness. The more recent bowls, pitchers, serving dishes tend to be unadorned—the beauty and strength of the designs resting in the sweep of solid masses. Run your hand over the Koppel game dish—you can sense the skill of the hands that hammered it into smoothness, and then rubbed it to a rich soft glow. Every piece is fluid, sensitive—yet strong and massive.

You can see individual examples of our silver on exhibition at the Louvre Museum, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, or the Museum of Modern Art—but if you want to view our entire collection—perhaps take one of our gleaming masterpieces home to reflect your beautiful things—come to Georg Jensen in New York or our branch stores in Scarsdale, Millburn and Manhasset.



Koppel game dish—the Metropolitan Museum of Art

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SCARSDALE MILLBURN MANHASSET

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Becket—Richard Burton as the Archbishop of Canterbury and Peter O'Toole as King Henry II, in a rousing and surprisingly witty adaptation of the Anouilh play. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through April 27. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through April 27, tentative. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting April 28, tentative.)

Goldfinger—Sean Connery as the elastic and inexhaustible James Bond, who bungles every encounter but the last. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; and 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

The Greatest Story Ever Told—Hollywood persists in recounting the life of Christ and always fails. This failure, produced and directed by George Stevens, is notable only for its length. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2, and Thursday through Saturday, April 22-24, at 9:30 and 2. Reserved seats only.)

A Hard Day's Night—Yeh, yeh, yeh! (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

How to Murder Your Wife—George Axelrod's latest examination of holy wedlock, and a very funny one it is. Jack Lemmon is the charming star, assisted by Virna Lisi, Terry-Thomas, Eddie Mayehoff, and Claire Trevor. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through April 27.)

The Love Goddesses—A documentary displaying some sixty years of movie heroines, astonishingly various in their beauty, dress, and deportment. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting April 28.)

Mary Poppins—A "My Fair Lady" for children, or maybe grandchildren. With Julie Andrews and Dick Van Dyke. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

My Fair Lady—Yes, as good as it was on the stage. Rex Higgins is, of course, incomparable, and Audrey Hepburn makes an entrancing Eliza. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2; Sundays at 2:30; and Thursday through Saturday, April 22-24, at 10 and 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Nobody Waved Goodbye—A marvellous Canadian movie, written and directed by Don Owen, about a charming boy determined to go bad. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060; and Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

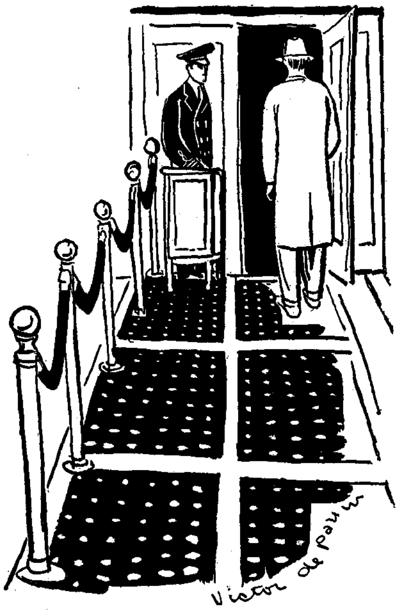
One Potato, Two Potato—This movie, about the courtship and marriage of a young Negro and a white divorcée with a child, is almost spoiled by a weak, sentimental script, but it has its appealing moments all the same. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting April 28, tentative.)

Operation Crossbow—We *did* win the Second World War, and this tells one of the reasons why. With George Peppard, Sophia Loren, Tom Courtenay, and many another brave soul. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

The Pawnbroker—An extraordinary performance by Rod Steiger makes this worth seeing. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; and Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

The Pumpkin Eater—A miserable wife and mother, brilliantly played by Anne Bancroft, is the central figure in this curious examination of the married state. Also on hand are Peter Finch, James Mason, and Maggie Smith. Fancy but effective direction by Jack Clayton. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting April 28, tentative.)

Séance on a Wet Afternoon—In London, a nutty medium and her craven husband carry out a particularly repellent kidnapping and are, thank goodness, foiled. Kim Stanley is the medium and Richard Attenborough is the husband, and they both give remarkable performances. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through April 27.)



The Train—Burt Lancaster, Paul Scofield, and a lot of expendable French rolling stock, in a thriller based on a true episode of the Second World War. Directed by John Frankenheimer. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg—A sweetly sung tale of young love unable not to lose its way. Credit for this fearlessly sentimental triumph goes to Jacques Demy, who wrote and directed it, and Michel Legrand, who composed the score. The lovers are played by Catherine Deneuve and Nino Castelnuovo. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

World Without Sun—According to Captain Cousteau, it's feasible, and may someday be economically desirable, for men to spend much of their time under the sea. This picture shows how beautiful it is down there, and how eerie. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774; through April 25. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting April 28.)

Zorba the Greek—A bold burst of a picture, notable for Anthony Quinn's embodiment of the passionate hero, for Michael Cacoyannis's direction, and for Walter Lassally's photography. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

REVIVALS

The Big Deal on Madonna Street (1960)—A takeoff on the "Rififi" school of melodrama, imported from Italy. Among the foiled criminals are Vittorio Gassman, Marcello Mastroianni, and Totò. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; April 23-26.)

The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari (1919)—The celebrated old wheeze. A German picture, with Conrad Veidt. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 26, at 7 and 9:30.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—Orson Welles' appraisal of a rich man's career. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through April 24.)

Cleopatra (1963)—High life in Lower Egypt, with Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Rex Harrison, and Roddy McDowall. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through April 27, tentative.)

David and Lisa (1962)—A study of adolescent schizophrenia. Keir Dullea, Janet Margolin, and Howard Da Silva. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; April 25-28.)

Dr. Strangelove or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb (1964)—A comedy about atomic war. Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through April 27. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through April 27, tentative. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting April 28, tentative.)

8½ (1963)—An autobiographical movie by Federico Fellini. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, and Sandra Milo. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; April 23-26. . . . ¶ York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting April 27.)

Grand Illusion (1938)—A German military prison during the First World War. In French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; April 22.)

Hiroshima, Mon Amour (1960)—A French film that describes the doomed love of a Frenchwoman for a Japanese. Directed by Alain Resnais, and with Emmanuele Riva and Eiji Okada in the leading roles. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; and Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting April 27.)

Lord of the Flies (1963)—Peter Brook's adaptation of William Golding's novel. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; April 25-28.)

The Magnificent Ambersons (1942)—Orson Welles' treatment of the Tarkington novel. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through April 24.)

On the Double (1961)—Danny Kaye as a nervous G.I. who is forced to impersonate a British general. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 22.)

Point of Order! (1964)—A documentary on the Army-McCarthy hearings. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; through April 24.)

Rules of the Game (1939)—Jean Renoir's classic, with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; April 22.)

Sanjuro (1963)—Toshiro Mifune as the fastest sword in the East, in a mocking melodrama directed by Akira Kurosawa. (Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th, LT 1-1788; April 22.)

A Taste of Honey (1962)—Shelagh Delaney's play about the coming of age of a girl in an English slum. Directed by Tony Richardson, and with Rita Tushingham, Dora Bryan, and Robert Stephens. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; through April 24.)

To Have and Have Not (1944)—Vichy violence and intrigue in the West Indies. With Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting April 28.)

Treasure of Sierra Madre (1948)—Prospecting for gold in Mexico. Walter Huston and Humphrey Bogart. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting April 28.)

Viridiana (1962)—Luis Buñuel's account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. A Spanish picture. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 23-26.)

Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow (1964)—A three-part Italian comedy starring Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni and directed by Vittorio De Sica. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333; through April 28, tentative.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—The last three programs in a series called "New Spanish Cinema." April 22: "Dialogos de la Paz" (1964). April 23: "La Tía Tula" (1963). April 24: "Nunca Pasa Nada" (1963). . . . ¶ The first program in a series called "D. W. Griffith: American Film Master." April 25-28: "The Lonely Villa" (1909), with Mary Pickford; and four other one-reel films. (Showings at 3 and 5:30, and on Thursday evenings at 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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25	26	27	28			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
THE TRAIN.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
NOBODY WAVED GOODBYE.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
MY FAIR LADY.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"In Harm's Way," John Wayne, Kirk Douglas.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
Through April 27: "Those Calloways," Brian Keith, Vera Miles.
From April 28 (tentative): "Get Yourself a College Girl," Mary Ann Mobley; and "The Rounders," Glenn Ford, Henry Fonda.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
OPERATION CROSSBOW.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"White Voices" (in Italian), Paolo Ferrari, Anouk Aimée.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through April 27: "Cheyenne Autumn," Richard Widmark, Carroll Baker; and "Goliath and the Sins of Babylon," Mark Forest.
From April 28: "Dear Heart," Glenn Ford, Geraldine Page; and "The Naked Kiss," Constance Towers.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and also Thursday through Sunday, April 22-25, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Lord Jim," Peter O'Toole, James Mason. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and also Thursday through Sunday, April 22-25, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
April 22: ***SANJURO*** *(in Japanese), revival.*
From April 23: "Rashomon" (in Japanese), revival, Toshiro Mifune.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through the afternoon of April 27: "The Satan Bug," George Maharis, Richard Basehart.
From April 28: "Masquerade," Cliff Robertson, Jack Hawkins.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through April 27: **SÉANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON.**
From April 28: **WORLD WITHOUT SUN.**

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
GOLDFINGER; *and* ***A HARD DAY'S NIGHT.***

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through April 27: **BECKET;** and **DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB**, revival.
From April 28: "Psycho," revival, Anthony Perkins, Vera Miles; and "Stalag 17," revival, William Holden, Don Taylor.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through April 27 (tentative): **CLEOPATRA**, revival.
From April 28 (tentative): **BECKET;** and **DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB**, revival.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
NOBODY WAVED GOODBYE.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Through April 24: **A TASTE OF HONEY**, revival; and **POINT OF ORDER!**, revival.
April 25-28: **DAVID AND LISA**, revival; and **LORD OF THE FLIES**, revival.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
Through April 27: "The Satan Bug," George Maharis, Richard Basehart.
From April 28: "Masquerade," Cliff Robertson, Jack Hawkins.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
ZORBA THE GREEK.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Young Cassidy," Rod Taylor.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through April 27: "Cheyenne Autumn," Richard Widmark, Carroll Baker; and "Goliath and the Sins of Babylon," Mark Forest.
From April 28: "Dear Heart," Glenn Ford, Geraldine Page; and "The Naked Kiss," Constance Towers.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"The Magnificent Cuckold" (in Italian), Claudia Cardinale, Ugo Tognazzi.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
THE TRAIN.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
Through April 25: "Circle of Love," Jane Fonda, Catherine Spaak.
From April 26: "Backfire" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo, Jean Seberg.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
"In Harm's Way," John Wayne, Kirk Douglas.

Cinema I, *3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)*
"White Voices" (in Italian), Paolo Ferrari, Anouk Aimée.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through April 25: **WORLD WITHOUT SUN.**
From April 26: "Across the River," Lou Gilbert.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
April 22: "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers," revival, Jane Powell, Howard Keel; and "Love Me or Leave Me," revival, Doris Day, James Cagney.
April 23: "Singin' in the Rain," revival, Gene Kelly, Debbie Reynolds; and "The Band Wagon," revival, Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse.
April 24-25: "The Red Shoes," revival, Moira Shearer, Léonide Massine; and "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn.
April 26: "The Haunting," revival, Julie Harris, Claire Bloom; and "Horror of Dracula," revival, Peter Cushing.
From April 27: **8½** (in Italian), revival; and **HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR** (in French), revival.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
THE PAWNBROKER.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
GOLDFINGER.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through April 27 (tentative): **BECKET;** and **DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB**, revival.
From April 28 (tentative): **THE PUMPKIN EATER;** and **ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO.**

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"A Stranger Knocks" (in Danish), Birgitte Federspiel.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through April 26: "Cheyenne Autumn," Richard Widmark, Carroll Baker; and "Goliath and the Sins of Babylon," Mark Forest.
April 27: "The Student Prince," revival, Ann Blyth, Edmund Purdom; and "Brigadoon," revival, Gene Kelly, Van Johnson.
From April 28: "Dear Heart," Glenn Ford, Geraldine Page; and "The Naked Kiss," Constance Towers.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Circus World," John Wayne, Claudia Cardinale.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
April 22: **GRAND ILLUSION** (in French), revival; **RULES OF THE GAME** (in French), revival; and "Ugetsu" (in Japanese), revival.
April 23-26: **8½** (in Italian), revival; and **THE BIG DEAL ON MADONNA STREET** (in Italian), revival. (In addition to the regular films, "The White Sheik," an Italian revival, with Alberto Sordi, will be shown on Saturday, April 24, at 12:40 P.M. and Sunday, April 25, at 12:15 P.M.)
From April 27: **HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR** (in French), revival; "The Naked Night" (in Swedish), revival, Harriet Andersson; and "Eclipse" (in Italian), revival, Alain Delon, Monica Vitti.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
MARY POPPINS.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through April 27: "A Stranger Knocks" (in Danish), Birgitte Federspiel.
From April 28: **TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT**, revival; and ***TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE***, revival.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Overcoat" (in Russian).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through April 27: "Major Dundee," Charlton Heston, Richard Harris; and "The Outlaws Is Coming," the Three Stooges.
From April 28: "Psycho," revival, Anthony Perkins, Vera Miles; and "Stalag 17," revival, William Holden, Don Taylor.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through April 27: "To Love" (in Swedish), Harriet Andersson; and "Love à la Carte" (in Italian), Marcello Mastroianni, Simone Signoret.
From April 28: **THE LOVE GODDESSES;** and "Rattle of a Simple Man," Diane Cilento, Harry H. Corbett.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
THE PAWNBROKER.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
MARY POPPINS.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Love Without End" (with Mandarin dialogue).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
THE PAWNBROKER.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG (in French).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"The Overcoat" (in Russian).

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
Through April 28 (tentative): **YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW** (in Italian), revival.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"Male Hunt" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo, Jean-Claude Brialy.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through April 24: **CITIZEN KANE**, revival; and **THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS**, revival.
April 25-27: "Journey Into Fear," revival, Orson Welles, Dolores Del Rio; and "The Stranger," revival, Edward G. Robinson, Loretta Young. (On Monday, April 26, only, the last showing will begin at 3:20. At 7 and 9:30, there will be showings of **THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI** and "The Phantom of the Opera," both silent films.)
From April 28: "The Lady from Shanghai," revival, Rita Hayworth, Orson Welles; and "Mr. Arkadin," revival, Orson Welles, Michael Redgrave.

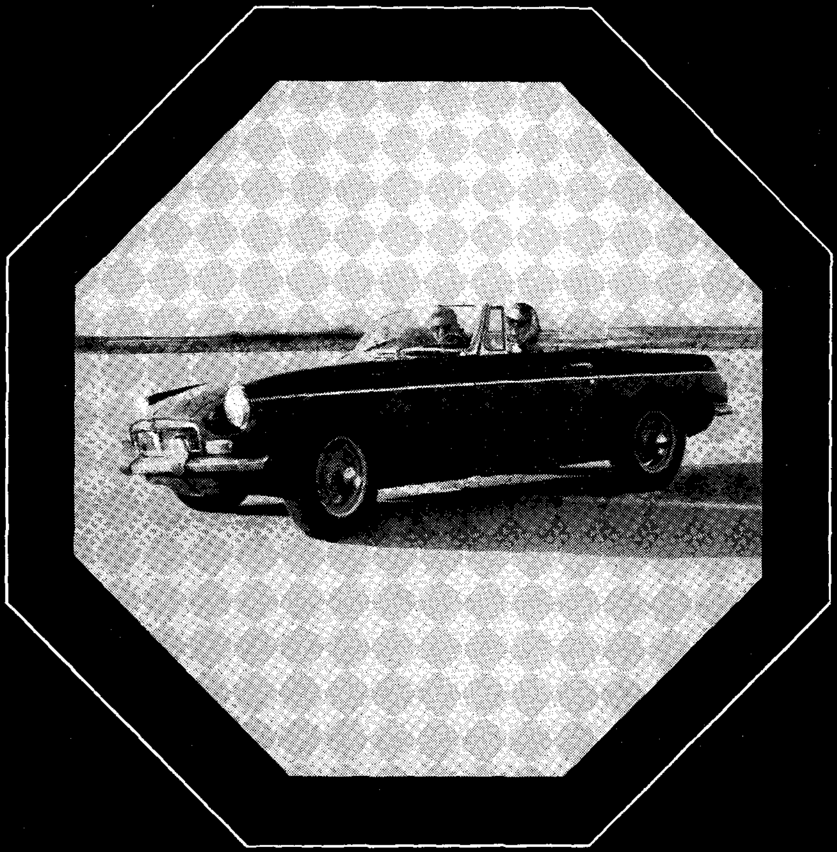
Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through April 27: **HOW TO MURDER YOUR WIFE;** and "Who's Minding the Store?," revival, Jerry Lewis, Jill St. John.
From April 28: "Youngblood Hawke," James Franciscus, Suzanne Pleshette; and "Where Love Has Gone," Susan Hayward, Bette Davis.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
April 22: **ON THE DOUBLE**, revival; and "The Five Pennies," revival, Danny Kaye, Barbara Bel Geddes.
April 23-26: **VIRIDIANA** (in Spanish), revival; and "Woman in the Dunes" (in Japanese), Eiji Okada.
From April 27: "Love with the Proper Stranger," revival, Natalie Wood, Steve McQueen; and "Summer and Smoke," revival, Geraldine Page, Laurence Harvey.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
April 22: "A Stranger Knocks" (in Danish), Birgitte Federspiel.
April 23-27: "To Love" (in Swedish), Harriet Andersson; and "Love à la Carte" (in Italian), Marcello Mastroianni, Simone Signoret.
From April 28: **THE LOVE GODDESSES;** and "Rattle of a Simple Man," Diane Cilento, Harry H. Corbett.

FOR OVERSEAS DELIVERY AND OTHER INFORMATION, WRITE: THE BRITISH MOTOR CORP. /HAMBRO, INC., DEPT. Y-28, 734 GRAND AVENUE, RIDGEFIELD, NEW JERSEY

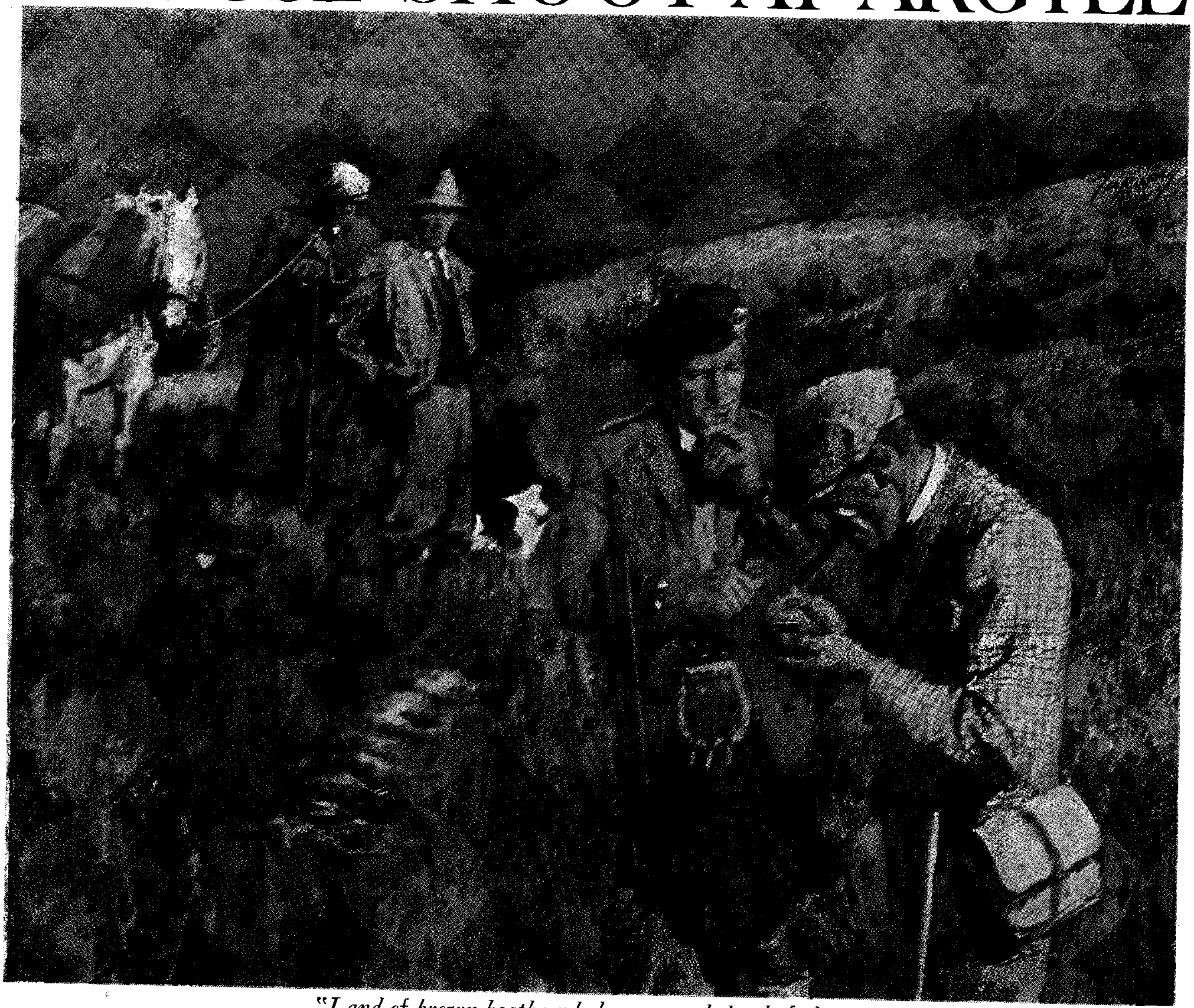
THE OCTAGON SPIRIT:
SOME OF US HAVE IT.
SOME DON'T (Pity!)



Where and when does it happen that one becomes an MG addict? In the driveway of an adventurous neighbor, the MG lurking—ready, willing and able? In that very first moment you open the taps and feel the surprising surge of power, the MG fairly begging to be driven—hard? No matter. This much is certain: the urge to possess a car of the octagon marque is overpowering and long-lived. (Some devotees have coveted an MG since '48, when we started the whole sports car Thing over here.) What is there about an MG that quickens the pulse and fires the blood? The race-tested 1798 c.c. engine? The firm racing suspension? The positive rack and pinion steering? The twin carburetors and four-speed stick shift? The huge non-fade disc brakes? The interior, perhaps—with its roll-up windows, bucket seats, English leather upholstery and drum-tight convertible top? All of it is want-making, of course. But all of it is by no means all of it. (Add an envelope body of modern line—yet unmistakably MG. And engineers who know what they're about. And the hard-learned lessons of the race circuit. And above all, the fierce desire to have a real sports car under you.) If you have the octagon spirit, the latest of the breed, an MGB, is waiting to pleasure you. If you don't have it, we're dreadfully sorry.

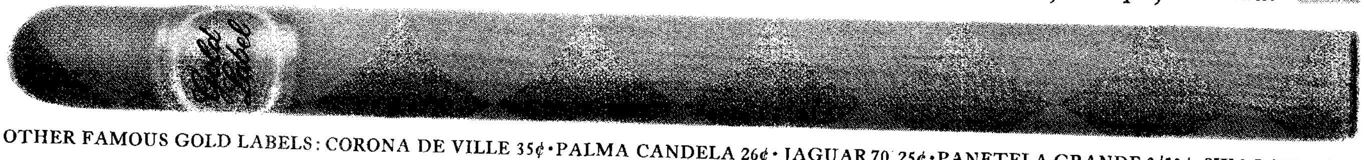
THE OCTAGON SPIRIT: THE IRRESISTIBLE MG FORCE OF A HIGHLY MOVABLE OBJECT

GROUSE SHOOT AT ARGYLL



"Land of brown heath and shaggy wood; land of the mountain and the flood"—SCOTT

There's a mist on the moors and the air is still. Only the shrill cry of the soaring falcons breaks the deep silence. The day has yielded its share of sport and with the last drive of the red grouse from the heather, the retrievers halt and the gunners gather like ancient clansmen to behold their quarry. It is at moments like this that men of action the world over seek the enjoyment and companionship of Gold Label—the internationally acclaimed cigar of superb aroma and masculine mildness. *Adventure with Gold Label anywhere in the world... it is worthy of the best times of your life.* CEDAROMA 35¢... Alumipak of 3/$1. Gradiaz Annis, Factory No. 1, Tampa, Florida.



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Gold Label

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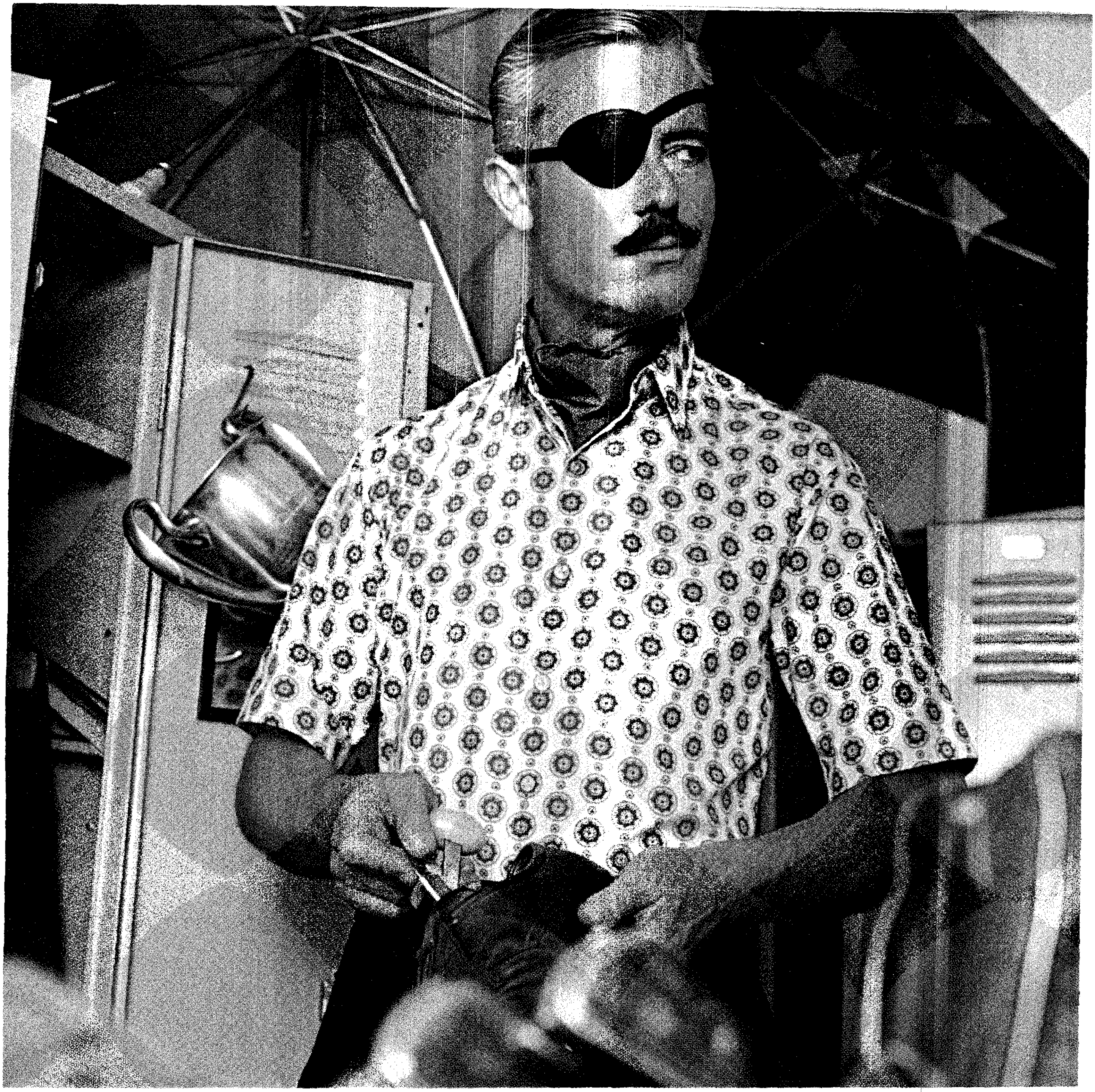


THIS IS PROBABLY THE ONLY PRINTED SHIRT YOU CAN LOOK AT WITHOUT SUNGLASSES. IN 9 PATTERNS, ALL BASED ON THE ORIGINAL HERE. $12.95.

Hathaway's Saddle Club: a roguish new print stolen off an English lord's necktie

IF a certain English peer saw this picture—he would be thunderstruck. For this print was last seen on his necktie at the Epsom Downs racecourse in Surrey.

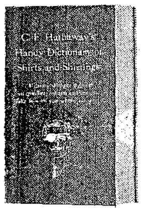
Hathaway's spies, there to watch last year's Derby, watched the tie instead. Liked its style. And had Hathaway make up a shirt based on the same pattern.

Hathaway tailors the *Saddle Club* with all the niceties of their exclusive Club shirts. Tails are sensibly long. And the collar is banded to sit straight on your neck. It refuses to sneak down your back or look floppy.

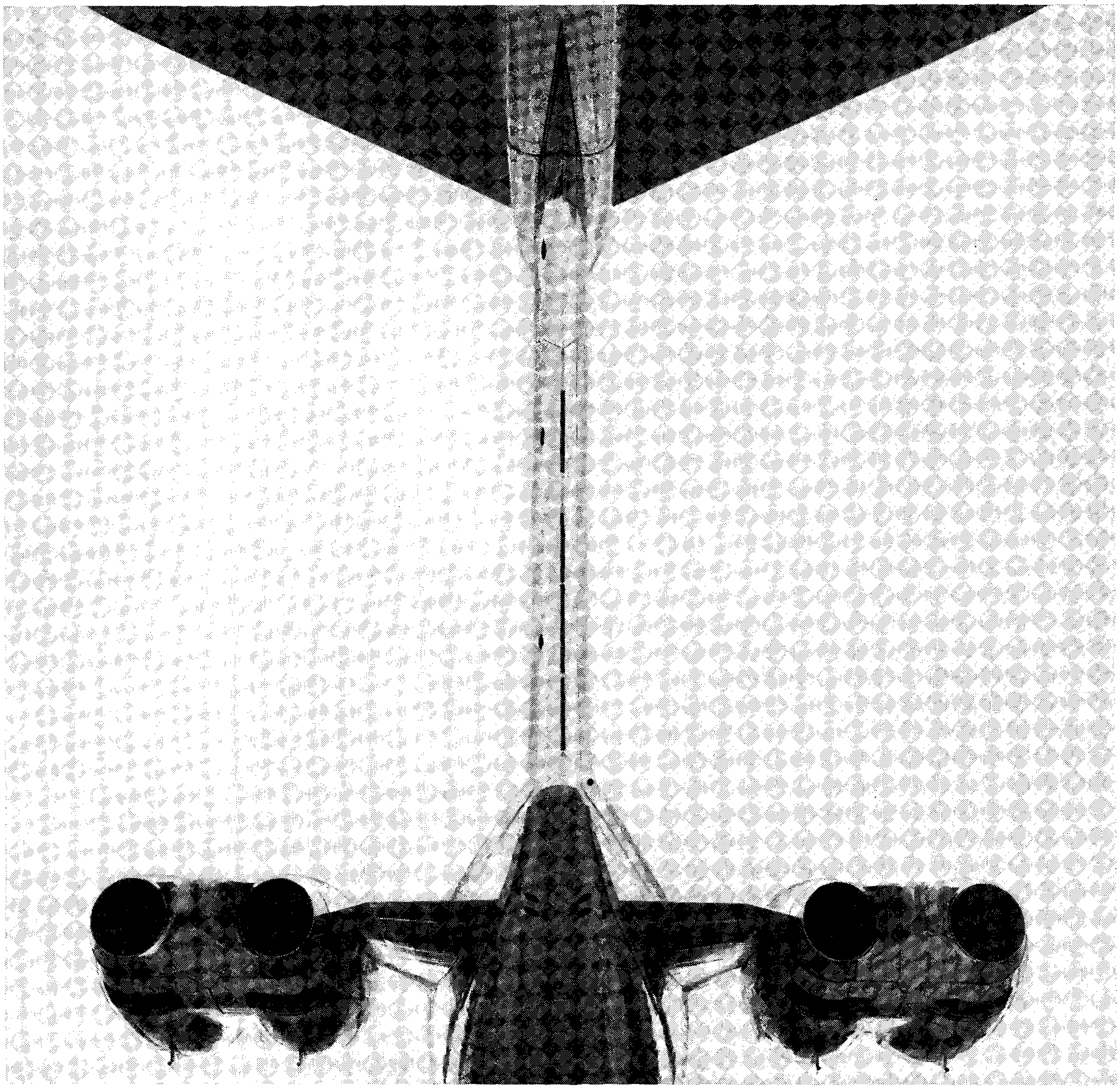
What's more, the body of the shirt is trimly *tapered* from chest to tails. *No bagginess around the waist.* The breadbasket actually appears flatter.

The fabric is racing poplin—which is enjoyably cool and light, and it wears for donkey's years. Seems to improve with laundering, too.

For store names, and your free *Dictionary of Shirts and Shirtings*, write C. F. Hathaway, Dept. A3, Waterville, Maine. In New York, call OXford 7-5566.



"Never wear a white shirt before sundown!" says Hathaway.®



In six years' time the other airlines may catch up with us.

Right now, nobody else has an aircraft that can come near BOAC's Super VC 10.

You're staring into the most powerful airline engines in the world. Four Rolls-Royce Conway 42 fan jets. No other airline flying the North Atlantic has them. You'll only find this kind of power behind BOAC's Super VC 10.

What's so special about these new fan jets besides their power? They're the big brothers of the standard Rolls-Royce Conway. And that's the most reliable aero engine anyone has ever developed. It's had over 3 million flying hours in world-wide operation with nine major airlines. In fact, it's so dependable you could run it 10½ hours a day, 365 days a year, for ten years without having to shut it down. (We fly ours for just 975 hours. Then we take them apart and put them together again. This way we figure they're even *more* dependable.) And all this hard-won experience has gone into the new engines that power the BOAC Super VC 10.

Why did we put these more powerful Conways in our new airliner? Because we wanted a plane that got off the ground faster. Used less runway. Reached operating height while the others were still climbing. In short, we wanted the kind of performance that makes an aircraft easier to fly.

Like to experience the BOAC Super VC 10's tremendous power? Take one to London. We've got one leaving New York every day of the week. (And starting May 12 we'll have a second one.)

Fly the BOAC Super VC 10 to Bermuda as well as London daily from N. Y. Also to Nassau and Jamaica from New York. Or direct to London from San Francisco. Costs no more than on ordinary jets. And don't forget: the nicest thing about flying BOAC is still our people. Our friendly, incredibly courteous people. See your Travel Agent or British Overseas Airways Corporation.

Triumphantly swift, silent, serene.

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Services operated for BOAC CUNARD by BOAC

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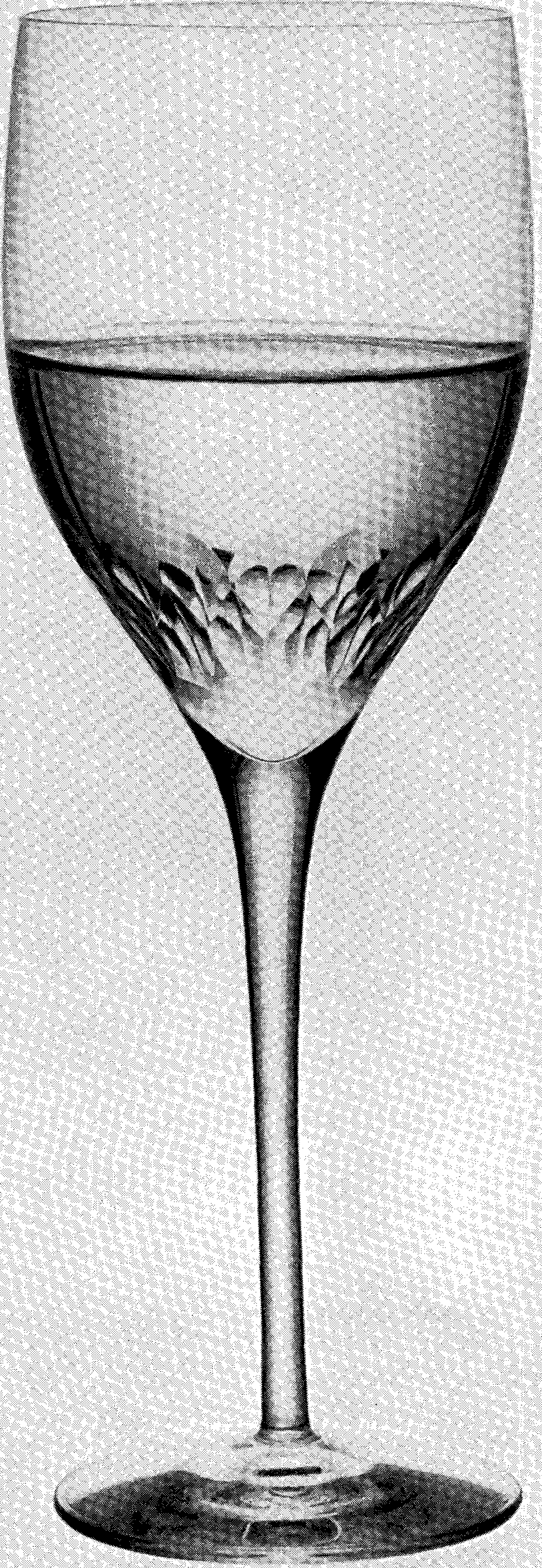
CRYSTAL



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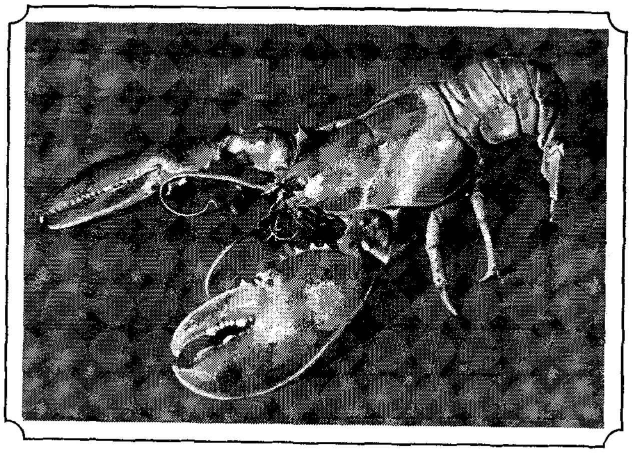
THE LOBSTER



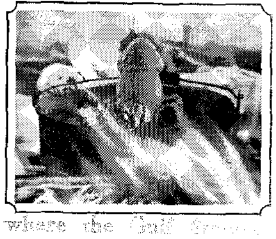
gentle [illegible] stay at home and epicurean delight

FRESH-CAUGHT AND PREPARED IN SEA WATER, THIS DELECTABLE TREAT IS ALONE WORTH A VACATION TRIP TO CANADA'S ATLANTIC PROVINCES

To enjoy [illegible] peak of flavor, you [illegible] aquatic habitat.

Why? [illegible] lobster never [illegible] two miles from [illegible] coastal waters [illegible] More important [illegible] savory only when [illegible] time of cooking.

Put these [illegible] easily see why [illegible]



where the Gulf [illegible] Scotia, New Bru[illegible] Island and Newfoundland.

The lobster [illegible] dies, he [illegible] shell and exceeding [illegible] and 50% [illegible] hardens. His [illegible] several [illegible] settles down [illegible] she should [illegible] the order [illegible]

The male lobster [illegible] till the female [illegible] to mate while she [illegible] lays an average [illegible] them to the under side [illegible] "berried" [illegible] carries her eggs [illegible] [illegible] before they hatch.

[illegible] youngsters only [illegible] year. Fortunately there are [illegible] because only a lucky few [illegible] first month of life. Those who [illegible] chance of becoming the [illegible] so easily bought in the hun[illegible] fishing villages and restaurants [illegible] the Atlantic Provinces.

[illegible] regulations restrict the months of [illegible] but a bountiful sup[illegible] always available in numerous [illegible] the live lobsters thrive [illegible]

[illegible] lobster . . . just about right [illegible] it'll weigh two pounds for [illegible] is about seven years old. [illegible] than the [illegible] bigger claws, however, [illegible] length.

[illegible] is generally a [illegible] but may range to a variety of colors . . . [illegible] calico . . . depending on pigmentation. The shell, of course, turns [illegible] red

THE LOBSTER SHOP

[illegible] The meat is pure white, [illegible]

[illegible] well-[illegible] a water-side lob[illegible] on a beautiful [illegible] and fingers are your most [illegible] lob[illegible] completely absorbing table [illegible] is a [illegible] fish, hence using a [illegible] permissible.

[illegible] inside the body cavity is the lobster's tomalley (liver) and, in the female, the paired coral (ovaries). They are prized by gourmets and eaten on crackers.

Eat as you go, dipping the rich white meat in melted lemon butter. And remember, for *full* flavor, at its peak be sure you have your lobsters right where they come out of the water... in Canada's Atlantic Provinces, the friendly-four-by-the-sea.

You'll enjoy many other things, too, in this ruggedly magnificent, strikingly different vacationland . . . plus a Travel Bonus: Your dollar's worth more in Canada.

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Arnel & Fortrel

Fashion, all-feminine . . . shapes that glide . . . colors that give the day and dusk a special clarity. The secret of their fashion savoir? Fabrics that shun muss, unpack unwrinkled, keep you cool because they're made with Arnel and Fortrel.

Mort Schrader's skimmer, shaped in a worsted-look crepe of *Arnel triacetate and Avron rayon.* Black checked in white. 6-14. About $45.

Abe Schrader's tunic. A bloused softness, marked sharply with navy. The worstedy crepe in *Arnel triacetate and Avron rayon.* White. 8-16. About $55.

Mort Schrader's costume: shaped coat, princess dress. In a crisp, full-bodied whipcord of *Fortrel polyester and Avril rayon.* White. 6-14. About $125.

Stephan's flirt: ruffles that trace neckline and hem. In pique of *Arnel triacetate and cotton.* Black or white. 6-16. About $45.

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Pittsburgh; Joseph Magnin Co., California & Nevada.

Worstedy crepes by Cohama, whipcord by Fabritique, pique by Charter.

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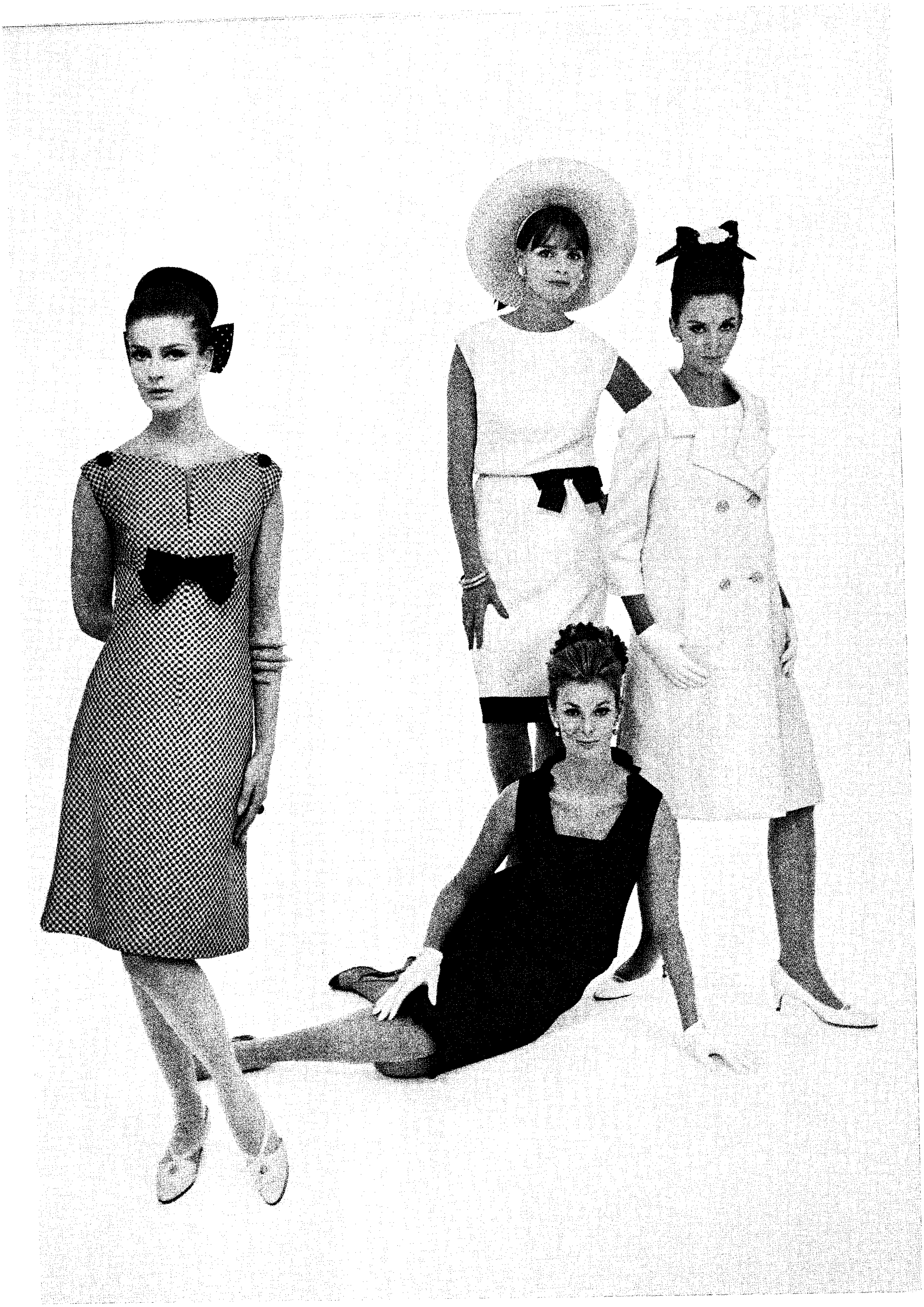
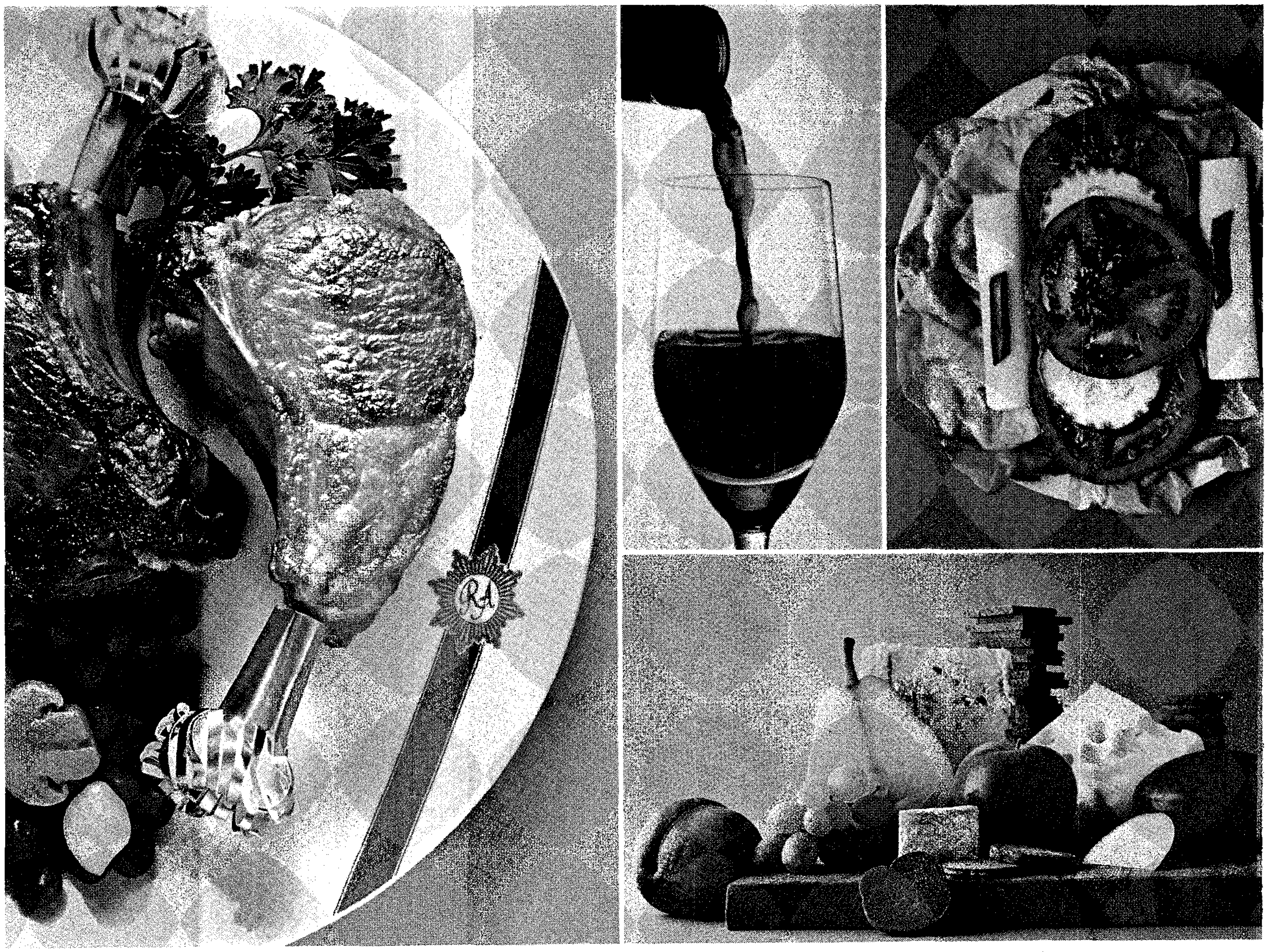


Royal Ambassador

"Now that's what I call a menu!"



The word is out:
The gourmets are going up for dinner, on TWA.

Have *you* heard about the groaning board aboard TWA jets? Items: a cocktail or two... appetizers conceived in Continental kitchens... a chef's salad a chef would be proud of... a choice of entrees you'd never expect to find sizzling at 30,000 feet...spirited champagne in perfect crystal... inspired desserts.

That's Royal Ambassador First Class. That's the good life when you travel. If you think you deserve it, call Trans World Airlines for your next trip.

Nationwide
Worldwide
depend on TWA

Peck & Peck

In picturesque Tahiti, an ancient Fisherman's Church with altar of coral and seashells.

HABERDASHER
At Peck + Peck

The Peck & Peck Girl lives in Dacron®

Who would dream of traveling anywhere without the non-muss talents of Dacron polyester/cotton? Or without these young, easy-to-wear Haberdasher daytimers? Left: the A-line junior skimmer with panel walk-pleats—a crisp piqué weave in navy, grotto green or brown with white banding. 5 to 15, *25.00* At right: a breeze-soft print with flip-tie shell sitting lightly on a camisoled pleated skirt. Beige/red/black, or beige/brown/black. 8 to 16, *30.00*

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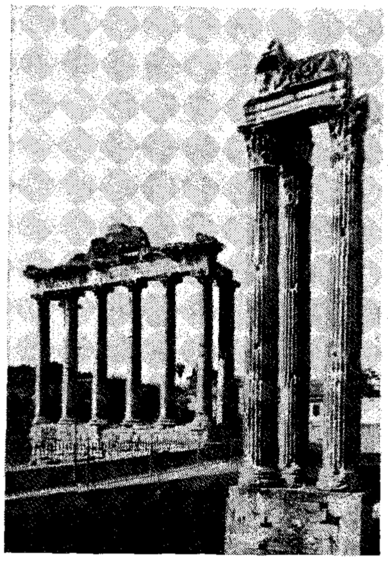
Will success spoil Avis?



Look what happened to Rome.

One of our top executives (he knows who he is) has been taking three-day weekends lately.

A couple of us are thinking about getting boats.

And from where we sit, we can count three Mustangs and a Thunderbird in the employees' lot.

Trying harder is starting to pay off.

But we're worried about the future. It's almost a fact of life that the bigger a company becomes, the more inefficient and impersonal it gets.

If we do get to be No.1, will we send out our Fords with half-empty gas tanks and worn wiper blades? Will our smiles become professional?

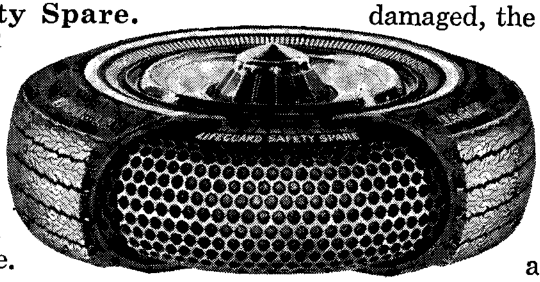
Will success spoil us? It might.

If it does, shop around for a good No.2.

© AVIS, INC., GARDEN CITY, N.Y.

When there's no man around...Goodyear should be.

She'll never have to change tires with Goodyear LifeGuard Safety Spare. Stranded. Helpless. Alone. You'd help her if you were there—but you're not. Every woman should drive on Goodyear Double Eagle tires equipped *with LifeGuard Safety Spares.* The LifeGuard is an optional extra-safety feature that makes the Double Eagle two tires in one.



A tire within a tire. If the outside tire is ever damaged, the LifeGuard Spare takes over and lets her drive until she's safe. She keeps right on going—even after a blowout. Get Goodyear Double Eagle tires, equip them with LifeGuard Safety Spares and your wife will never have to worry about being stranded. It's almost as good as having a man around.

GO GO GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

Double Eagle, LifeGuard—T.M.'s
The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

A Movado watch will tell you one of the most important things you need to know in marriage: the correct time.

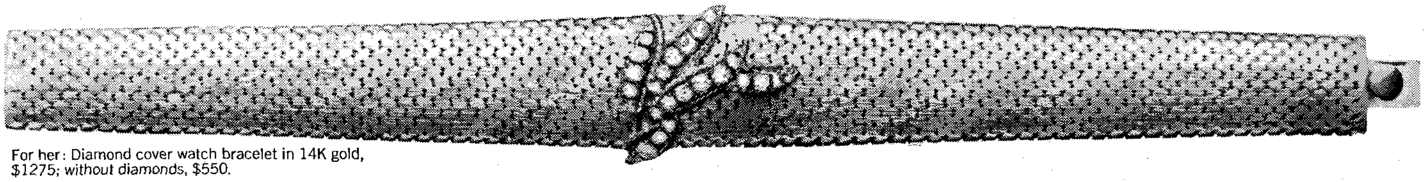
It won't be too slow or too fast about it. It will simply tell you the truth.

Movado has behind it four generations of award-winning Swiss accuracy, so it is brilliantly qualified to give you this important advice.

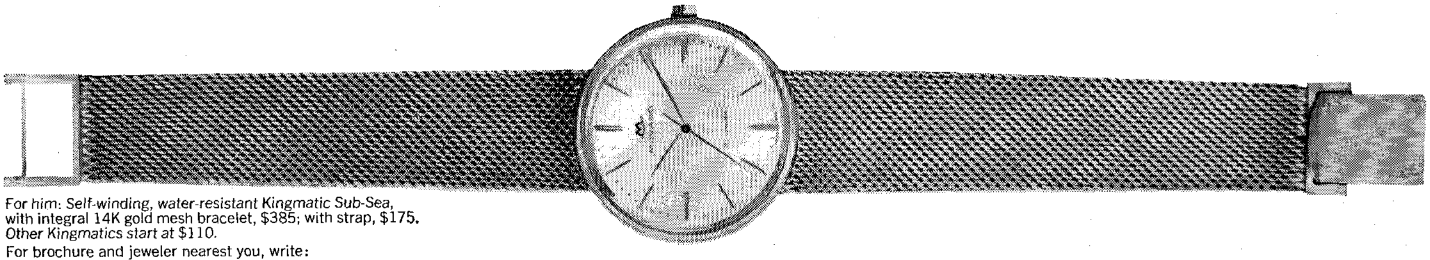
An exchange of Movados between the two of you could solve the problem, once and for all, of what to give each other when you wed. But more important it will supply you, all around the clock, information that's well-nigh indispensable to a benign marriage.

The absolute right time.

And no fooling about it.



For her: Diamond cover watch bracelet in 14K gold, $1275; without diamonds, $550.



For him: Self-winding, water-resistant Kingmatic Sub-Sea, with integral 14K gold mesh bracelet, $385; with strap, $175. Other Kingmatics start at $110.

For brochure and jeweler nearest you, write:
Movado, 610 Fifth Ave., New York.

MOVADO

Let the Grand Manner of Matson make your dream of

Hawaii

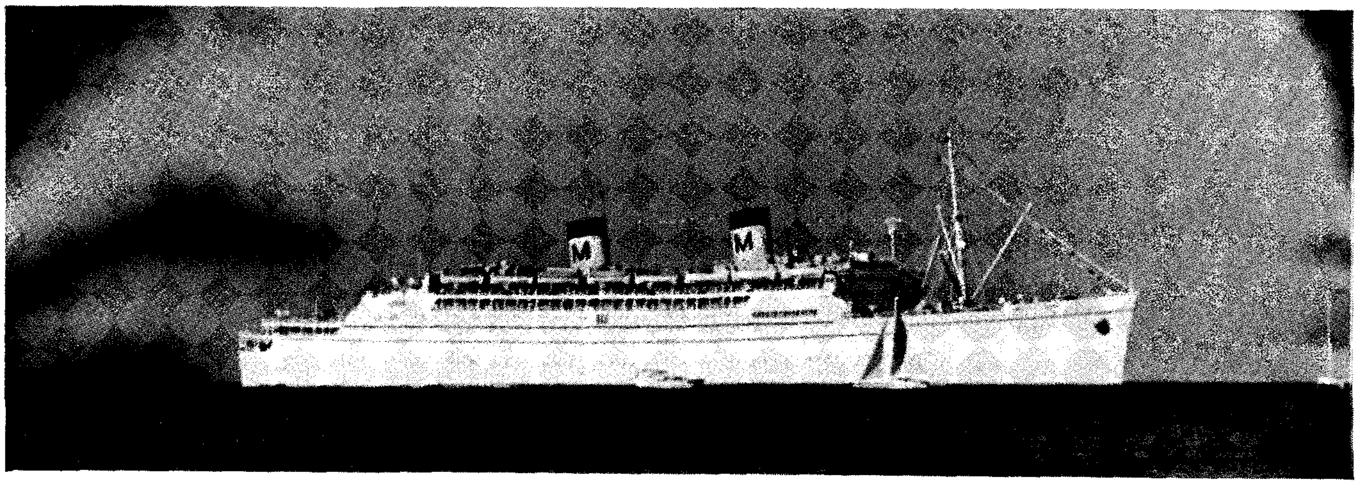
come true

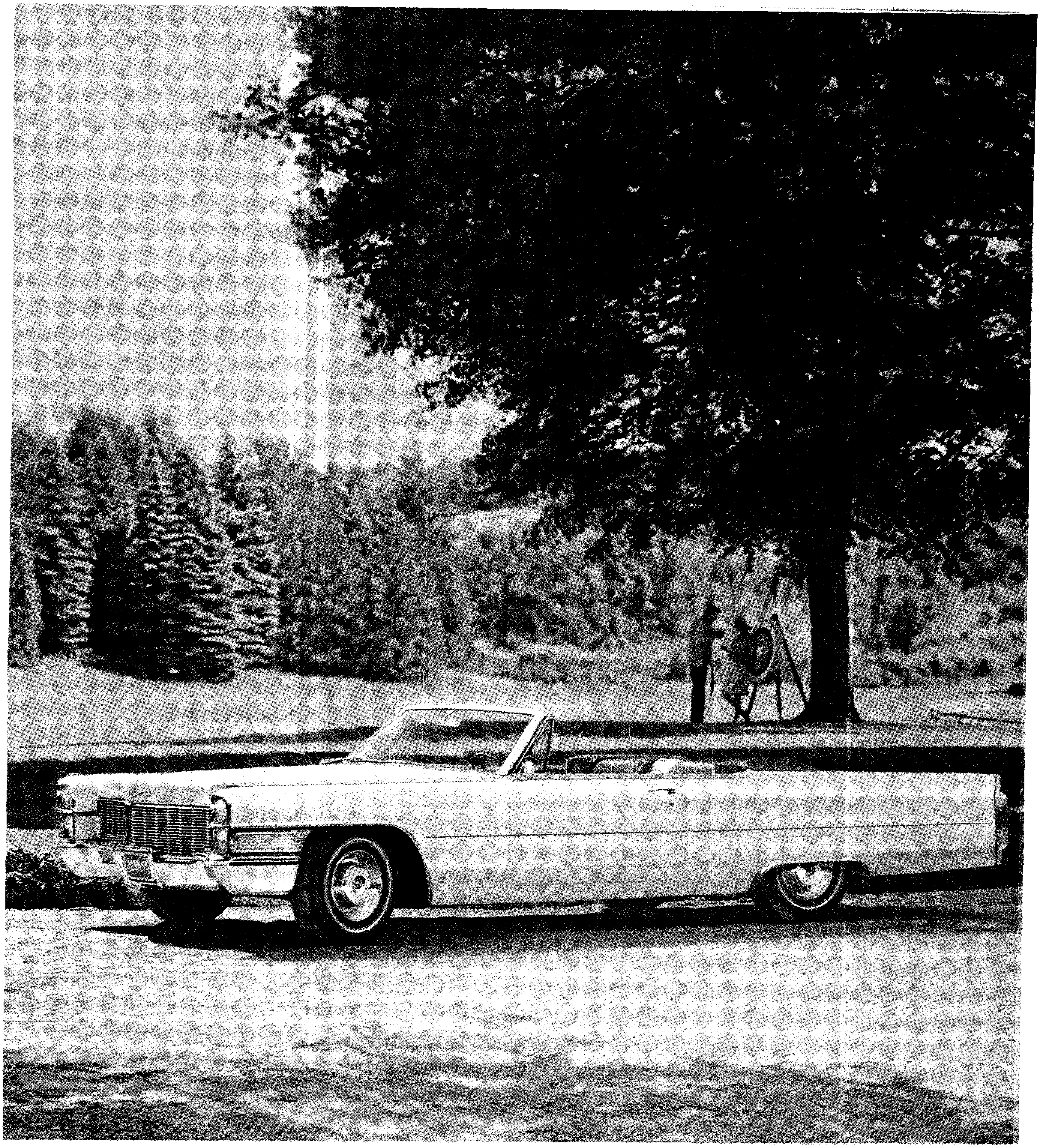
The glistening, white LURLINE pursues the far horizon. From the sun-swept decks your view is an uninterrupted serenity of blue sky and ocean. Comes a splendored sunset, you sail a moon-washed sea. By night and by day, you feel a sense of oneness with this new, enchanting world. It is the world of Matson's Pacific, the magnificent setting for Hawaii.

Only the S.S. LURLINE offers the rich pleasures of an exciting approach and a lively aloha to the world's fairest islands. For 4½ days and five nights—each way—your life is unhurried, festive, luxurious. The cuisine is epicurean. The thoughtfulness of the service is a constant delight. Each night offers a unique entertainment feature in company with charming companions. Each day presents a galaxy of activities, made all the more inviting by a Hawaiian cruise staff. Or, if you wish, the entire voyage can be the ultimate in soothing relaxation.

We call all this the Grand Manner of Matson. It is the mood-setting prelude and the rousing finale to a dream vacation that only Matson can provide. Although exclusively First Class, the Grand Manner is not costly. Fares are priced from just $414 round trip and include all the fine food, entertainment and luxury services for which Matson is renowned. For more information on how easy, how delightful a cruise on the air-conditioned LURLINE really is, see your travel agent. If this is your first cruise, he will advise you about bon voyage parties, what to wear, or other arrangements. He will also help you select your stateroom and sailing date. Or just drop a note to Matson Lines at 215 Market St., San Francisco.

Matson Lines®



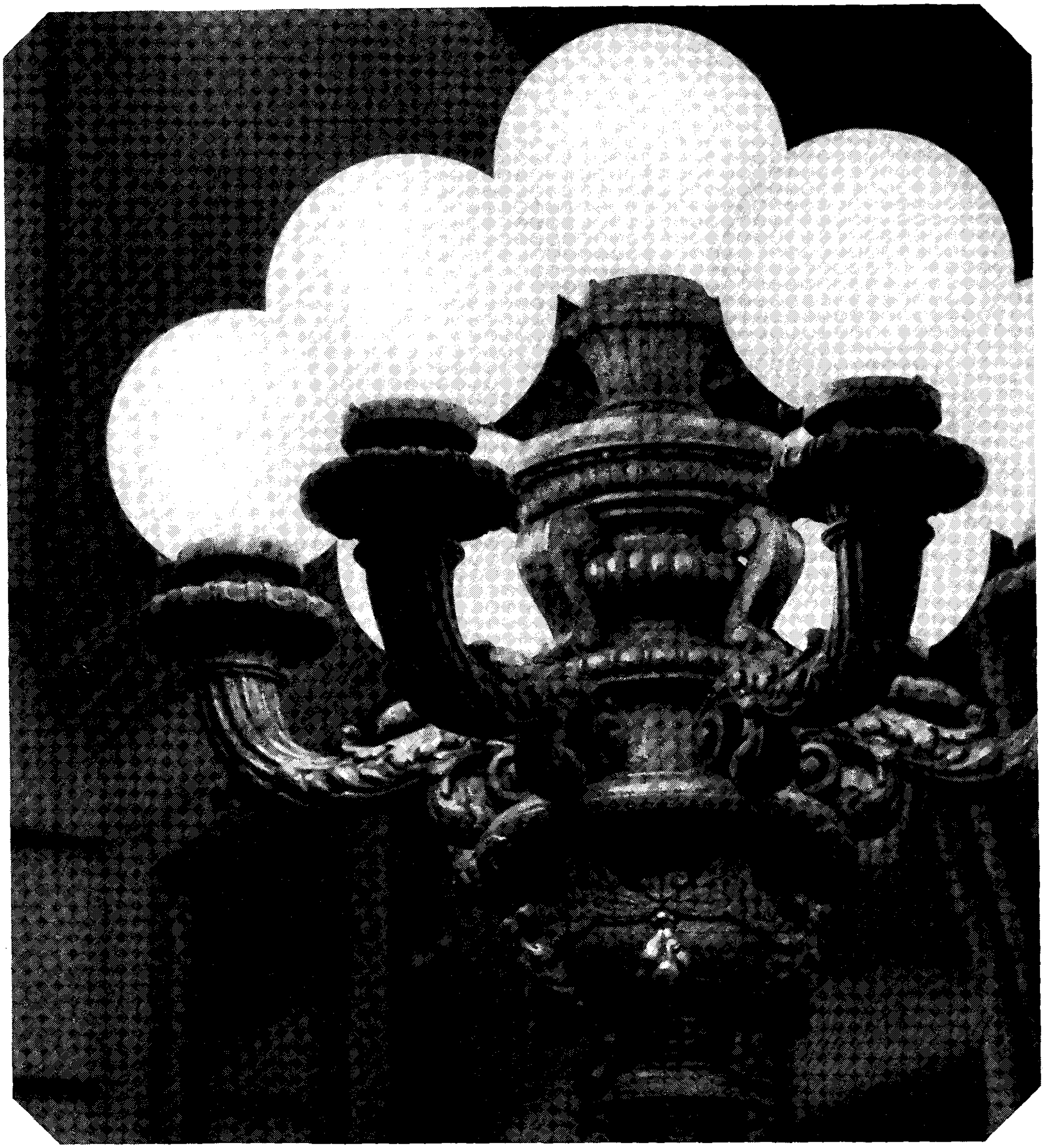


CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

SOME PEOPLE LIKE THEIR SPORTS CARS BIG AND LUXURIOUS.

That's why the new 1965 Cadillac is their car. For here is an automobile with all the action that anyone could ask for—and all the size and comfort as well. Its big high-performance engine is truly dynamic—and its Turbo Hydra-Matic transmission is smooth and quiet as never before. And this newest of Cadillacs is more agile than ever in its handling. With new frame and suspension design and a wider tread, the 1965 Cadillac holds the road better than many a car that flashes a rally stripe. Try motoring's richest and most exciting combination of size, comfort, luxury—and action. It's waiting for you now.

Standard of the World Cadillac



Not all of New York's lights are on Broadway

Some of them aren't even neon. These, for example. They light the doors to The Plaza on Fifth Avenue at 59th Street. When you come through these doors you'll find more lights. They lead to all the excitement that is The Plaza.

Soft lights in the Palm Court. Sparkling lights in the PLaza 9-. Spotlights in the Persian Room. Candlelight in the eyes of dinner guests in the Edwardian Room.

Could neon do this?

The view from a room at The Plaza embraces a world of light. But the room has much more than a view. It has comfort and space and peace from dawn to dawn. Soon, we hope, it will have you.

It's light up time at
The Plaza. Anytime.
Come and be
light hearted!

THE PLAZA

HOTEL CORPORATION OF AMERICA

Nearly clean isn't clean enough—get your *skin*

SUPER-CLEAN

with Germaine Monteil's new high-potency liquid face wash that turns plain water into the most efficient of cleansers. It gives you the refreshing feel of soap-and-water without the bad reactions sometimes caused by alkaline cleansers. Used with the chic little nylon "Beauty Facial Brush" it leaves your skin sparkling clean, ready for a radiant make-up or your nightly skin care.

Germaine Monteil

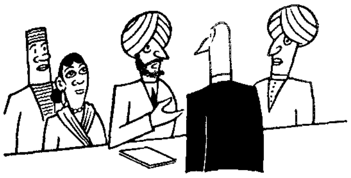
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE have received the following letter from a friend who is often away:

"Returning to the city, one gropes for the essence of it. Is it in the irresistible smile of the young Negro who so engagingly presses Black Muslim newspapers upon the docile white devils of Fifth Avenue? Is it in the cultural masochism of the blinking, squinting herds at the Museum of Modern Art's exhibit of Op Art? Is it in the dreamlike quality of the young women, who have developed a slowly rolling, zombiesque gait to go with their green eyelids? Is it in the saris and turbans that gather at the information booth of Rockefeller Center? Is it in the infinite neutrality and interchangeability of the side streets, as opposed to the unique personality of each avenue? Or is it in the sudden, shocking privacy of a clean hotel room? Lying awake, I heard, intimate and harsh, a taxi honk, and there it was—the tone, the essence. The city was moving beneath me, around me, yet permitting me, by some intensely engineered magic, to remain motionless. A far siren began to wail, announcing a disaster that would never be mine. There is a strange stillness that this least still of places permits—encourages, even. There is a complexity so thorough it is self-cancelling. I never feel simple until I am here."



Man in Motion

WE had a chat the other day with Feliks Topolski, the Polish-born artist who is currently displaying some of his work at the Hallmark Gallery, on Fifth Avenue. Topolski is a man to conjure with. He fell head over heels in love with England—particularly London and its environs—some thirty years ago, and revealed his affection for the nation and its people with such graphic skill, understanding, and wry amusement that he was soon being saluted as a worthy successor to such native sons as Hogarth, Gillray, Rowlandson, and Cruikshank. Today, at fifty-seven, as a portrait painter, a muralist, and, specifically, the publisher, editor, illustrator, and factotum of *Topolski's Chronicle*, a broadsheet that he began issuing in 1953 to give the world a view of how things are going with the men and events of this generation, he is still having a love affair with Albion and is generally accepted there as "an astonishing draughtsman; perhaps the greatest of all the impressionists in black and white," which is the way George Bernard Shaw, another alien who found the atmosphere of England congenial to his creative purposes, once described him. *Topolski's Chronicle*, which comes out twenty-four times a year, consists of butcher paper in sheets measuring about a foot and a half by two feet, upon which the creator reproduces the pen, pencil, crayon, and wash sketches he makes, at high speed, as he travels about. We talked to Topolski in a studio he is temporarily inhabiting on East Eighty-fourth Street, and discovered him to be middle-sized, as chesty as a robin, slim-waisted, graying, brown-eyed, and dapper, and handsome enough to be a matinée idol—a trait that is genetically appropriate, since his father cut something of a swath as an actor in Poland. Topolski, who was wearing a brown Edwardian outfit that included a turtleneck sweater, quickly informed us, after introductions were over, that he is a child of good fortune.

"I began scribbling depictions of things I saw as soon as I could hold a pencil, and my mother and father thought they were wonderful," he said. "My father, being an actor, tended to wander, and presently my mother divorced him, and I acquired a stepfather, who was an Army man. I am sort of an Army man myself. I attended the Polish equivalent of your West Point. I was in the horse artillery. And so I learned how you must shoot over and under a target before you make the pinpoint. I do this in my scribbles, and I do this in my portraits, which are very large. G.B.S. never liked my interpretations of him, and yet all his friends did. Older people, I've observed, are much more sensitive to the way they look, through my eyes, than the young and middle-aged. A few years ago, I was commissioned by the University of Texas to portray several contemporary literary figures. Among them was Edith Sitwell, and when I heard that she was disturbed by my painting of her, I wrote to tell her that I had no intention of caricaturing or satirizing her. And so I received this tender and touching letter from her."

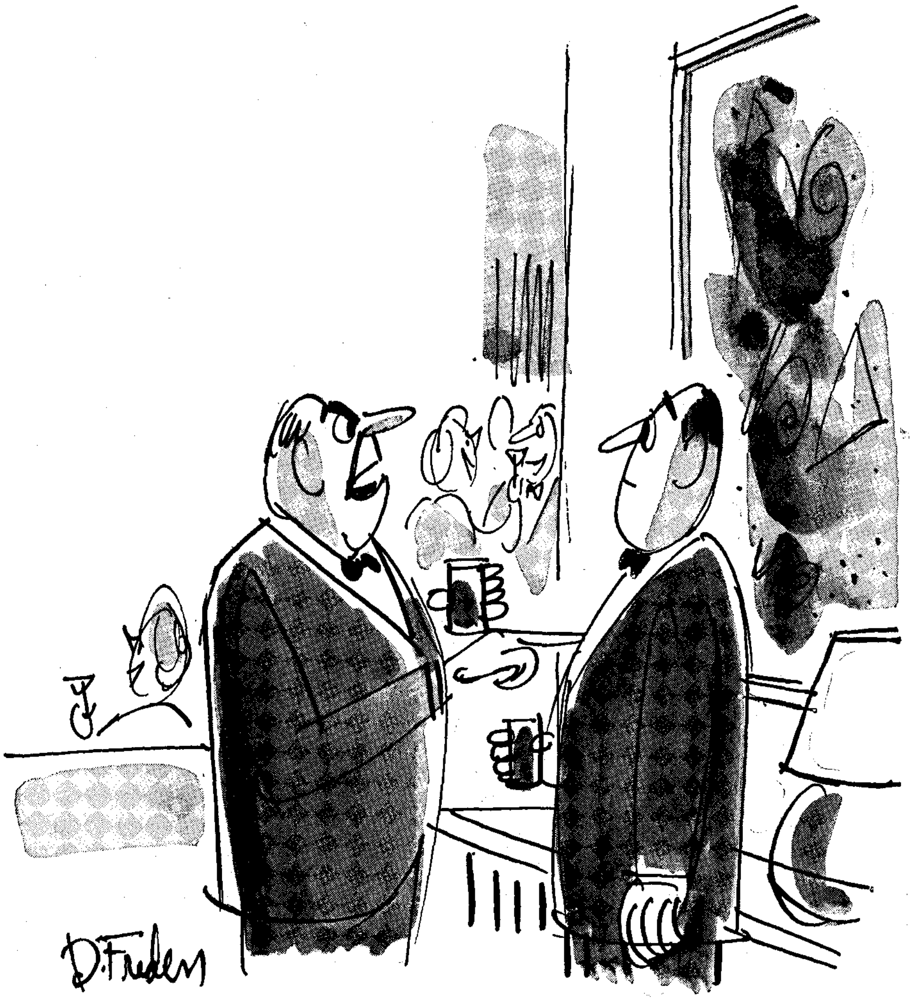
Topolski rooted around in a military knapsack that is his constant companion, and produced the following:

> It is quite untrue that I do not admire and sympathize with your work. . . . I sympathize with it, and I understand, I think I may say, the ethics of it. The *one* exception (and that is neither your fault nor mine) was your portrait of me—and that was for *personal* reasons. When I was nine years old, my extremely trying parents got it into their noodles that I am deformed. (I have a slight curvature of the spine which makes me stoop, and have extremely delicate bones.) They incarcerated me, therefore, in a sort of Bastille of iron, from my shoulders to the soles of my feet. Even my nose did not escape their attentions. Only my hands *did*, for some unexplainable reason. . . . One never recovers from the experiences

of such a childhood (lasting from nine to seventeen years old); therefore I am supersensitive in some matters.

“Such letters affect me,” Topolski said. “But I have the feeling that I am always an observer and never a participant. When I first fell in love with England, it was because, to me, it was exotic. The social style, the grace—how shall I say it?—the old values that now are fading away: all these appealed to me. And if some of the elegance has vanished, it is still a place where a roamer like me can find a base for his operations. My studio now is in an arch under the viaduct that connects Waterloo and Charing Cross. It is slightly damp, and occasionally the rumble of trains passing overhead is mildly disconcerting, but to someone who has lived through the blitz it is a pleasure to hear minor civilized noises.”

Topolski not only lived through the blitz, in the course of which he was almost done in by a bomb blast, but also made a grand tour of practically all the war zones, to which he was accredited both as a Polish officer and as an official British war artist. “When I went to Moscow during the war years, I had a highly emotional farewell scene with my wife, who used to be an English actress, and who has quite a flair for tragedy,” he told us. “ ‘I shall never see you again,’ she said, and there were a couple of moments in Moscow when I thought she might be right. I always carry a little pad for my scribbles, and I had made a few jottings while spending a night in an air-raid shelter. For some reason, I was taken in hand upon emerging from the shelter by one of the local snoops, who searched me, examined my drawings, and concluded that I was a spy determined to reveal the secrets of Moscow’s air-raid defense to the enemy. Fortunately, a friend of mine came along and explained that I was a compulsive scribbler, not without friends in high British circles, and very *kulturny*. And you know how the Russians defer to anything *kulturny*. So I got off that particular hook. And in my travels later on I was equally fortunate. For instance, I took my family, which consists of my wife, me, my son, Daniel, who is nineteen, and my daughter, Teresa, who is seventeen, on a trip through Europe a few years ago. (Let me say, parenthetically, my name and my children’s have fourteen letters. Fourteen is my lucky number.) We had a fine big Bentley, and arrived in Berlin just after the wall went up. We were stopped, of course, by the East German guards, but my wife—all English and wonderful—dressed them down so properly that we were allowed to go right on. Eventually, we made our way into Czechoslovakia, and when we were trying to make our way out, all the peasants we asked for guidance steered us onto horrible back roads. It took me some time to figure this out, but it finally dawned on me that they thought we were refugees in flight, and were eager to keep us clear of the authorities. About the only place I haven’t been in my meanderings is South America, which I hope to visit any day now. I have a vast admiration for the Mexican muralists, and I think they share with me an interest in keeping things in motion. When I was young, I did a mural for a government building in Warsaw, and since then I’ve done such things as the mural called ‘Cavalcade of the Commonwealth,’ for the Festival of Britain, in 1951, which is now in Victoria Memorial Hall in Singapore, and a mural of all the glitter and glow that went with the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II. Right now, this painting, owing to the good offices of Prince Philip, is in a gallery at Buckingham Palace. It’s pretty big—about a hundred feet long—but then I’ve always been attracted to wide-open spaces. Someday I hope to find a nice three-or-four-story wall where I can emblazon an ad for the *Chronicle*. I’ve covered everything in the *Chronicle*, from Gandhi’s non-violent campaign in India to Martin Luther King’s campaign over here, and taken time out to illustrate some of the works of Shaw. One way or another, I believe I could really invigorate a huge and conspicuous space.”



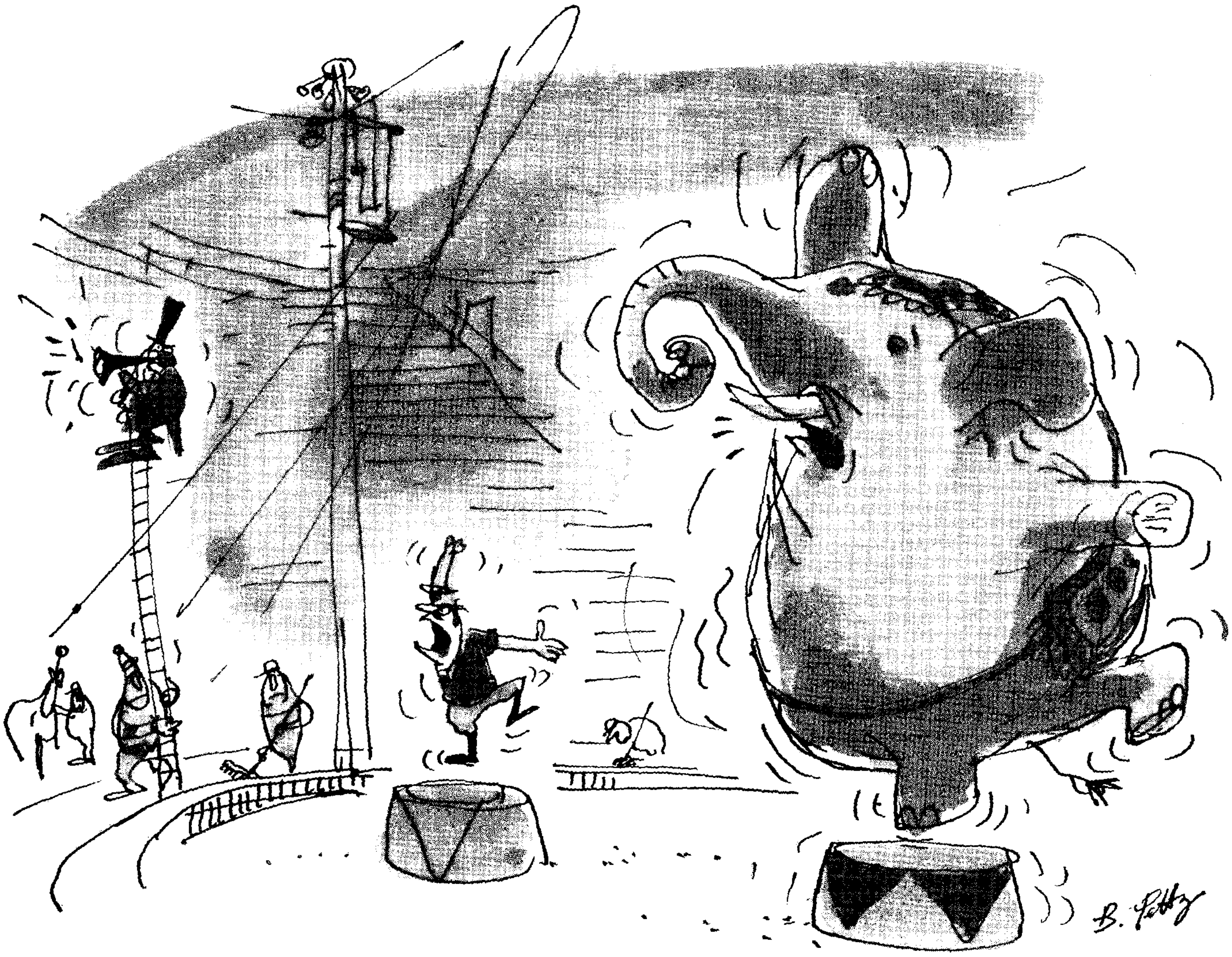
“What do you mean, ‘My country, right or wrong’? Just when has our country ever been wrong?”

Confused New World

A Businessman of our acquaintance wrote to a credit-investigation firm asking information about one of his new accounts and received this message in reply: “We have recently changed over to automation and have no visible records.”

Salute

On April 11th, ten days before Re-Opening Day of the New York World’s Fair and a week after Broadway answered Selma at the Majestic Theatre, Broadway saluted the Fair



"Can't you see I'm trying to train an elephant?"

at a cocktail party at Gracie Mansion, followed by dinner at the Top of the Fair Restaurant, in Flushing Meadow. Tickets to the Salute were sold for fifty dollars apiece to exhibitors and to friends of the Fair. The Salute, which was got up by a public-relations group formed by Fair exhibitors last fall, was designed to be of material benefit to the Actors Fund, and, indirectly, through the pleasure that the press was expected to take in the company of the stars who were to be there, and in the many gifts that would be presented at the dinner, to benefit the Fair in point of prestige. At Gracie Mansion, as we wandered through the first-floor reception rooms sipping a drink, we spotted Sammy Davis being photographed in front of the fireplace in the South Room, Jayne Mansfield posing near the bar in the Center Hall, and Henry Morgan applauding a voice that was coming out of a loudspeaker in the fireplace in the North Room. We admired an autographed photograph of the Shah of Iran, and a small bronze reproduction of Michelangelo's Moses sitting in front of a framed quotation from Abraham Lincoln: "If I tried to read, much less to answer, all the criticisms made of me and all the attacks levelled against me, this office would have to be closed for all other business. I do the best I know how, the very best I can. I mean to keep on doing this, down to the very end."

"There's Sal Mineo," a girl said, pointing. "And Herschel Bernardi, Billy Daniels, Walter Abel, Robert Preston."

"There's Mayor Wagner," we said, indicating the Mayor, who was frowning.

We rode to the Fair in a limousine with a public-relations man for the Tower of Light, who told anecdotes about Thomas Edison. At the Top of the Fair, we stood at the bar for a few minutes and watched the rest of the guests. Two ladies hobbled past in long, narrow dresses. "Nancy Ames and Tiger Haynes," one of them said to the other. Soon we were directed to Table 4, which was opposite Table 63, and we sat down on a record album and a bottle of perfume someone had put on the chair to surprise us. After everyone had admired a lot of free cigars and cigarettes that were strewn along the table, dinner was served, and an orchestra in the distance behind us proceeded to play the old songs and some new songs that sounded like the old songs. "It's Guy Lombardo," a woman across from us said. A man passing the table handed us an envelope. The note inside told us that we could have an Al Hirt album called "Red, White and Blue" for the asking.

During dessert, we heard a man's voice singing "That Old Black Magic," and before we could say "It's Billy Daniels," a man who had been passing pictures of his children around the table said "It's Billy Daniels." "Robert Moses is dancing," someone said a few minutes later. We said goodbye, and accidentally stepped on a record album as we got up to go. On the way out, we ran into a troupe of dancers from the African Pavilion just leaving the elevator, and after watching them walk off into the distance beyond Table 4 we took the elevator down.

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ONE of the printed rules of the Morgan Library is:

> Readers must refrain from touching any portion of the text or decoration, and, in close examination, to refrain from breathing upon the page.

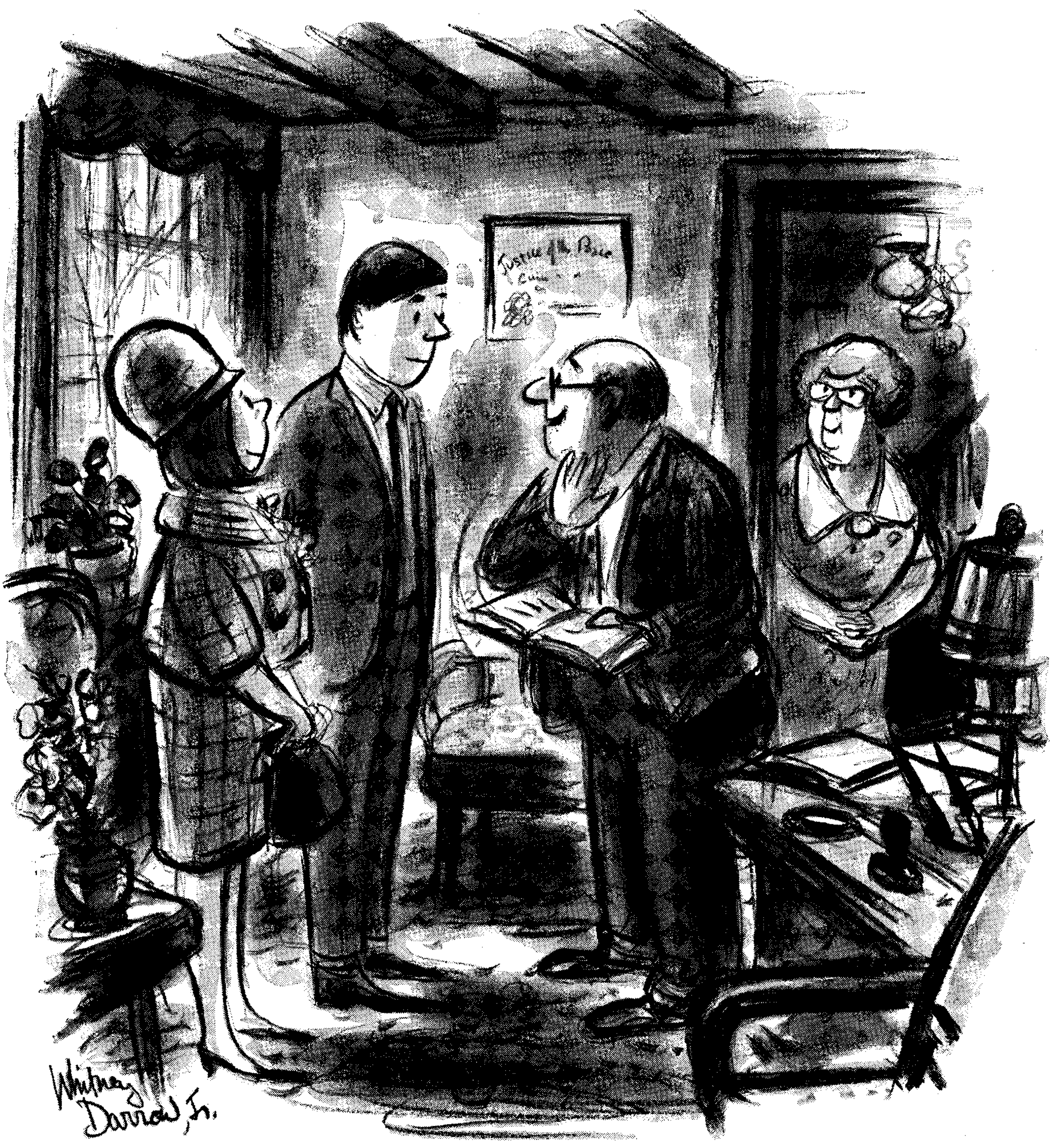
Beyond the Stars

TO most people, including us, the words "science-fiction movie" bring up visions of super-monsters who have flames shooting out of at least one eye while an Adonislike Earthman carries Sylvanna, a stimulating blonde, to a nearby spaceship. It is a prospect that has often kept us at home. However, we are happy to report, for the benefit of science-fiction buffs—who have long felt that, at its best, science fiction is a splendid medium for conveying the poetry and wonder of science—that there will soon be a movie for *them.* We have this from none other than the two authors of the movie, which is to be called "Journey Beyond the Stars"—Stanley Kubrick and Arthur C. Clarke. It is to be based on a forthcoming novel called "Journey Beyond the Stars," by Arthur C. Clarke and Stanley Kubrick. Mr. Clarke and Mr. Kubrick, who have been collaborating on the two projects for over a year, explained to us that the order of the names in the movie and the novel was reversed to stress Mr. Clarke's role as a science-fiction novelist (he has written dozens of stories, many of them regarded as modern science-fiction classics) and Mr. Kubrick's role as a movie-maker (his most recent film was "Dr. Strangelove").

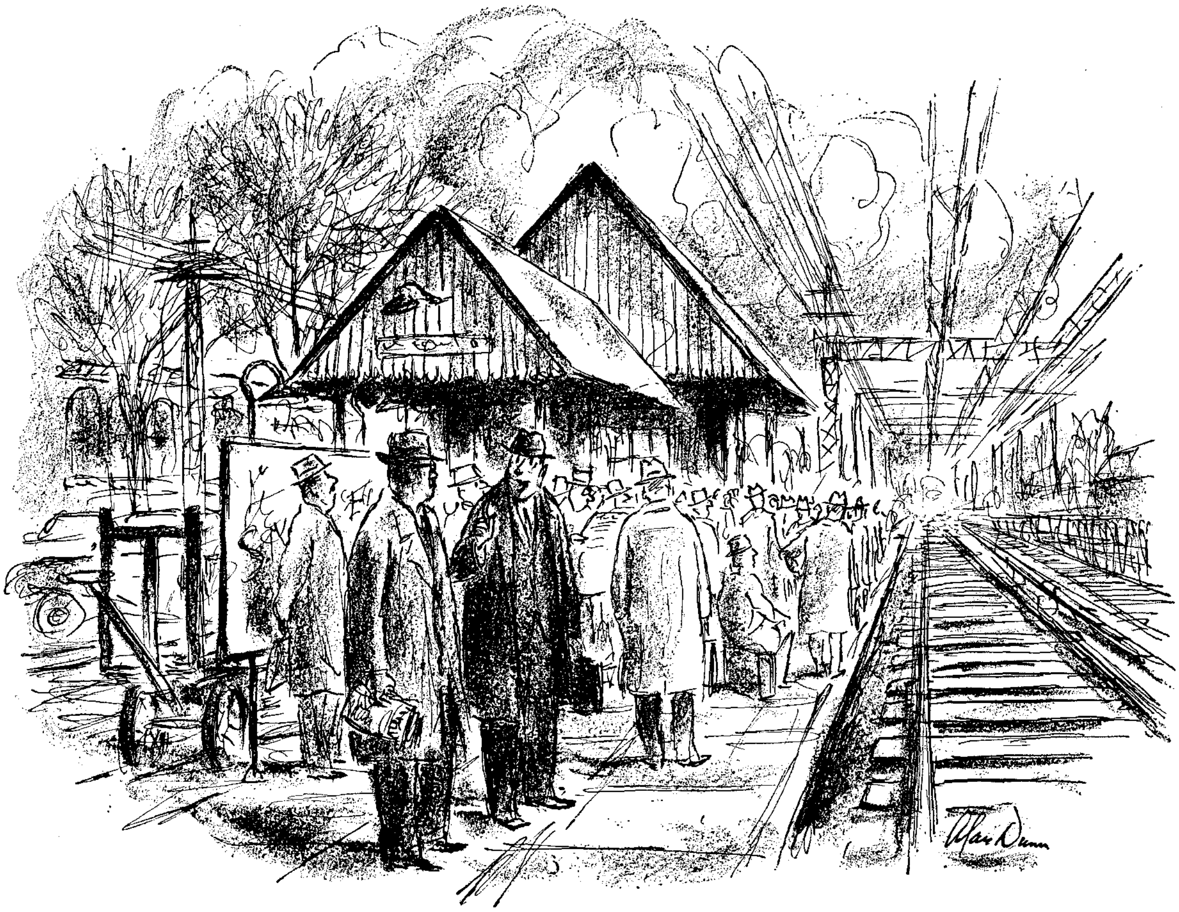
Our briefing session took place in the living room of Mr. Kubrick's apartment. When we got there, Mr. Kubrick was talking on a telephone in the next room, Mr. Clarke had not yet arrived, and three lively Kubrick daughters—the eldest is eleven—were running in and out with several young friends. We settled ourself in a large chair, and a few minutes later the doorbell rang. One of the little girls went to the door and asked, "Who is it?" A pleasantly English-accented voice answered, through the door, "It's Clarke," and the girls began jumping up and down and saying, "It's Clark Kent!"—a reference to another well-known science-fiction personality. They opened the door, and in walked Mr. Clarke, a cheerful-looking man in his forties. He was carrying several manila envelopes, which, it turned out, contained parts of "Journey Beyond the Stars." Mr. Kubrick then came into the room carrying a thick pile of diagrams and charts, and looking like the popular conception of a nuclear physicist who has been interrupted in the middle of some difficult calculations. Mr. Kubrick and Mr. Clarke sat down side by side on a sofa, and we asked them about their joint venture.

Mr. Clarke said that one of the basic problems they've had to deal with is how to describe what they are trying to do. "Science-fiction films have always meant monsters and sex, so we have tried to find another term for our film," said Mr. C.

"About the best we've been able to come up with is a space Odyssey — comparable in some ways to the Homeric 'Odyssey,'" said Mr. K. "It occurred to us that for the Greeks the vast stretches of the sea must have had the same sort of mystery and remoteness that



"And for five dollars more my wife will sniffle into her handkerchief and say, 'God bless you.'"



"*I have it! Suppose we get the Historical Landmarks Commission to declare the New Haven a landmark worth preserving.*"

• •

space has for our generation, and that the far-flung islands Homer's wonderful characters visited were no less remote to them than the planets our spacemen will soon be landing on are to us. 'Journey' also shares with the 'Odyssey' a concern for wandering, exploration, and adventure."

Mr. Clarke agreed, and went on to tell us that the new film is set in the near future, at a time when the moon will have been colonized and space travel, at least around the planetary system, will have become commonplace. "Since we will soon be visiting the planets, it naturally occurs to one to ask whether, in the past, anybody has come to Earth to visit us," he said. "In 'Journey Beyond the Stars,' the answer is definitely yes, and the Odyssey unfolds as our descendants attempt to make contact with some extraterrestrial explorers. There will be no women among those who make the trip, although there will be some on Earth, some on the moon, and some working in space."

Relieved, we asked where the film was to be made, and were told that it would be shot in the United States and several foreign countries.

"How about the scenes Out There?" we inquired.

Mr. Kubrick explained that they would be done with the aid of a vast assortment of cinematic tricks, but he added emphatically that everything possible would be done to make each scene completely authentic and to make it conform to what is known to physicists and astronomers. He and Mr. Clarke feel that while there will be dangers in space, there will also be wonder, adventure, and beauty, and that space is a source of endless knowledge, which may transform our civilization in the same way that the voyages of the Renaissance transformed the Dark Ages. They want all these elements to come through in the film. Mr. Kubrick told us that he has been a reader of science-fiction and popular-science books, including Mr. Clarke's books on space travel, for many years, and that he has become increasingly disturbed by the barrier between scientific knowledge and the general public. He has asked friends basic questions like how many stars there are in our galaxy, he went on, and has discovered that most people have no idea at all. "The answer is a hundred billion, and sometimes they stretch their imaginations and say maybe four or five million," he said.

Speaking almost simultaneously, Mr. Clarke and Mr. Kubrick said that they hoped their film would give people a real understanding of the facts and of the overwhelming implications that the facts have for the human race.

We asked when the film will be released.

Mr. Kubrick told us that they are aiming for December, 1966, and explained that the longest and hardest part of the job will be designing the "tricks," even though the ones they plan to use are well within the range of modern cinematic technology.

When we had been talking for some time, Mr. Clarke said he had to keep another appointment, and left. After he had gone, we asked Mr. Kubrick how "Dr. Strangelove" had been received abroad. It had been shown all over the world, he told us, and had received favorable criticism everywhere except, oddly, in Germany. He was not sure why this was, but thought it might reflect the German reliance on our nuclear strength and a consequent feeling of uneasiness at any attempt to make light of it. He said that his interest in the whole question of nuclear weapons had come upon him suddenly, when it struck him that here he was, actually in the same world with the hydrogen bomb, and he didn't know how he was learning to live with that fact. Before making "Dr. Strangelove," he read widely in the literature dealing with atomic warfare.

We said goodbye shortly afterward, and on our way out a phrase of J. B. S. Haldane's came back to us: "The Universe is not only stranger than we imagine; it is stranger than we *can* imagine."

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ONE of the numbers listed on the jacket of an English record album of New Orleans favorites is "The Sweetheart of Sig McKay."

SISKINS UNDER THE SKIN

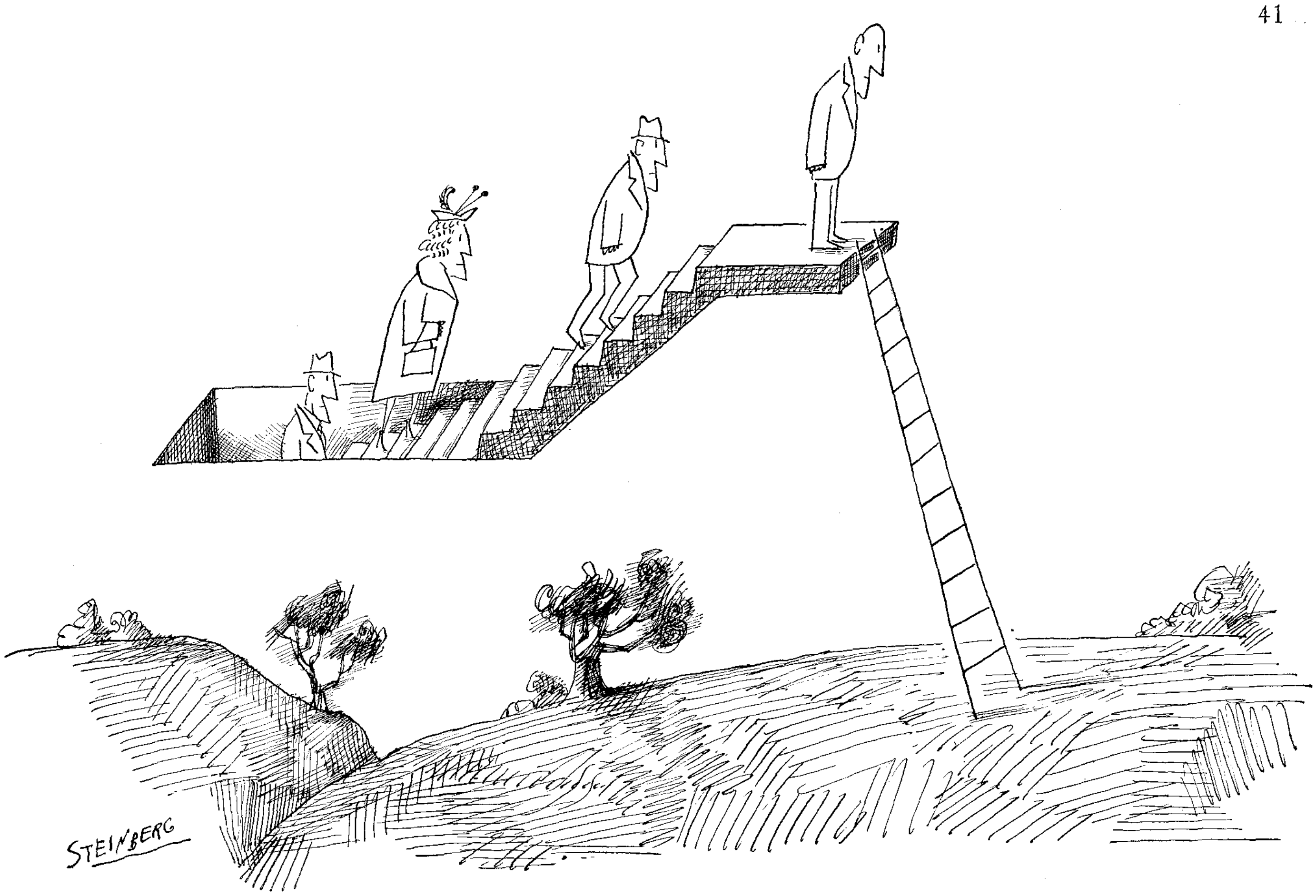
A CHANGE has come over nature writing—nature novels, I should perhaps say—since I was a boy. In those days, the hero was likely to be a lynx or a puma which showed unmistakable signs from earliest cubhood of its coming overlordship of Baldneck Ridge, buffeting its playmates about with a will and surprising its proud parents by killing a brush turkey singlehanded before the first week was out. There was a good deal of blood in these stories; challenges were freely offered and accepted, manes bristled, hackles rose, claws rent and tore, and under the tingling stars a long-drawn menacing roar proclaimed to his waiting mate that old Moween, the black bear, was still supreme on the mountain. The animal hero enjoyed a certain anthropomorphic license in this heady and exciting world (which generally, as I remember, seemed to be somewhere in Canada) and did not scorn an occasional recognizably human thought or emotion. A really tiptop bison might engage, before a decisive clash, in something pretty close to a soliloquy.

The nature books I pick up now are written in a quieter, less Homeric key. They aim to instruct rather than to paralyze. "In the afternoon," they are apt to begin, "the mackerel turned south, seeking warmer waters, and browsed upon the rich herds of copepods and squids with which the waters of the continental shelf abounded." Or they concern birds. "On the third day, the wind freshened, scudding rain clouds blew up from the west, and heavy raindrops began to fall on a single specimen of dwarf-tufted centaury, which had been brought hither as a seed three years ago on the foot of a roving blackheaded gull and now, far from the sandy shores which are its normal habitat, gratefully raised its blunt, stalkless flower clusters to meet the shower. The siskins, feeding busily among the alders with their characteristic *clee-ip* and *shreeee* calls, were unaware, until it was almost too late, of the approach against the darkening sky of a raptor some fourteen inches in length, with whitish closely-barred underparts and the pale superciliary stripe of a female sparrow hawk. Hurtling forward on short, rounded wings . . ."

"You look angry."

Yes, well, I had better stop before I get carried away and start a full-scale spring migration. But I can tell you what happens, if you like. The siskins flee in panic. Two of them, becoming separated from the rest, mate in the course of a chapter handled fearlessly but without suggestive undertones, and the hen then builds a nest at the extremity of a conifer branch and lays five eggs in it. They are eaten by squirrels. She lays again, and the first nestling hatched, though not destined to be the strongest, bravest, and most intelligent siskin ever to become overlord of the Grampians, will yet be distinguished by a gray feather in its greenish-yellow wing bar, so that we shall be able to follow with ease its progress through adolescence to full birdhood. It will encounter, this little chap (whom we shall be careful, I hope, not to call "Grayfeather"), many, many other inhabitants of the natural world as it goes about its business, and all of them will be described with care and accuracy. It will have innumerable narrow escapes from predators, guns, gins, tempest, and starvation, and when in due course it becomes a father we shall all be filled with a strong sense of the cycle of the seasons and the surge and rhythm of the life principle. But there will be no truckling with anthropomorphism, no indulgence in overt meditation. Siskins don't soliloquize.

THE wide appeal enjoyed by this kind of nature novel is not hard to understand. Here we have a young couple—siskins, badgers, raccoons, or what you will—whose simple wish is to eat, mate, have children, and keep alive. These are desires readily appreciated by most readers. The creatures will also, if they are migrant birds, experience from time to time an almost irresistible yearning to travel, or, if hedgehogs, to go to sleep for three or four months, and with these aims not too many human beings will be out of tune. Sympathy for the engaging pair is guaranteed from the start and, more significantly, is constantly quickened by the atmosphere of imminent, yet not oppressive, danger in which they lead their harmless, necessary lives. The actual flow of blood may be less Niagaran, the crunching of thigh bones a good deal less earsplitting than it used to be when Kaga, the wise old timber wolf, was on the prowl, but all the same this is no tame suburban world. It is nothing for a sandpiper, in any well-constructed nature novel, to be in immediate fear of death three times between leaving its nest on the sandspit and returning to it with some suitable mollusk. This keeps up the interest. So does the rich variety of characters among which the principals operate. A weasel pokes his pale nose out of the undergrowth, sniffs the air, and withdraws. Oyster catchers far out on the mud flats set up a shrill crying and calling that may well presage danger for the young fledglings but in fact mean nothing. A purple hairstreak flits by and reindeer come down from the north in unprecedented numbers.



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It is impossible to exaggerate the advantages in freedom, variety, and rapidity enjoyed by the nature novelist over his social or humanist colleague. You cannot, in an ordinary novel, successfully introduce a character who pokes his nose out-of-doors, sniffs the air, withdraws, and is never heard of again. If fifty women set up a shrill uproar in a field, it will not do simply to let the noise die down, register a change of wind, and leave it at that. The air of expectancy engendered must be justified in half a dozen tedious explanatory pages. If any reader—or writer, for that matter—doubts this elementary truth, he had better try to pack into a paragraph or two about people as much incident and interest as he would certainly be required to do if he were writing about siskins:

"Abandoning the now empty perambulator, the man and his mate made their way aimlessly northward for another forty or fifty miles, moving with strong alternate swings of their trousered legs and holding their heads characteristically a little withdrawn into their shoulders, as though to lessen the resistance of the keen wind that already had in its icy breath a touch of winter. Near Biggleswade, a burst of gunfire, recognized as inimical through the operation of those glandular mechanisms so often miscalled 'instinctive' by less knowledgeable writers, made them swerve aside into the fields, and once the woman narrowly escaped barking her delicate shins on a solitary rear axle dropped long ago in a clump of nettles by some itinerant motorist. Hunger gnawed at their complicated digestive organs, and as the day waned, attracted by a small knot of their own kind in a crowd of some hundred others, they turned into a cafeteria, where they began in a desultory way to gather food.

"Squabbles were frequent on this packed feeding ground. Two cabdrivers tugged and pulled at a ham sandwich until it fell apart and was promptly snapped up by a watchful sanitary engineer. A marauding optometrist who had not fed for thirty-six hours caused a momentary panic by swooping suddenly upon a squawking Latvian waitress and carrying her off to a corner table where he leisurely tore her limb from limb. A party of two dozen pawnbrokers, rare visitors at this time of year, arrived with clamorous cries, their striped waistcoats and well-defined mustachial streaks showing them to be passage males.

"A sense of unease came upon the man's mate, and she left, drawn ever northward by an age-old mysterious urge. Reluctantly the man followed her, his blood warmed and thickened by the calories he had unknowingly ingested with his four slices of pizza. The sun set and rose. The wind blew yet more chilly from out of the north, and the man, tarrying, began to gather sticks and old sheets of newspaper, which he wove together into a kind of pyre, deftly tucking in odd corners and stray fragments of bark with his surprisingly nimble fingers. His mate watched him as he labored and after a while brought him a small twig, which he accepted without the customary ceremonious bow and laid with the rest. Rain and sleet fell from a leaden sky, and the man lit the fire.

"It kindled, bringing warmth to their numbed members and lulling the pair into a half-sleep that might well have proved to be their last. A homicidal maniac, drawn thither by the flickering blaze . . ."

It is apparent, is it not, that this kind of thing won't do for human beings? Only in the natural world is an author at liberty to beset his principal characters with perils, alarms, excursions, bereavements, meals, sex, ceremony, mysterious urges, and change of wind at the rate of six sensational episodes per page. It makes one wonder why more of the great writers don't write about nature, instead of tying themselves down to the cramped and uneventful world of men. The answer is, I suppose, that when writing about animals you have to know your subject. —H. F. Ellis

THE MUSIC MASTER

BECAUSE of a serious illness, I couldn't go to school like other children, and this troubled my parents. When I was ten years old, my father decided to engage a music master for me. The music master, recommended by Mrs. Chopra, whose daughter was his favorite pupil, agreed to take me without ever having talked to me. His letter of acceptance, written in ornate Urdu, concluded with the words "I take on new chelas only on the Festival of Lights, and I shall wait on you on that most propitious day."

The letter couldn't have been better phrased to win my mother over. My father, a barrister and a civil servant, had spent many years as a student at foreign universities, and his Westernized way of thinking was incomprehensible to my mother, who had never stirred out of her province and who had had no schooling whatever. In an effort to find some cure that would immediately make me well and strong again, she took me to various homeopaths, to the temple priestesses, to astrologers. At the time, we were living in Rawalpindi, one of the chief cities in the Punjab, and there was no scarcity of miracle workers. The homeopaths prescribed mysterious pills and powders and told my mother, "Time will do its work, sister." The pundits asked us to put our faith in certain conjunctions of the stars, the moon, and the planets; and the temple priestesses recited Sanskrit prayers in a high nasal voice and shook a handful of peppercorns over my head, or, taking up a switch, they tapped me on my bare back, to exorcise the demons. Now the music master was to supersede them all.

To learn his likes and dislikes, my mother was constantly on the telephone with Mrs. Chopra. To divine his past and future, she called in the family pundit, who sat on the veranda morning after morning, sometimes in silent contemplation and sometimes counselling my mother in whispers and drinking freshly churned buttermilk. Once, my father, returning home earlier than usual, surprised them. He said angrily to my mother, "Vimla, how often must I tell you that your superstitious ways can bring nothing but harm!"

"But, dear," my mother said, "I am not asking Punditji to give me the music master's horoscope. I'm just asking his advice as an old friend of the family."

"He's no friend of mine," my father said, and went on into the house.

"I'm sorry, Punditji," my mother said.

The astrologer, unruffled, said, "God bless your good husband. He has to live as best he can by the principles known to him."

My mother also called in our tailor and ordered two long coats, two jodhpurs, two shirts, and two lengths of material for turbans. "The long coats," she said, "should be made out of navy-blue Kashmiri wool, and for the rest of the clothes use that fine muslin which can be passed through a finger ring."

"What are to be the measurements, Mistress?" the tailor asked.

My mother thought a moment and then said, "They ought to be loose-fitting. The clothes are for the music master, and he, of course, has to sit on the floor to sing and teach. Incidentally, the shirts and coats should be made with open necks, because any pressure on the throat is harmful to the singing."

"What about the shoulder, sleeve, and other measurements?"

My mother thought again and said, "Make them the same size as the ones you made for Punditji last winter. They must be ready by the Festival of Lights."

"But Mistress, the Festival of Lights is only five days away," the tailor said.

"That's plenty of time. If you work morning to night, I'll give you a bonus," my mother said.

So as not to lose any time, while the tailor went to the bazaar to buy the cloth, Ram Lal, one of our house servants, was sent to the tailor's home to pick up his large sewing machine. The machine was installed in one corner of the veranda, and, soon after, the tailor got down to work. For five days, the house vibrated with the whir and clack of the sewing machine. Sometimes when the tailor had to work with both his hands about the needle, he let me turn the hand crank. In the meantime, my mother set about ordering scores of small oil lamps, colored candles, and every shape and variety of flower and sweetmeat for the Festival of Lights. She discussed with the servants the details of lighting up and decorating the whole house. She dispatched Ram Lal to ascertain the exact time of the music master's arrival—in his letter he had not mentioned any particular hour.

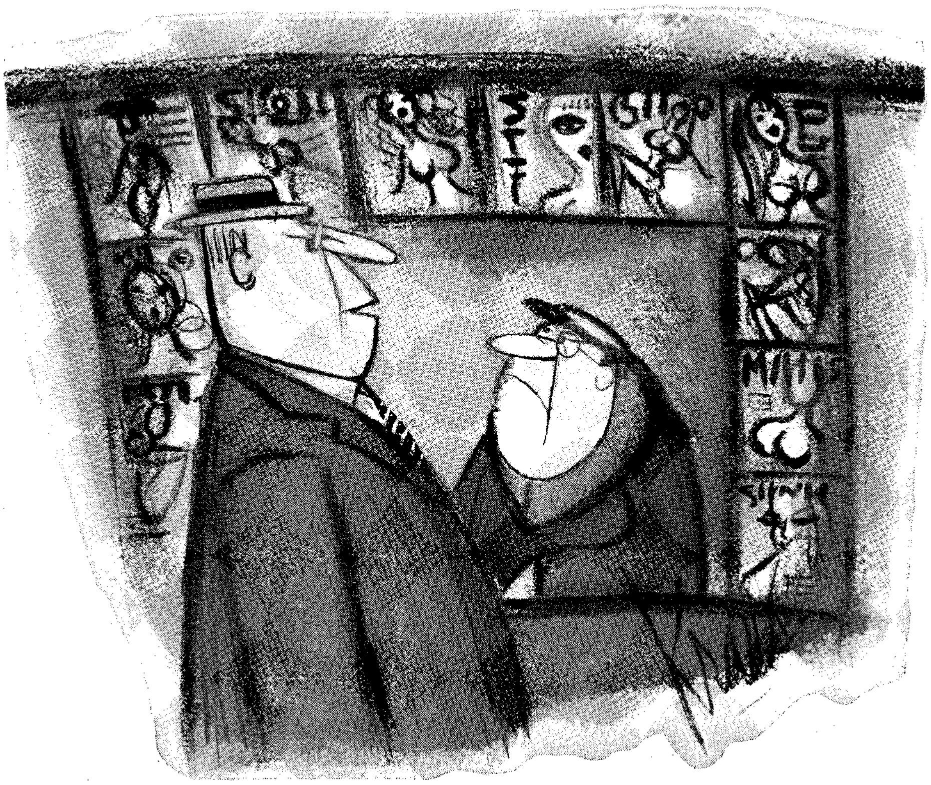
"He will come after dinner," Ram Lal reported, "but I wasn't shown into his presence, Mistress. A very old man who seems to be connected with the house gave me the message, and he coughed all the time, Mistress."

"What sort of house was it?" my mother asked.

"Not much of one," Ram Lal said, "and it was bare. There were no carpets or chairs or tables—just a bed or two."

"Did you walk around the house?"

"No, but from the door I could take in the entire house, if it can be called



"What would you recommend in a good girlie magazine?"

that. There are only two rooms."

"Was it full of instruments?"

"I couldn't see any, Mistress."

"You are a donkey," my mother said. "Next time I send you somewhere, keep your eyes open."

"I did, Mistress," he said.

"Don't be impertinent," my mother said, dismissing him.

We ate the Festival of Lights dinner in silence. Afterward, while my father and I lighted the candles and the wicks in the oil lamps, my mother helped the tailor sew the buttons on the long coats, out of view in her bedroom. But the music master seemed to be in no hurry to come. My mother had more than enough time to send off the tailor with his sewing machine, wrap the gift, and settle herself on the big sofa in the drawing room. She made me sit down beside her and held my hand. My father reclined in a wicker chair on the veranda with a newspaper. He wanted to be the first to greet the music master.

My mother started at the sound of a bicycle bell. "The music master has come," she said excitedly. "Didn't you hear a tonga bell, son?"

"No, Mother, it was a bicycle bell," I said.

We could hear my father talking to someone. "Where is the master-sahib?" my father was saying. "We are ready for him. Is he following you in a tonga?" He got no answer. "Does the master-sahib prefer mute servants?" my father said, but not unkindly. "Is it easier for him to practice that way?" There was a long silence, as though my father had gone back to his newspaper. "Hey, there!" my father shouted. "Come back! Where are you going?"

"Barrister-Sahib, if you do not require my services, you could have saved me the trouble of coming," a voice said.

My mother, realizing that it was the music master, rushed out to the veranda and pleaded with him to come inside and accept her hospitality. He leaned his bicycle against the wall and walked into the drawing room with quick steps, his bare feet slapping against the floor, and seated himself on a big cushion. He was dressed more shabbily than Ram Lal. His loincloth was low-slung, and most of his midriff was bare. His shawl was worn. My mother indicated that I was to sit on the floor beside him. Ram Lal came forward with a trayload of sweetmeats and three kinds of drinks—buttermilk, lemonade, and orange squash.

"Put a glass of each here," the music master said, and he pointed to a spot beside him. "I shall be grateful, sister," he continued, turning to my mother, "if your servant would be kind enough to pack these delicious sweetmeats in a basket and tie it securely to the carrier of my bicycle. I have already eaten."

My father laughed and then, checking himself, said, "Masterji, we have placed great hopes in you. Have you heard of one Master Luxshman Chandar?"

"No, Barrister-Sahib," the music master said. "His name is not known to me."

"I am told that he is the best singer in Bombay."

"That may be, Barrister-Sahib, that may well be," the music master said, "but Bombay is the barren land of the cinema. Music there is trashy. The art of classical music of the ancient ragas, those hundreds of scale patterns on which our motherland has built music for thousands of years, by the strains of which the milkmaidens gained entrance to the heart of Lord Krishna, that art, Barrister-Sahib, is dead, murdered in Bombay. That art, Barrister-Sahib, like the wine forbidden to the Mussulmans, can only mature in the fullness of time, in the heart of a devotee."

"How true!" my mother said.

"In the barren land of the cinema, they harmonize," the music master continued, "when good music should be pure melody. They drown the sweetness, the purity, of the music with vulgar orchestrations. Why is that necessary, Barrister-Sahib, when we have a different raga for every occasion and

"I was a dropout, you know."

• •

SWEENEY TO MRS. PORTER IN THE SPRING

In Prospect Street, outside the Splendid Bar
And Grill, the Pepsi generation—
The beardless, hard-eyed future of our nation—
Rolls casually south out of the slum
From which it will go far,
Leaving an old country where spring has come.

It is not obvious about the spring.
You have to know the signs: a hoist of wash
On every back-piazza line, a sash
Propped open with an empty pint of cream,
A comic softening
Of the wind's blade to rubber, an old dream

Of something better coming soon for each
Survivor who achieves the shores of May—
Perhaps a legacy, a lucky play
At dogs or numbers, or a contest prize.
Lady Luck, on the beach
Between assignments, does not hear their cries—

"Me! Me!," like gulls'. She never will. The old
Diminish steadily in all but years
And hope, which, uncontrollable as tears,
Racks them with life. Just look at Mrs. Porter,
Preparing to unfold,
In the dark bar, a letter from her daughter,

A beauty operator in Ladue,
And to remasticate the lovely tale
Of ranch and Pontiac, washed down with ale
Cold from the Splendid bowels, while waiting for
Her unrefined but true
Love's shape to shade the frosted-glass front door.

Meanwhile, Sweeney, Medallion 83
(A low old-timer's number), wheels his hack,
In Independent livery, past a back-
Projected process shot of Central Square,
To where his love will be,
Impatient to resume their grand affair.

She, like a pile of black rugs, stirs to hear
His two-tone horn just outside, heralding
The coming of both Sweeney and the spring.
Inside, he greets her as before, "Hi, keed,"
While Wilma lays his beer
And whiskey down between them and gets paid.

His knotty fingers, tipped with moons of dirt,
Lock on the shot of Seagram's, which he belts
And chases with a swig of Knick. Nobody else
Could comfort them except their old selves, who
Preserve, worn but unhurt,
The common knowledge of a thing or two

They did together under other moons.
Now the Splendid night begins again,
Unkinking cares, alleviating pain,
Permitting living memories to flood
This country for old men
With spring, their green tongues speaking from the mud.

—L. E. SISSMAN

• •

mood and hour? There are cheerful ragas to greet the arrival of the dawn and sombre ragas for dusk. Our ancient music is like the British telephone dial. They make a hundred thousand variations from ten digits; we can make thousands upon thousands of scale patterns from the twelve notes. It is given that a raga of a nocturnal hour must consist of all flat notes, and a great musician is one who can shuffle and reshuffle the notes of the same scale pattern and not repeat any of the variations. He must keep the same texture, and sustain the mood of the hour."

"Honesty forces me to admit that I had other ambitions for Yash," my father said. "I had hoped to send him to a good English-style boarding school, like his other brothers and sisters, then to my government college in Lahore, and perhaps, with the help of a scholarship, to an English university. You may know I am England returned many times. Yash might even have gone on to become a barrister, like myself."

"Ah, Barrister-Sahib," the music master said, "as the saying goes, whatever man proposes, God disposes. Who can be privy to His plans?"

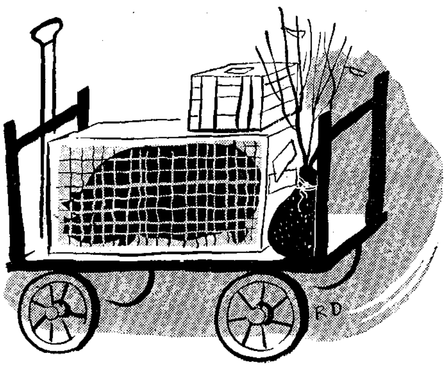
"Who indeed?" my mother said.

My father turned to me and said, "Perhaps Masterji would like to talk to you alone for a while."

"Yash," the music master said, as soon as my mother and father left the room, "are you an obedient boy?"

"Yes, Masterji," I said.

"You should call me Guruji. A guru stands in the same relationship to his chela as the stars do to an astrologer." He clamped my throat in his large fist and shook it. "Your throat is a green fruit. Your guru will have to tend it. It will be long and hard labor, at least twenty years of instruction on my part, of unquestioning love and obedience on your part."



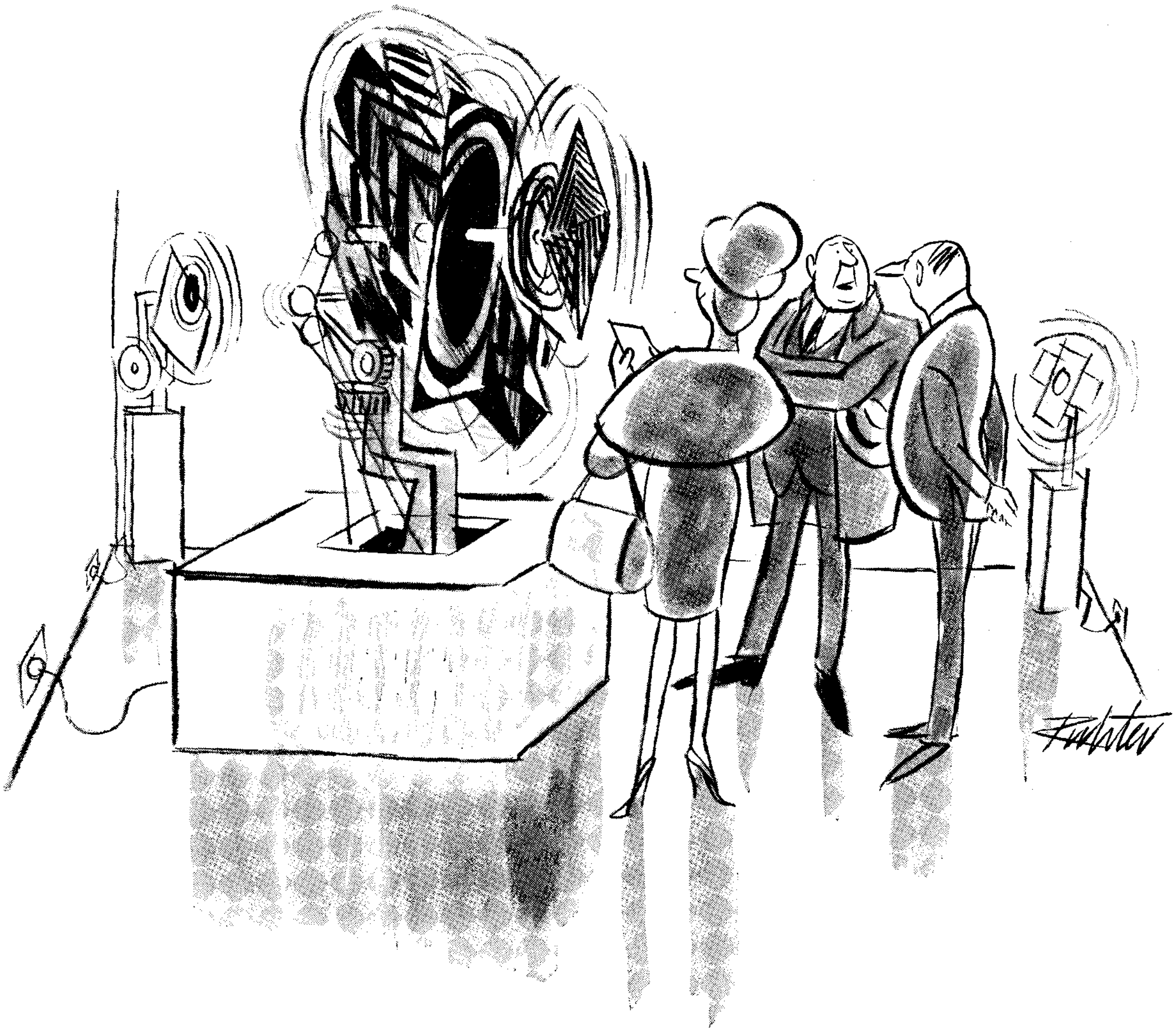
When my mother came in, he said, "Sister, I prescribe for my chela four glasses of buttermilk, two ladles of fresh butter, and one fistful of almonds a day. The almonds should be soaked in water the night before and peeled in the morning, for the power of the almond is in the meat. Also, salty things should be avoided, and my chela should be fattened up with as many sweetmeats as he can eat, for the queen of the musical art is singing. It's the purest, the most natural, mode of expression known to man, and singing is as much a matter of the stomach as of the throat. Feel my stomach. Don't be shy," he said, taking my hand and pressing it to his stomach. Then he got up.

"What, Masterji, you're leaving?" my father said, coming in. "We still have some business matters to talk over. We would like you to come three hours a day, and, unless you have objections, perhaps we could simply triple the tuition you receive for Pushpa Chopra. I think you go to her for an hour a day."

"Ah, Barrister-Sahib, Pushpa Chopra is a mere girl, who will get married tomorrow. But Yash is a boy. His musical education is of a different, a higher, order, and if I accept a chela, there is no question of business and haggling. You may, of course, pay me monthly according to the terms you mention, but not in the spirit of a fee. The bounty must flow from the goodness of your heart."

My mother presented him with a package the size of a small suitcase, and explained that it contained clothes made especially for him.

"This kind of thoughtfulness never goes amiss, sister," the music master said, and departed without opening it.



"But what about spare parts?"

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"He can't read or write," my father said, "but, like your wretched homeopaths and pundits, he knows how to make good use of tradition. The poverty in this country encourages such people. After they have talked and dreamt nonsense long enough, they begin to take themselves seriously and think of themselves as wise men."

"Talking like that will bring bad luck," my mother said.

"I think such thoughts all the time," my father said, "and no harm has come to me. If it weren't a matter of necessity, I wouldn't let a man like the music master enter my house. But he's the only decent musician in the city, and music, if everything else fails, may be the best chance of a livelihood for Yash, though in our harsh, poor country even people with degrees and excellent health starve. This music master at least looks well fed."

"It'll bring our son the evil eye if you go on talking about Guruji like that," my mother said.

"This sorcery, this superstition!" my father said. "How I wish Yash could have a proper education."

"Mother, I will not eat butter or drink buttermilk," I said.

"Be quiet," she said. "You will."

"Yash," my father continued, sighing, "if you can put up with the music master for a couple of years and get some foundation in Indian music, perhaps we could then get a Portuguese gentleman from Goa to teach you violin. There are great possibilities for anyone who can unite the Eastern and the Western music, marry the simplicity of the ragas to the wonderful harmonic tradition of the Western music. In time, perhaps a new Beethoven will emerge out of the two traditions."

THE music master came daily, but six months went by without his teaching me more than simple vocal exercises. He met all my father's inquiries by some such remark as "Before you can fly, you must learn to walk, and before you can walk you must toddle, and before toddling you must learn control over your limbs, and before . . ." The homely wisdom got on my father's nerves, and at last he made up his mind to have it out with the music master and to threaten him with dismissal unless his teaching improved. "If Yash is not musical," my father said, "it's better to find it out now."

The music master arrived after lunch for the lesson. Ram Lal served him his usual glass of buttermilk and some pistachio sweetmeats, and me the prescribed ladles of butter, which he had mixed with almond and sprinkled with glucose to make it more palatable. Shutting the drawing-room doors, the music master addressed himself to the tamboura. Even though I had mastered the tamboura in the first three or four lessons, he started showing me all over again how to hold the instrument and rest it on my right shoulder, how to pluck the strings with the forefinger so that they rang as a chord instead of separate notes. "These four notes must be perfected first. They must be there as background to all singing. They have the ring of eternity; by merely plucking them you can call up the spirit of Lord Krishna, gain entrance to his heart even as the milkmaidens did, thousands of years ago. Before each note has died, the next must be born, the distinction

"They took my name off the door, but they let me keep the carpet."

• •

between life and death erased. This gourd"—he rapped the base vigorously—"is the cosmos, our cosmos. We musicians alone can—"

At this point, my father burst into the room.

"Masterji, I thought you were going to give Yash three-hour instruction daily," he said. "What is this I hear that you invariably leave after an hour?"

"Oh, Barrister-Sahib," the music master said, "time is relative. It must be tailored to the needs of the pupil. I give Yash one hour today but might give him five hours tomorrow, once he has grasped the fundamentals of the art."

"All we ever hear from the veranda is this incessant drone, this endless repetition!" my father exclaimed. "And Yash tells me there is nothing to practice in the evening, because you've taught him nothing."

"Music is a matter of repetition," the music master said quietly. "It's one of its immutable laws, to which we owe the calming of the disturbed spirits. Actually, I have resolved that Yash is going to start learning to sing seriously tomorrow, for patience and practice have done their work. A long time ago, I cut down the number of my pupils, because many of them lacked the patience and the time. I had no choice but to abandon them on the wayside."

"You wouldn't be threatening, Masterji?"

"Oh, Barrister-Sahib, do I look like the kind of man who could threaten a mouse? I was just calling to your attention that I have now only four pupils, and I refuse to give the other three more than an hour each. I have agreed to give Yash *three* hours."

"But Yash tells me that he has often caught you dozing," my father said.

"Oh, Barrister-Sahib," the music master said, "what accusations! With what narrow eyes you view the world! It is true that on one occasion I fell asleep during a lesson of Pushpa Chopra, and she jolted me awake with one of her high notes. I almost died on the spot. Since then, I have hardly ever allowed myself the luxury of sleep while I listen to music. When we sleep, our soul, unencumbered by physical shackles, leaves our body to go on expeditions and adventures, and if the body is suddenly awakened and the soul not allowed enough time to return, more likely than not the man will be dead—killed. During Yash's lesson, I may have nodded now and again, but is that sleeping? No. It is a state of musical ecstasy. I am listening intensely."

"What in heaven's name are you talking about?" my father asked.

"You see, Barrister-Sahib," the music master went on, as though to a child, "when we musicians are in ecstasy, our souls are liberated from the body—as in sleep, if you like, though the experience is very different. The soul, instead of going on a dream expedition, wanders in the paradise of art."

My father ordered my mother to take me out to the veranda. While she was scolding me for carrying tales, I could hear the raised voices of my father and the music master in the drawing room. Suddenly they subsided. The music master strode out and, mounting his bicycle, rode away. My father had followed him out onto the veranda. Now, turning to me, he said, "He claims you are a musical genius. How the rustic knows that, just listening to you plucking away at the tamboura, is beyond me, but I have decided to give him another chance. At the same time, we must be on the lookout for some alternative."

"I hope, dear, you didn't insult Guruji," my mother said.

"People like that are never insulted," my father said. "Even if I threw your guru out of the house, he would say to himself 'Poor Barrister-Sahib has to be enlightened,' and come back the next day smiling."

He ordered Ram Lal not to bring the music master his buttermilk and sweetmeats until he had done a full three hours, saying, "If Masterji understands that the supply may be cut off altogether, it may improve the quality of his teaching."

THE next day, my mother decided to add the music master to the list of people we visited without my father's knowledge, and she had Ram Lal pack a couple of baskets of sweetmeats to take to him.

On the way, Ram Lal talked impudently about the music master. "The Masterji," he said, "lives with that old man, who, it is put about in the bazaar, was once his guru. Mistress, he is twice the age of Masterji, and may be carried off at any moment. He coughs sometimes for hours, and everyone in the bazaar can hear him through the open window. It is thought that he won't live till the next Festival of Lights. People who've heard him talk think that his voice now can't go up farther than an octave. But Masterji speaks about his guru in the highest terms. He insists that even today the old man can sing better than he can. If anyone mentions the cough, Masterji only says, 'The cold weather doesn't suit him.' Some people say in the bazaar that the Masterji is good to his guru from kindness, but, Mistress, I think he's just afraid of getting old and coming to a sad end himself; he is trying to propitiate the gods. He is not one to take chances. He gave the old man your present of clothes."

"One day, Ram Lal, I'll put a burning coal on your tongue. Maybe then we'll have some peace," my mother said, but not before she had heard him out.

The music master's house smelled of sickness, and during our visit we heard frequent, long spells of coughing from the next room. The music master seated us on low stools, and he himself squatted on a prayer mat. "Every art, sister, must have its exclusive fraternity of custodians, who guard its secrets and prevent the corruption of time from gnawing at its springs and fountains. When I was studying the ancient art, my guru had only one chela. I lived with him, I ate with him, I slept under his roof, I washed his clothes, I cooked for him, I massaged him, I nursed him when he was ill. There was no question of money changing hands. Now we live in the evil times. Instead of pupils coming to me, I have to wait on them. How can one tell the serious ones from the dabblers, the trustworthy from the untrustworthy? I do not know anymore who is fit to receive the precious secrets of the ancients, imparted to me by my guruji. . . . Ever since I came to your house, I have been scrutinizing the stars."

"Stars!" my mother exclaimed.

"Yes, sister," the music master continued. "Next to music, astrology is the thing closest to my heart. I have just found out that God has chosen your son as my Chela No. 1—my successor. Sister, God in his goodness has given him song as the means of deliverance from his frailty."

"I have always said that God has his reasons," my mother said.

"But, sister, there is one fleecy black cloud in Yash's sky. That is the attitude of Barrister-Sahib. His ways of thinking are those of an Englishman. Have I not heard that he doesn't believe in anything except in the reality of the senses? But our body is just a temporary resting place, a temple for the soaring soul, and to confuse it with the real thing . . ."

My mother shifted uneasily on her stool. She was always troubled by any criticism of my father, and the pundits and healers understood that well. Indeed, silence about my father was an unspoken condition of her seeing them.

The music master, perhaps sensing this, said, "But everyone must live according to his karma. God's purposes are unfathomable to us mortals." My mother sighed in assent. She stood up to go. At the door, the music master said, "Sister, I shall redouble my efforts. . . . If only Yash and I could see more of each other, come to know one another as a guru and chela of old!"

IN the months that followed, the music master mended his ways. He stayed his full three hours, he seldom slept during the lesson, and he began training my voice and teaching me some ragas. He even parted with a confidential piece of knowledge that had been passed down to him by his guru. After telling me for weeks that something important was about to be disclosed, making me do breathing exercises, and lecturing on the function of the lungs and the diaphragm, one day he taught me to hold a single note almost indefinitely without seeming to breathe. It was extremely effective. As he explained, "The listeners never fail to swoon around you, because they hold their breath in sympathy and cannot understand why you do not swoon with them. Ah, wondrous are the ways of us artists."

My father felt sure that his talking "straight from the shoulder" had brought about the change in the music master. My mother thought it was due to the stars, and Ram Lal simply to her occasional visits and frequent presents. Whatever the explanation, my mother was encouraged, and decided to bring up the idea of my spending one or two nights a week in the music master's house, learning the duties of a chela. We were sitting on the veranda having our morning tea. My father was reading a newspaper and my mother was talking to him. She often did that when he was reading; not being able to read herself, she forgot that reading and listening were incompatible.

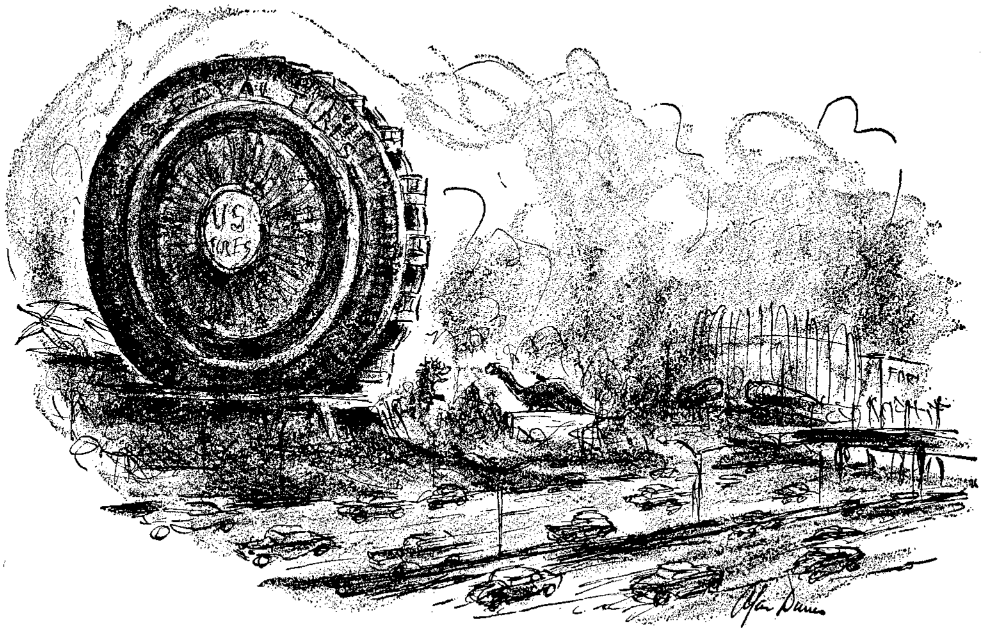
"Dear," she said, "I've been thinking it would be quite nice if Yash could stay with the music master now and again. They could become good friends that way, and Yash would get to know the life of a musician. One of Masterji's two rooms could be fitted up quite nicely for Yash. Ram Lal could stay with him, and take him for walks, and bring him back home for dinner, and if Masterji's cooking is deficient, Ram Lal could take something for both of them in a tiffin carrier."

"But, Mother, the music master's house is full of infection," I said.

Ram Lal, who was serving my mother tea, broke in. "Mistress, the young Sahib has good cause to worry about the tubercular guru. He was recently dispatched by Masterji to a distant village—I suppose to die."

"I would rather do anything on earth than spend a night with the music master," I said.

"No one's asking your opinion," my mother said to Ram Lal, and then, turning to my father, "I think Yash ought to learn to live away from



home. By spending a little time with Masterji, he will learn to be independent. You yourself were sent to boarding school when you were five, and you said you used to see your parents only during holidays. Dear, don't you think it's a good idea?"

"Don't I think what's a good idea?" my father said, looking up from his newspaper.

"To have Yash stay sometimes with the music master."

"Vimla, I'll never be able to teach *you anything*," my father said. "All your life you'll be victimized by charlatans of one kind or another. It's hopeless. While Yash has certainly been doing much better, his progress hardly fills me with hope. At this rate, I doubt if he'll ever have any pupils, let alone be a Luxshman Chandar. Besides, if musicians are like our music master, there is less and less to be said for their kind of life." He went back to his newspaper.

THE music master had been coming just under a year when my father heard about a new boarding school. It had just been opened by American missionaries, and was one of the first in the country to have decent food; the meals in the boarding school my father had attended were so bad that it was known among its students as "the famine colony." The new school was, it seemed, well equipped to undertake the musical education of the children, if any of them showed aptitude. My father decided that my health had improved sufficiently for him to dispense with the music master's services and send me there, even though it was a considerable distance from home.

On the day that he intended to tell the music master, my mother said, "Don't you think we ought to give Masterji a little pension? As you know, his three other pupils only take one-hour lessons. He stands to lose half his tuition."

Before my father could answer, the music master came in. "No clients this afternoon, Barrister-Sahib?" he said, as he took his place on the floor.

My father came to the point immediately. "Masterji, I'm very sorry, but I don't think Yash will need you anymore."

"No clients this afternoon, Barrister-Sahib," the music master repeated abstractedly, as though he hadn't heard.

"You see, Masterji, a few hundred miles away—"

"Don't go on, don't go on, Barrister-Sahib, for you may not know it but today happens to be the most propitious day of our decade."

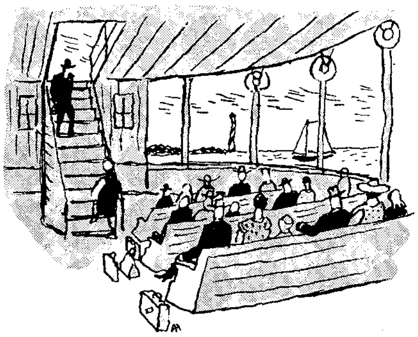
"Oh, really?" my mother said.

"Yes, it's the anniversary of Lord Krishna's making merry with the milkmaidens. In honor of the occasion, Barrister-Sahib, I would like to perform for you."

"A few hundred miles away," my father began again, but the music master had taken the tamboura from me and begun playing it with great concentration. He cleared his throat as if to sing, only to reach for the glass and take a noisy sip of buttermilk. After exercising his voice on a few scales, he launched into what at first appeared to be a late-afternoon raga, but was a medley of ragas suited to any and all hours of the day. He leaped from octave to octave, making his voice jump from low to high notes. Sometimes he missed by a note or a half note, and sometimes, when he strained for the upper registers, his voice squeaked and cracked. Though now and again he came up with a few arresting variations, his singing, on the whole, was feverish and melodramatic. Like the film stars he condemned, he made his singing more mellifluous by introducing a succession of foreign notes. Several times, my father got up, walked out of the room, came back, but the music master never paused, and so my father had no opportunity to break into the flow of his singing and explain to him that his time with us was over. When the music master finally did stop, he immediately turned to my mother and said, "Sister, that was not the special treat I have prepared for this great, holy occasion. It has been ten years to the day since I produced my *ghungrus*." *Ghungrus* are the pads of tiny bells with which dancers swathe their ankles. They are as much part of the classical dance as the motions of the feet, the hands, and the eyes.

"If I had known that you could dance, Masterji," my mother said, "I would have given a party for you. We could have asked Pushpa Chopra and her parents, the district magistrate and his wife and the cousin who stays with them. They are English, but they are most knowledgeable about India, and—"

"I cannot dance, sister," the music master said hastily, "but my *ghungrus* are more authentic, ring from greater depth of the soul, than those beaten out by any mortal dancer. My *ghungrus* are in the manner of Lord Krishna. As you may know, sister, in Lord Krishna's time there were no blacksmiths or tailors to make up the pads of *ghungrus*, and yet the milkmaidens could no more dance without them than can our dancers today, and so Lord Krishna devised a method of making the sound of *ghungrus* in his throat and chest, and *that* method has been handed down from guru to chela in an unbroken line of succession. It is the sound of those *ghungrus* that had such power over the milkmaidens that they danced to them



MYSTERIES OF ART

"Mosaics frighten me, Mother, Mother!
Don't hang that mosaic on the wall!"
"What does it matter, child? That, or another
Kind of picture—doesn't matter at all."

"Something's in the glitter like knives, or cruel
Stories I've heard that I've tried to forget."
"Each chip of stone's hand-cut with a special tool
To catch light and sparkle. It's a painstaking art."

"But the stone's so heavy. Suppose it should fall?
We'd be crushed in the coil of the lady's wound hair."
"I'll hang it carefully. It won't move at all.
Why do you fear mosaics, child? Can you make it clear?"

"Think of the face of someone you really love.
Think of the face in the whole world most dear;
Or think of your face, first painted, then cracked
Into thousands of pieces, each outlined, and put back."

—BEVERLY QUINT

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whether asleep or awake, with the sheep grazing nearby, and Lord Krishna, now stroking a cow with one hand, now playing the flute with another, and now taking the flute out of his mouth and breaking into *ghungrus*, which furnished the jungle with a stage and a well-knit troupe. Monkeys from the trees, birds from the sky, deer from the ground, and lions and leopards and wolves and sheep and cows all watched, spellbound, Lord Krishna in the greatest ecstasy known to God or man." The music master called for the harmonium (the mainstay of cinematic music), which, ever since we had purchased the much more classical tamboura, had been relegated to a storage room, and my mother ordered Ram Lal to fetch it.

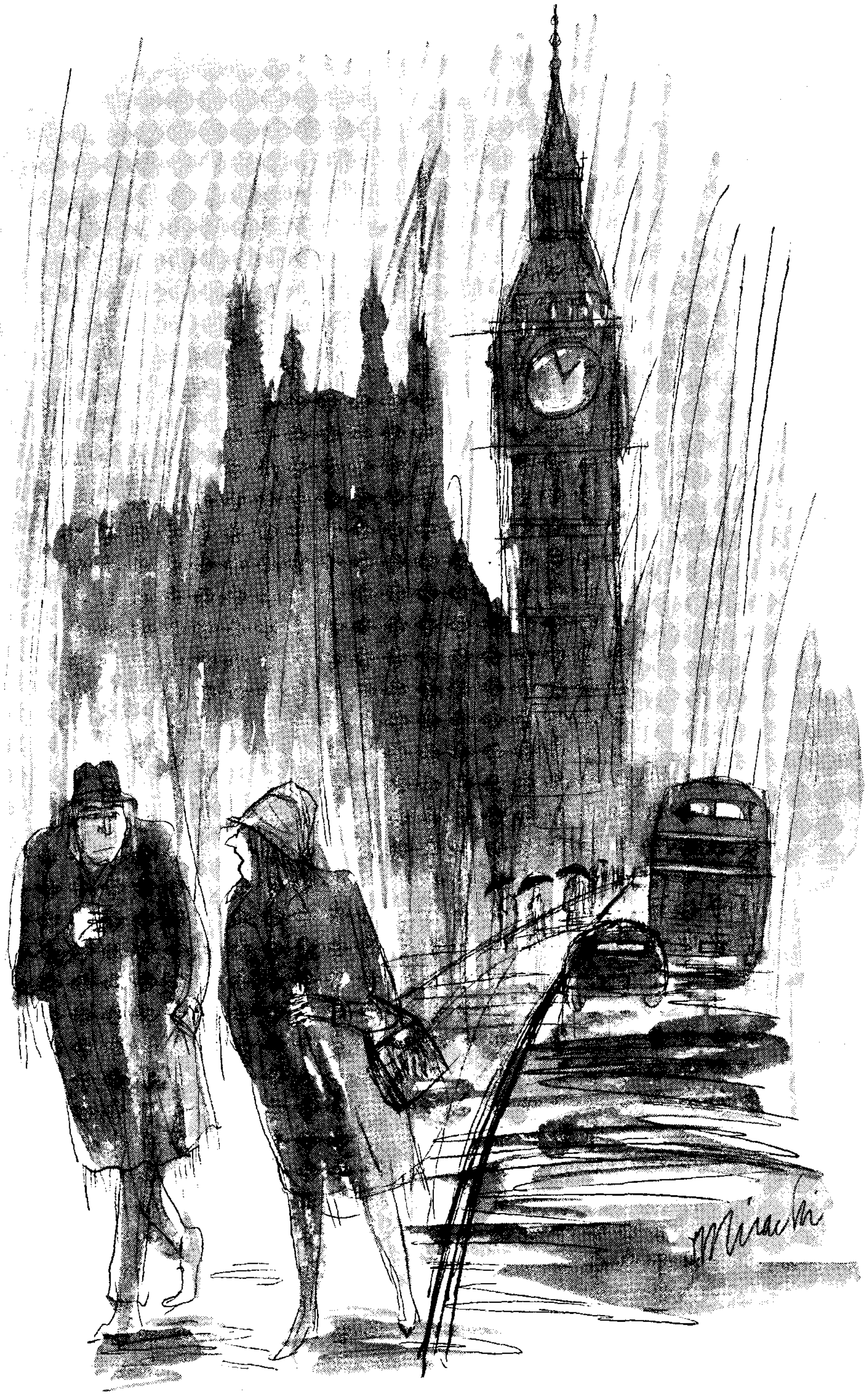
"Barrister-Sahib," the music master went on, "except for my guruji, I am sole custodian in the world now of this ancient and sacred art of producing *ghungrus* in the throat. Even as my guru gave this art to me, so I would wish to pass it on to my Chela No. 1. You are wondering who is this Chela No. 1 who is to carry the torch now, but do you have any doubts? Have I not made it clear that Yash—"

Ram Lal set the harmonium down in front of the music master, who left off talking and fell upon the instrument as though he feared it might be snatched away from him at any moment. Before he had so much as put a finger on a key, he blew hard on the harmonium to clear the clogged reeds, and furiously pumped the bellows. The harmonium creaked and groaned, the air trembling and hissing from the spaces in and around the stops and keys. Then he ran his fingers over the notes. If a warped key jammed, to jar it loose he struck the keyboard. Somehow he managed to restore the instrument to working order, and his fingers danced over the harmonium as if he had played it all his life. The melodies he played were anything but classical. Many of them were out-and-out film tunes, and cheap and racy ones. The sound of *ghungrus* was conjured up in many deliberate stages. Beginning with forced panting, he went on to breathe through his teeth, and produced in succession a harsh, wheezing sound, a throaty hiss, a deepening chesty noise. Finally, after much heaving, something approaching the sound of real *ghungrus* issued from him and synchronized itself with the melodies he was playing on the harmonium. First they chimed like peals of light bells. They were uneven and airy and seemed to be ringing out from somewhere on the veranda behind him, but soon they became a continuous tintinnabulation, his secret method of breathing making it possible for him to play the *ghungrus* in an unbroken stream. Now the *ghungrus* were ringing slowly and tentatively, as though the foot of the dancer was feeling out the step, now frenetically, as though the climax of the dance was at hand, but the sound, while changing in pace and rhythm, was constant, and the melodies were as flowing as the steps of the dance.

For some time after the music master finished, he sat catching his breath. My mother showed her appreciation by asking Ram Lal to fill up his glass and bring out more sweetmeats. My father complimented him on his *ghungrus* and his originality, and then said, "Masterji, I have been trying to tell you for all this time that Yash is going away."

The words seemed to find their mark for the first time. "Going away!" the music master exclaimed. "But, Barrister-Sahib, can a guru and his Chela No. 1 ever be parted? Are they not joined on the altar of art? Can any force in the world part them? Who will guard the art of *ghungrus*?"

Patiently, my father explained about the boarding school, and that I needed



"Well, we're in England and April's here."

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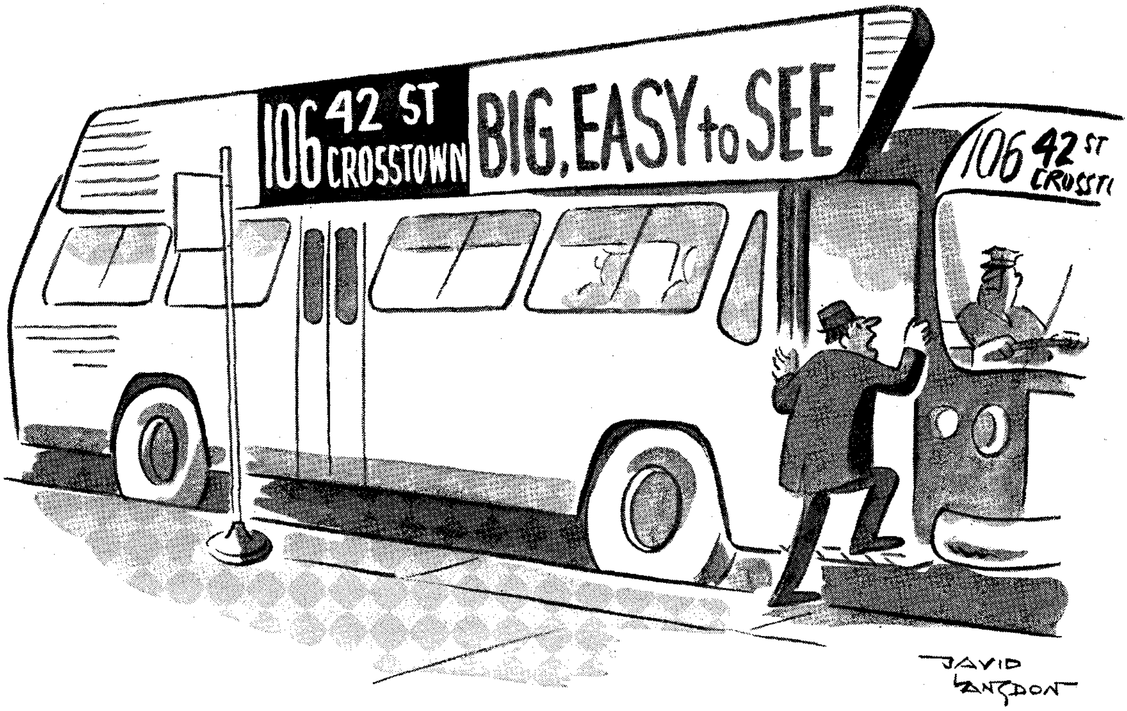

"Is this the Forty-second Street crosstown?"

to be with children of my own age and to develop other interests along with music.

The music master listened attentively. "Then I shall go with him, Barrister-Sahib," he announced. "I, too, have been thinking about broadening my interests."

"Dear, you could perhaps recommend the music master for a job," my mother said. "The school probably could do with a good master."

"Yes, sister, that is precisely what I had in mind," the music master said, nodding. "How I would like to spend the rest of my years, the sunset of my life, in some school where—"

"In heaven's name, Masterji," my father said. "Vimla, we *must* be realistic. The school has its own staff of teachers. Masterji, if we hear of any pupils locally, you can rest assured we will recommend you to them. In the meantime, we would like to give you a parting gift—a little money to tide you over. Perhaps a bonus salary for two or three months would be useful to you, just while you're looking."

"Ah, Barrister-Sahib, money is of no consequence to us artists," the music master said. "We are people with simple needs, and we live as best we can by our wits. I haven't told you, but I have my old guru to look after. Even today, he has as oiled and beautiful a voice as if he were twenty-five instead of eighty-five. If you heard him, you would instantly acknowledge that his voice is pure ghee. Whatever raga he turns to becomes honey. Unfortunately, the past winter has been very hard on him. He came down with an unshakable cold, and he was not able to perform at a single gathering to earn his keep."

"You should have him admitted to a hospital," my father said.

"No, Barrister-Sahib, he is too old-fashioned for hospitals. Indeed, fate has played a terrible trick on him, plunging him in his old age into these hard times, which he cannot understand. Barrister-Sahib, it is not an exaggeration to say that I worry about him night and day, and if God is merciful I may still be able to discharge my duties as his Chela No. 1."

"How do you mean?" my father said, agitated.

"You see, Barrister-Sahib, at this time of life, what my guruji needs most of all is a complete rest and ceaseless attention to his needs, but there are times when I must be out of the house, tending to my chelas. Nowadays, a person like me is torn between his master and his pupils. I sent my guru to a nearby village because I didn't like the thought of leaving him alone in the house. If I could afford it, I would keep a good house servant—someone as diligent and alert as your Ram Lal."

"I'm afraid, Masterji, Ram Lal has been in our service for many years and it would be very difficult to get him to change jobs now," my mother said.

"Sister, I wouldn't think of asking Ram Lal to give up his great position in the bungalow of a barrister for a poor abode such as mine. I was just thinking aloud about solutions to my difficulties. Now, Barrister-Sahib, if I had a big post-office savings account that I could really call my own—being an artist, whatever money I get each month flies away; that's why I need the services of a government institution such as our most reliable post office—from which I could withdraw a little sum each month to pay for help around the house, my guru could pass the remaining winters in great comfort in my house in Pindi. The sum for the savings account would have to be no larger than, say, my six months' salary here; for the homeopath gives my guru only three years of earthly life. . . ."

The music master talked on in this way until my parents agreed to open a postal account for him, with more than half of what he had been paid for his eleven months' tuition. We saw him out to his bicycle. He put his arms around me and said, "I think it's for the best that you're going away to school. I've always thought you should develop other interests along with your music, since in these modern times man has to excel in many arts. . . . But what a pity! I shall have to make Pushpa Chopra now my Chela No. 1. She is a girl, and no doubt will get married one day and forget about her poor guru altogether. My guruji always said that in these hard times the best standby for old age is to make a devoted boy from a good family your Chela No. 1. Ah, but you shall always be my Chela No. 2, second only to Pushpa Chopra. If I should have a hundred pupils between now and the end of my life, they will simply have to be content with being Chelas No. 3, and 4, and . . ."

He let me go, and then, mounting his bicycle, he said, "On behalf of Lord Krishna, I wish you all merry and healthy and wealthy," and rode briskly away.

—VED MEHTA

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First of all, the best method of handling letters and mail of value is to have it forwarded to your summer address. This provides for several postal regulations too complex to necessitate explanation.—*Letter from the acting postmaster of the Bryn Mawr (Pa.) post office.*

And too trivial to be ignored.

ANNALS OF MEDICINE

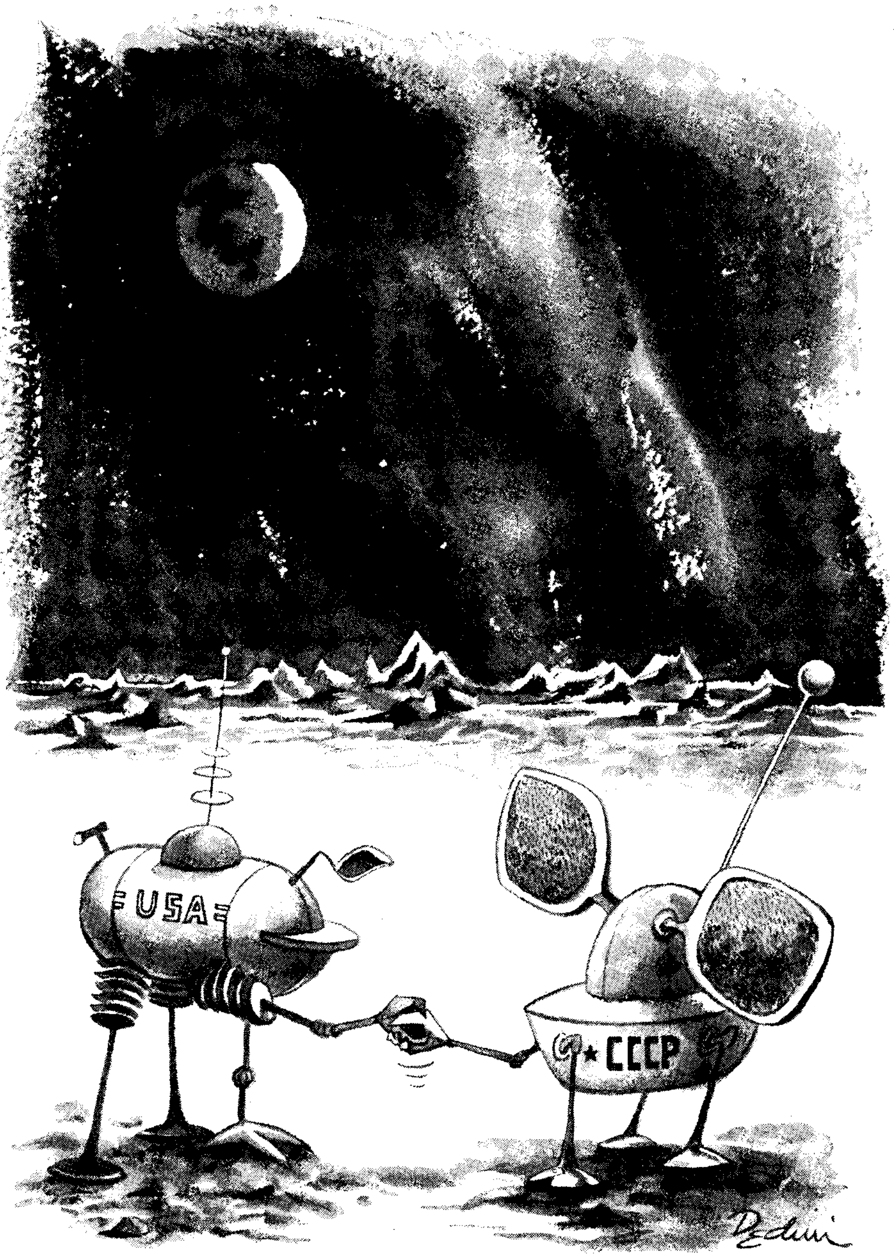
A MAN NAMED HOFFMAN

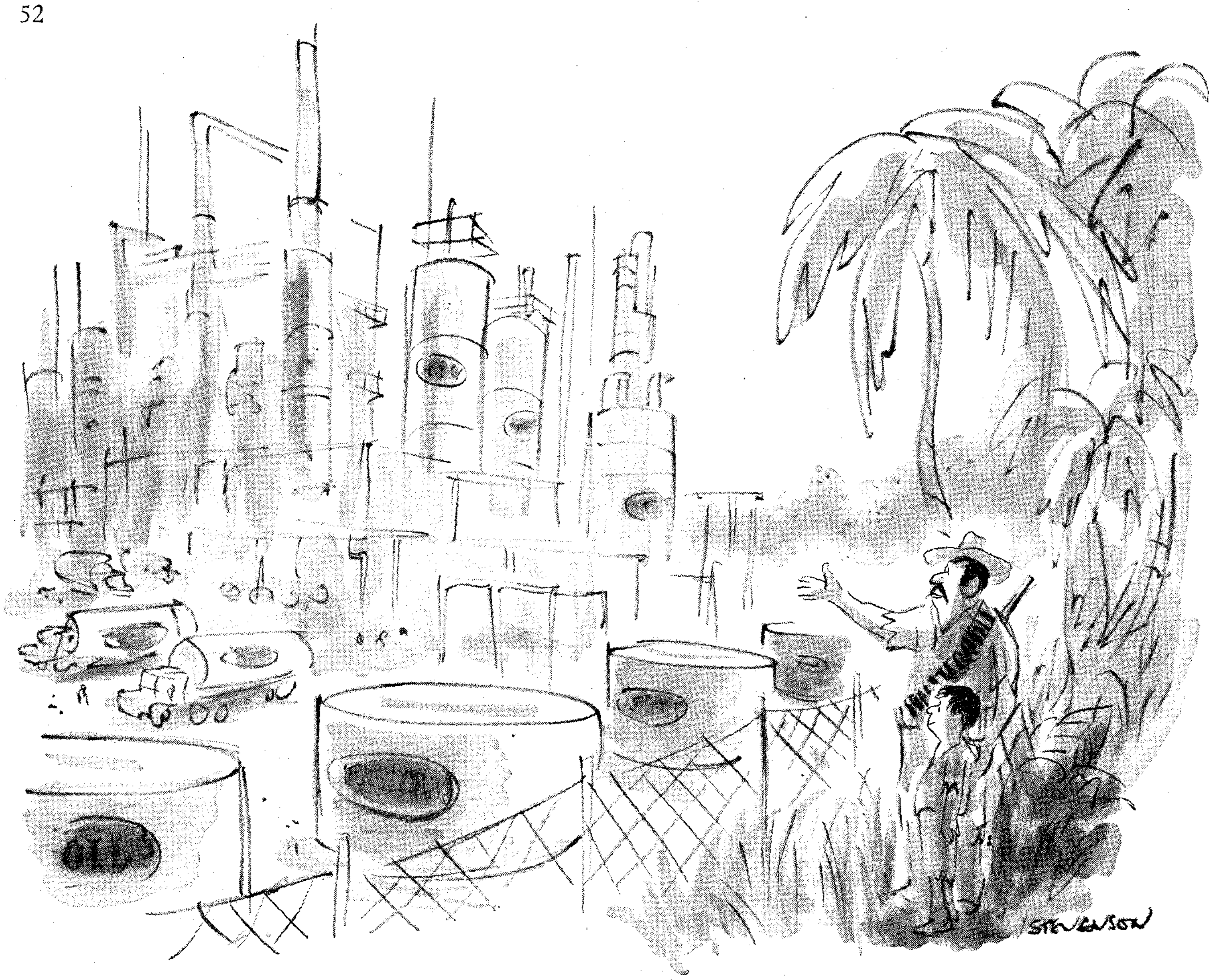
AROUND ten o'clock on the morning of Wednesday, March 4, 1964, a man named Donald Hoffman presented himself for treatment at the Student Health Clinic of Miami University, in Oxford, Ohio, some thirty miles northwest of Cincinnati. Hoffman was thirty-six years old, married, and a resident of Cincinnati, but, as he explained to the receptionist, he was currently employed as an installer of insulation on a remodelling job at McCullough-Hyde Memorial Hospital, in Oxford, and his company had an arrangement with the clinic. He was here, he added, because his foreman had sent him. That was the only reason. His trouble was nothing—an itchy sore on the side of his neck. He had probably picked up a sliver of glass-wool fibre. It had happened several times before. It was a common complaint in his trade.

The doctor who saw him was inclined to agree. There was no good reason not to. Hoffman worked with fibre glass, and his lesion had the look of a fibre-glass lesion. The history of the lesion, the doctor found, was equally suggestive. It had first appeared on Monday evening as a tiny red swelling that might have been caused by a chafing shirt collar. It was larger on Tuesday, and somewhat sensitive. This morning, it was larger still, and it alternately itched and burned. The doctor slipped a thermometer under Hoffman's tongue, and picked up a scalpel and nicked the edge of the lesion. There was no discharge. He removed and read the thermometer. Hoffman had a temperature of 99.2 degrees. The doctor noted the reading on his record of the case and added, "Has erythematous swollen area at base of neck anteriorly on left, extending over chest. A firm furuncle is present in the center of this area. Impression: fibreglass dermatitis with secondary infection." The doctor then turned his attention to treatment. He covered the lesion with a bacitracin dressing and got out a hypodermic needle. In view of the threat of infection, he said, a course of penicillin was indicated. He proposed to begin with an intramuscular injection of three hundred thousand units. Hoffman stood up. That wouldn't be necessary, he said. He had had all the treatment he wanted. He didn't believe in taking penicillin every time he had a little scratch. He put on his jacket and left.

Hoffman drove back to the job and resumed his work. He worked until noon, and then knocked off and sat down to lunch with one of his friends. He thought he was hungry, but after a couple of bites he changed his mind. His appetite had vanished. He only wanted to sit and rest. Nevertheless, when the lunch hour was over he went back to work and finished out the day. When he got home, a little before six, he was exhausted. He stretched out on the living-room sofa for a rest before dinner and instantly fell asleep. His wife let him sleep, and he slept two hours. He awoke feeling worse than ever. His head ached, his bones ached, and it hurt him to move his neck. He looked so sick that his wife was frightened. She insisted that he see a doctor at once. The Hoffmans had no regular doctor, but Mrs. Hoffman knew the name of a general practitioner in the neighborhood who kept evening office hours, and she looked up his address. Hoffman reluctantly agreed to go. He felt too sick to argue. He dragged himself out of the house and into his car and down to the doctor's office.

A glance was enough to tell the doctor's nurse that Hoffman was seriously ill. She spoke to the doctor, and the doctor saw him at once. He heard from Hoffman an account of his trouble, and removed the bandage and examined the lesion. The lesion was about the size of an aspirin tablet. It was brightly inflamed and firm to the touch. Surrounding it were several blistery swellings. The doctor could





"Algún día, mi hijo, todo eso será nuestro."

• •

see that an attempt had been made to lance it. He also noted a swelling below the lesion that extended along the neck and halfway down the left side of the chest. He then took Hoffman's temperature. The reading was 102.2 degrees. That decided him. His diagnosis, he told Hoffman, was an abscess with cellulitis. Cellulitis, a potentially dangerous inflammation of the cellular tissue, could best be treated in a hospital. He suggested that Hoffman go home and pack a bag. He, meanwhile, would call Christ Hospital and arrange for his admission. It was now a little past nine. He would meet him there at ten.

Mrs. Hoffman drove her husband to the hospital. On the way, he told her that he felt even worse than he had an hour before. His voice, she thought, had a strained and scratchy sound. He was admitted to the hospital under a tentative diagnosis of abscess of neck with cellulitis and (as the apparent victim of a communicable disease) placed in isolation. The admission examination showed "marked swelling of the left side of the neck with induration; redness and swelling of the neck, with redness and swelling over the left anterior chest down to the sixth intercostal space." The routine diagnostic tests—chest X-ray, electrocardiography, urinalysis—were made, and the results of all were normal. So, with one exception, were the results of the usual blood studies. Hoffman's white-cell count, a generally reliable barometer of infection, was very slightly elevated—10,800, or about a thousand greater than the normal total. His pulse rate was 92, or a little faster than normal for a man, and his temperature had risen to 103 degrees. The doctor prescribed an immediate intramuscular injection of five hundred milligrams of the antibiotic chloramphenicol, to be followed at six-hour intervals by oral doses of two hundred and fifty milligrams each. Hoffman received the injection at ten-thirty. Five minutes later, he was sound asleep.

Hoffman spent a comfortable night. He awoke on Thursday morning feeling much improved. When the doctor came by on his morning round, Hoffman asked to be discharged. He was ready, he said, to go home. The doctor smiled and said he would think it over, and introduced a consultant. The consultant examined the lesion and generally confirmed his colleague's diagnosis. He added, however, that the situation of the lesion and, to some extent, its appearance suggested the possibility of erysipelas. In any event, he concluded, the patient was clearly mistaken; he was still a sick man. The attending physician agreed. He also decided to revise and increase his antibiotic attack. At one o'clock that afternoon, Hoffman was given an intravenous injection consisting of a million units of penicillin and one gram of chloramphenicol. To this was added, as a routine supportive measure, a thousand cubic centimetres of a five-per-cent glucose solution. At four o'clock, his blood pressure suddenly dropped. Its fall was checked by the prompt administration of blood, plasma, and vasopressor drugs, and, though in shock, he remained entirely conscious. By six

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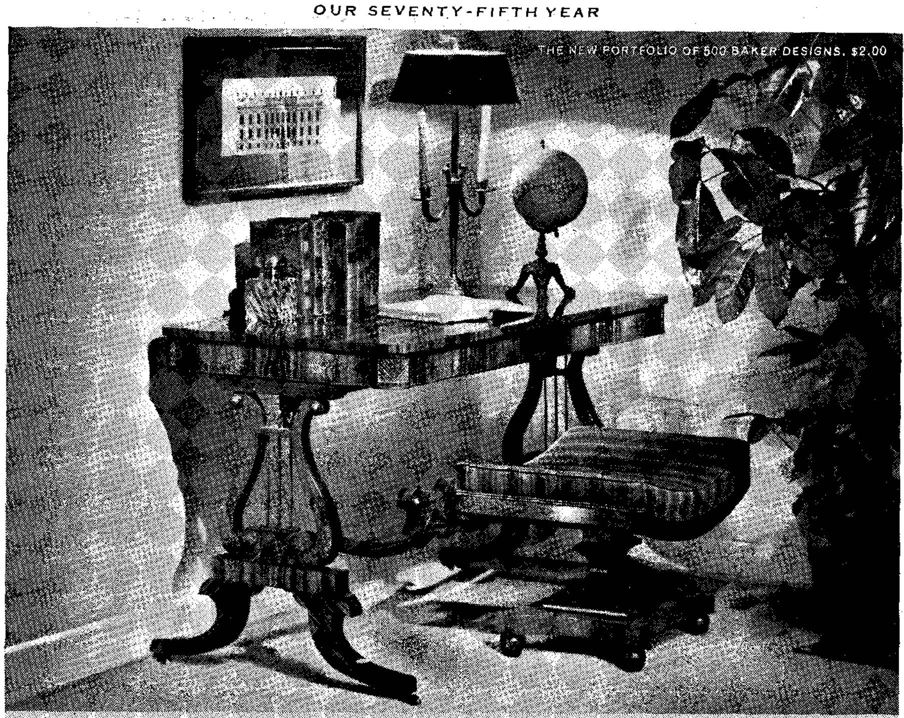

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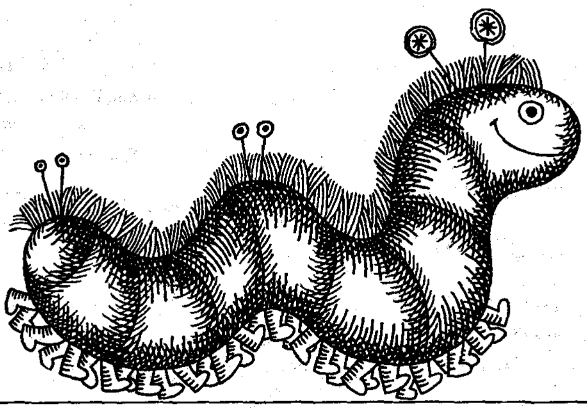

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o'clock, when the doctor looked in with another consultant, Hoffman seemed encouragingly convalescent. His lesion was conspicuously larger—it was now about an inch long and almost half an inch wide—but his only complaint was a headache. The consultant confirmed the diagnosis of abscess with cellulitis. There was nothing about the look of the lesion to make him question it.

Hoffman continued comfortably convalescent until about eight o'clock. He then began to find it difficult to breathe. The swelling around the lesion had increased and was now constricting his throat. Supplementary oxygen was administered, and he soon relaxed and fell asleep. He slept for two or three hours. Just before midnight, his blood pressure dropped and he went into shock again. He was rallied as before, but this time his response was only briefly satisfactory. In spite of every attention, his blood pressure swung mercurially up and down through the rest of the night. Around six o'clock on Friday morning, he had a sudden attack of nausea and vomited. A moment later, he was seized by a racking convulsion. Convulsions continued for several minutes. A little before seven, he died.

FOUR days later, at nine o'clock on Tuesday morning, March 10th, T. Aidan Cockburn, Assistant Commissioner of the Cincinnati Department of Health and the executive in charge of its communicable-disease section, received a telephone call from Christ Hospital. His caller identified himself as Evans A. Schmidt, the hospital bacteriologist. He was calling, he said, in response to a recent request by Dr. Cockburn that he be promptly informed of any unusual occurrence in the field of communicable disease. Well, something unusual had just turned up at Christ Hospital. Or so, at any rate, it seemed. A patient named Hoffman had died at the hospital on Friday of what the attending physician had tentatively described on the death certificate as "septic shock due to abscess with cellulitis of neck and anterior chest." An autopsy had been performed within three or four hours, but its findings were equally ambiguous. However, Mr. Schmidt went on to say, blood samples taken from the patient at admission had been cultured, and this morning, when he returned to the laboratory after a short holiday, an assistant had shown him the plates. At this point, of course, he couldn't be more than suspicious, but the cultures had produced an organism that looked unpleasantly like the organ-

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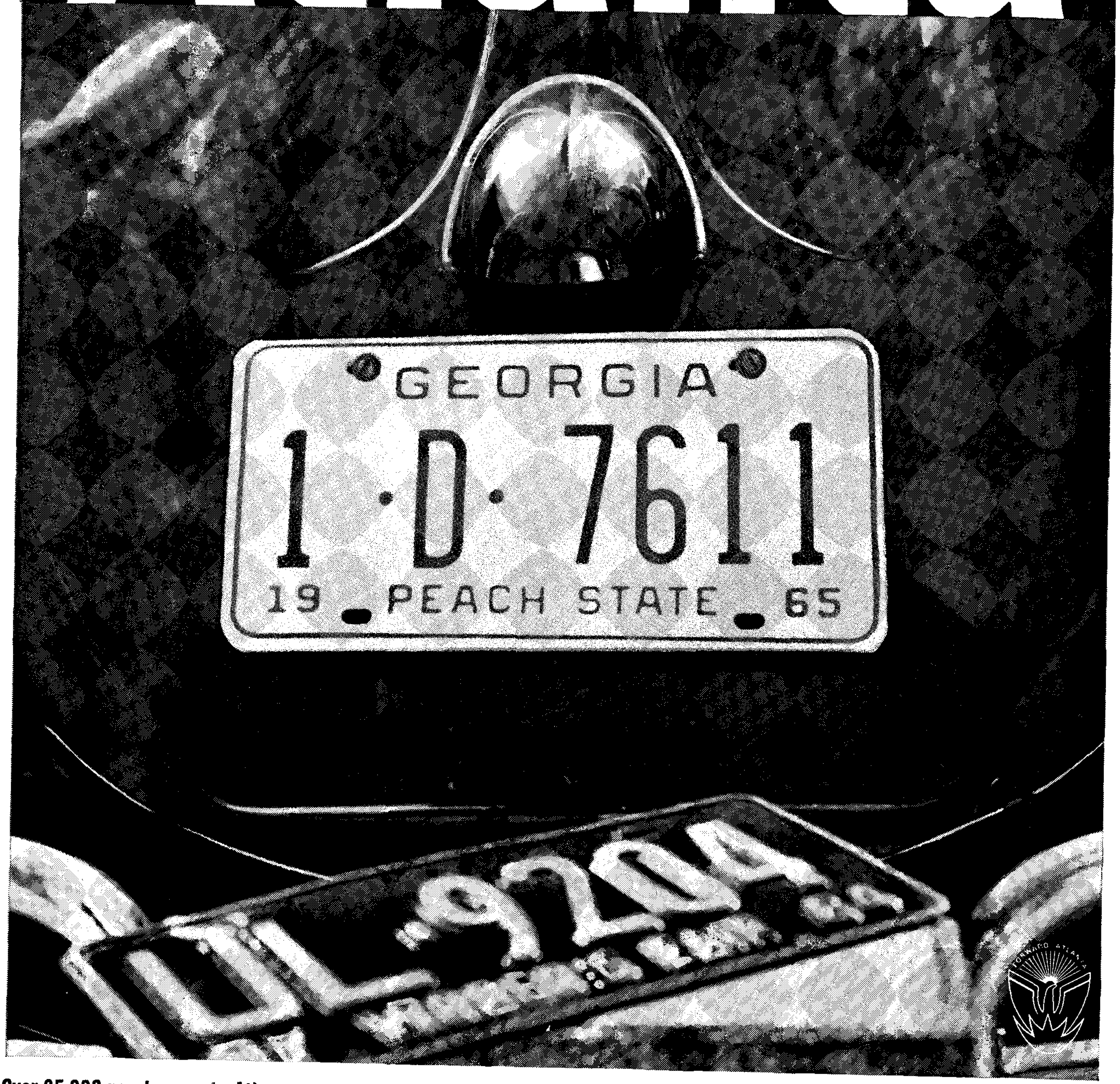

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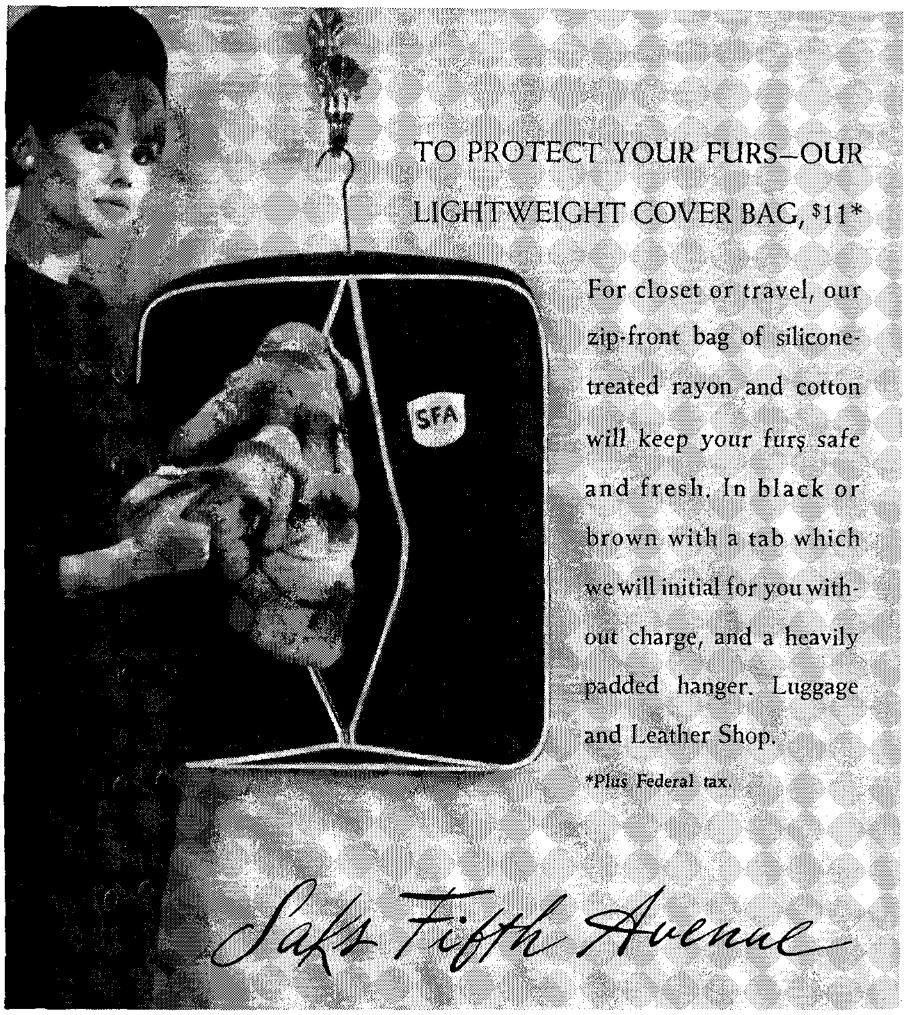
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ism of anthrax. He thought Dr. Cockburn would want to know.

Dr. Cockburn took a deep breath. He didn't disbelieve Mr. Schmidt's report, but he couldn't help wondering. A couple of months before, around the end of December, five laboratory goats at the University of Cincinnati College of Medicine had sickened and died of what a preliminary investigation indicated was anthrax. For several days, until a more thorough investigation unmasked an animal pathogen called P.P.L.O. (pleuro-pneumonia-like organism) as the responsible agent, the threat of an epidemic had loomed in the local press. So anthrax was a touchy subject at the Department of Health. But it was also one that couldn't be ignored, and he thanked Mr. Schmidt for his ready coöperation. He supposed, he then went on to say, that Mr. Schmidt would be sending a subculture sample to the State Department of Health, in Columbus, for further examination. Would he be good enough to send him a sample, too—and by messenger? As luck would have it, he was flying down to Atlanta that afternoon for a meeting at the Communicable Disease Center of the United States Public Health Service there, and he would like to take it along. Mr. Schmidt said he would, and he did.

Dr. Cockburn carried the culture—a pale lump of jelly at the bottom of a stoppered test tube—down to Atlanta in the pocket of his shirt. That was to keep the organism warm enough to grow and proliferate. It was received at the Communicable Disease Center by Philip S. Brachman, chief of the Investigations Section of the Center's Epidemiology Branch, who passed it along to the Laboratory Branch for continued cultivation and the standard identification tests. Dr. Cockburn would be informed as soon as its identity was determined. The first progress report was telephoned to Dr. Brachman on Wednesday afternoon. It was squarely inconclusive. In spite of Dr. Cockburn's incubatory efforts, the organism had suffered an inhibiting chill and was only now resuming its growth. The second report, which came on Thursday morning, was tentatively negative. The reaction of the organism to a staining test had not been typically that of the anthrax bacillus. At eleven o'clock on Friday morning, the laboratory called again. The staining test of the day before had been a little premature. That and other tests now told a more straightforward story. The culture was unequivocally *Bacillus anthracis*. Dr. Brachman politely ac-

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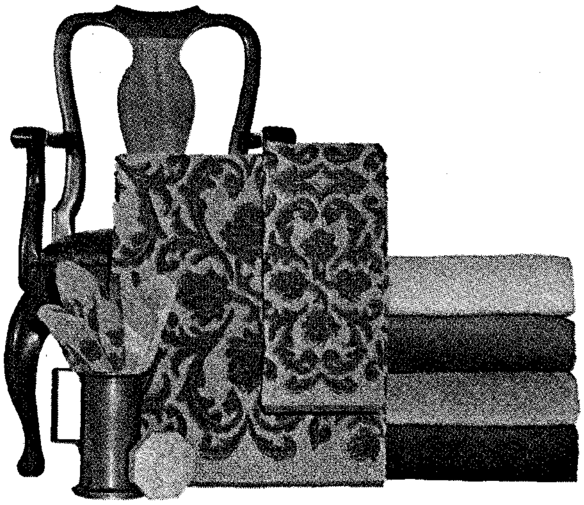

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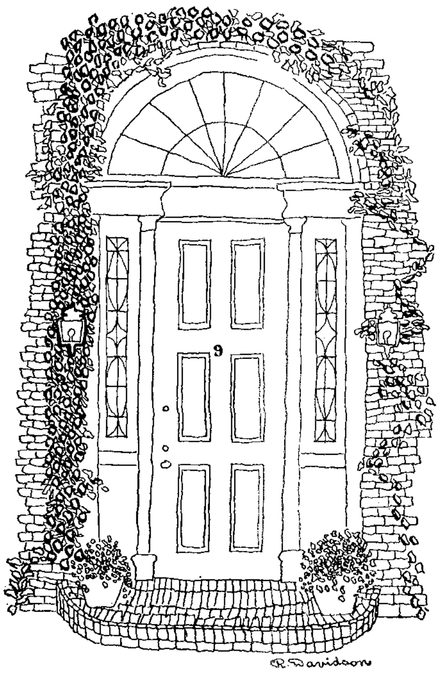
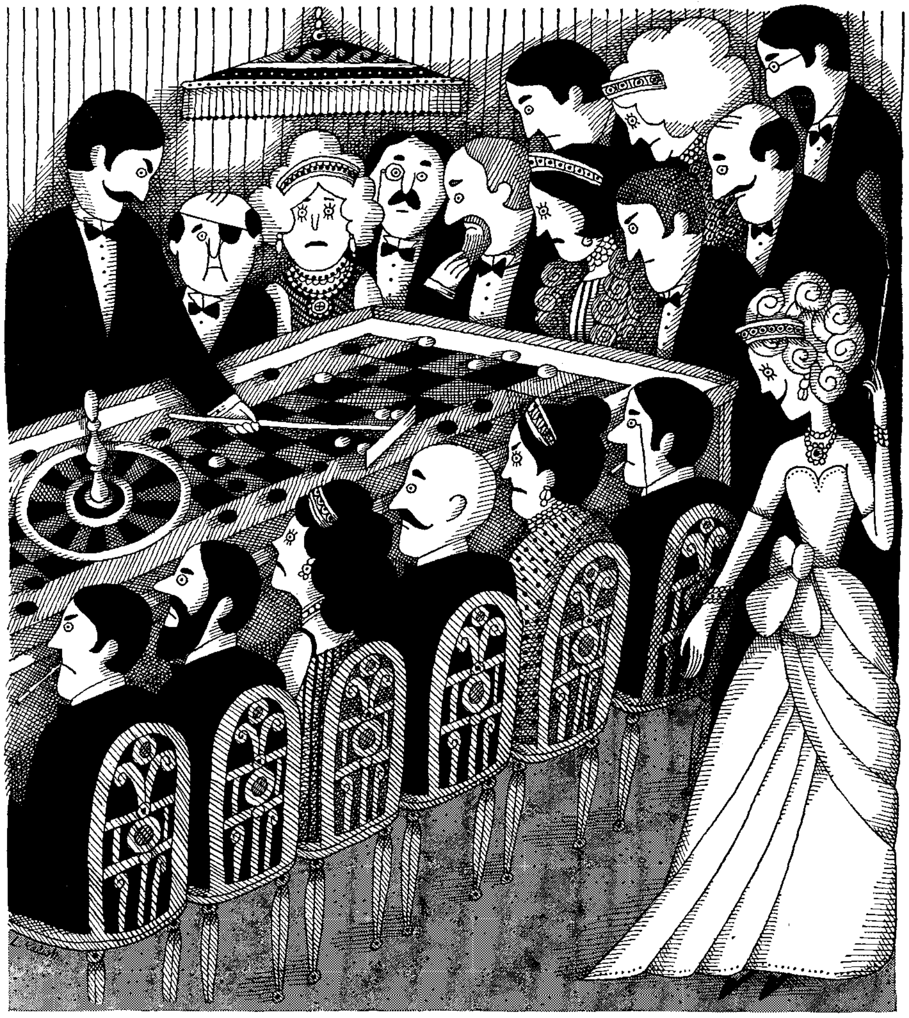
CANNON® *Royal Family of Home Fashions* knowledged the news. He hung up the phone and rang for his secretary. He asked her to put in a call to Columbus, Ohio—to the Ohio State Department of Health. He wanted to speak to Harold Decker, chief of its Division of Communicable Diseases.

ANTHRAX is a disease of animals to which man occasionally succumbs. It is also one that occupies a unique position in the history of medical science. It was anthrax whose elucidation by the then obscure German country doctor Robert Koch in 1876 (in a paper entitled "Die Aetiologie der Milzbrand-Krankheit, Begründet auf die Entwicklungsgeschichte des Bacillus Anthracis") provided the first proof that a specific micro-organism could cause a specific disease—a demonstration that largely completed the establishment of the germ theory of disease causation. And it was from the procedure he so successfully followed in his anthrax study that Koch demonstrated the celebrated postulates of experimental evidence that bear his name. This formulation, which establishes four conditions that must be met before a given micro-organism can be accepted as the cause of a given disease, is the keystone of modern bacteriology.

The hosts preferred by the anthrax organism are horses, goats, cattle, sheep, and swine. Its human visitations are merely accidental. Man acquires the disease by contact with an ailing animal or with a contaminated animal product—skin, hide, hair, wool, bristles, bones. *B. anthracis* usually enters the body in the form of a spore excreted as a bacillus by the animal host. The nose or an open cut or abrasion are its usual





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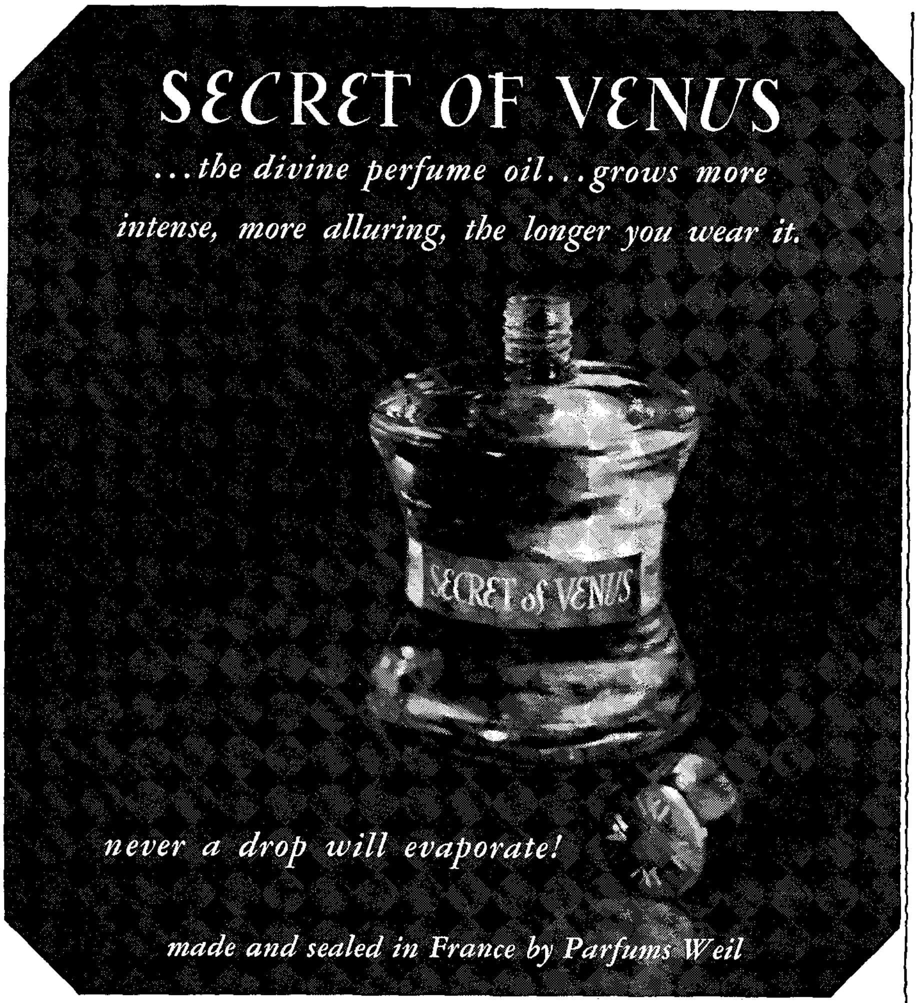
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portals of entry in man. Sometimes, though rarely, it enters by way of the mouth. Among grazing animals, on the other hand, the mouth is the customary portal. Anthrax spores, like the spores of most bacilli, are powerfully resistant to extremes of heat and cold, and can exist for many years in the harshest natural environment. Once settled in an acceptable habitat, however, the spores discard their protective casing, the bacillary form reappears, and it rapidly proliferates. It generally makes its presence felt within a couple of days. The symptoms of anthrax reflect the initial focus of infection. Inhalation anthrax comes on like bronchopneumonia, and the manifestations of intestinal anthrax are those of any severe intestinal disorder. Cutaneous anthrax, as the most common form is called, is classically proclaimed by a lesion that, if left to mature, develops a black scablike crust. (It is from the look of this distinctive blemish that the disease derives its name. "Anthrax" is the Latin transliteration of the Greek word for coal.) But these are superficial differences. Anthrax is essentially an acute intoxication. Its victims are overwhelmed not by a concentration of *B. anthracis* at a certain site but by a concentration in the blood and the lymph of a toxic substance that the organism elaborates as it grows and multiplies. *B. anthracis* is destroyed by massive doses of penicillin or other antibiotics, but drugs have no effect on its toxin. The prompt destruction of the organism is thus of vital importance in the treatment of anthrax. For once the accumulation of toxin has reached a certain level in the blood, the victim is beyond salvation. The immediate cause of death in anthrax is shock.

Anthrax has been a dreaded disease for at least five thousand years. It is probable that man became aware of its existence soon after he turned from hunting to a life of farming and animal husbandry. In the judgment of at least one medical historian, a reference to anthrax appears in the oldest pages of the Old Testament. He professes to recognize the disease in one of the curious plagues, described in the Book of Exodus, with which God punished Pharaoh for holding the Jews in bondage. "Behold," the verse they offer in evidence reads, "the hand of the Lord is upon thy cattle which is in the field, upon the horses, upon the asses, upon the camels, upon the oxen, and upon the sheep: there shall be a very grievous murrain." A murrain, however, is not necessarily anthrax. The word is a general term for any grievous disease of livestock. A more striking likeness

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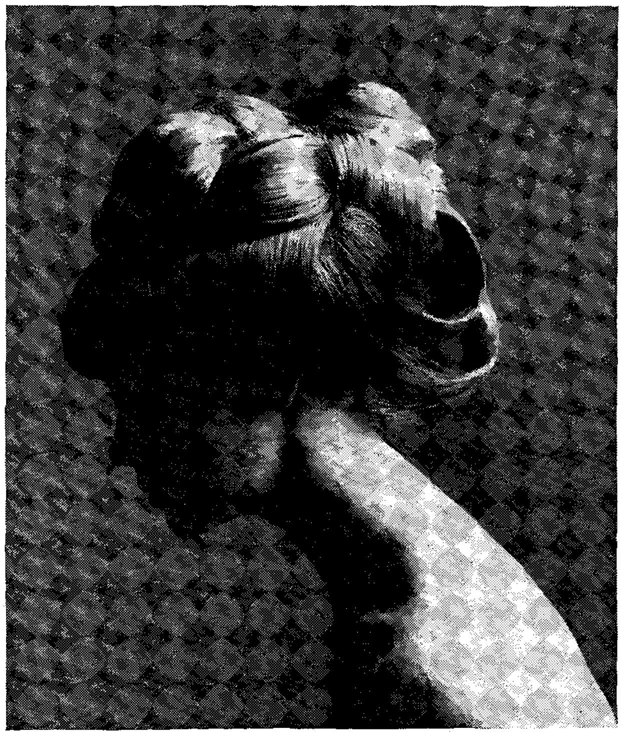

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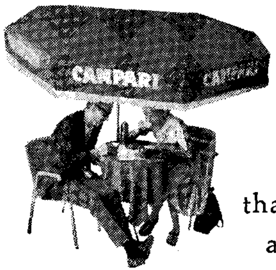

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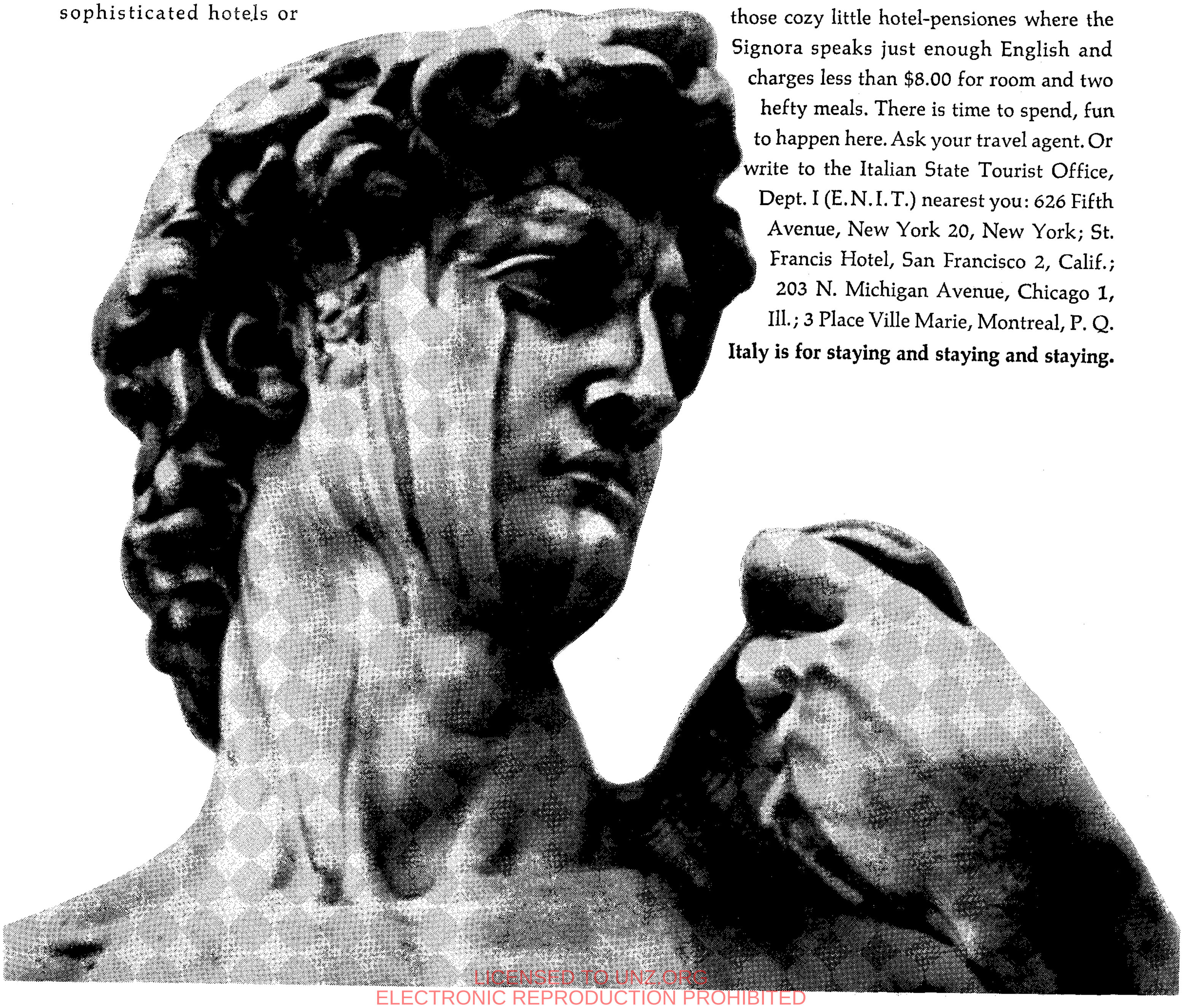

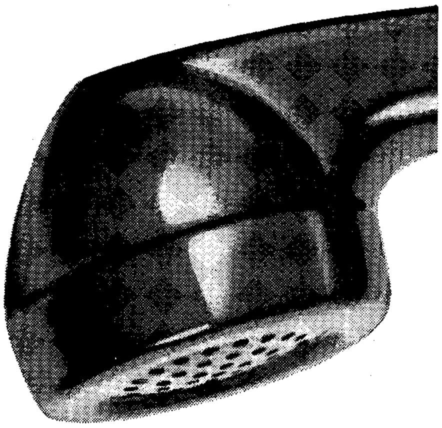

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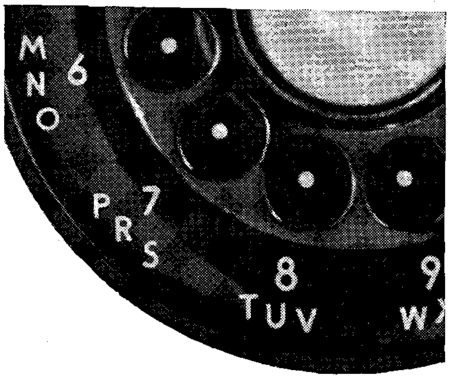
of anthrax is found in the "Georgics" of Vergil. The pertinent passage reads:

> To death at once whole herds of cattle go;
> Sheep, oxen, horses, fall; and heaped on high,
> The differing species in confusion lie,
> Till, warned by frequent ills, the way they found
> To lodge their loathsome carrion under ground:
> For useless to the currier were their hides;
> Nor could their tainted flesh with ocean tides
> Be freed from filth...
> Nor safely could they shear their fleecy store
> (Made drunk with poisonous juice, and stiff with gore),
> Or touch the web: but, if the vest they wear,
> Red blisters rising on their paps appear,
> And flaming carbuncles, and noisome sweat,
> And clammy dews, that loathsome lice beget;
> Till the slow-creeping evil eats his way,
> Consumes the parching limbs, and makes the life his prey.

Vergil's representation of anthrax was more than merely graphic. It was exceedingly precocious as well. In his apparent understanding of the contagiousness of the disease and the manner in which it is spread, he seems to have been almost two thousand years in advance of his time. Some thirteen hundred years elapsed between the publication of the "Georgics," in the first pre-Christian century, and the inclusion of anthrax (along with epilepsy, leprosy, and the itch) among the diseases thought to be contagious, and the nature of its contagiousness eluded rediscovery even longer than that. As late as the seventeenth century, when a pandemic in southern Europe killed sixty thousand people and uncounted thousands of livestock, it was considered prudent for the hide (or fleecy store) of an animal dying of anthrax to be salvaged and used. Not until the early nineteenth century—little more than a generation before Koch's epochal depiction—was medical science able to improve much upon the Vergilian view of anthrax.

The scientific comprehension of anthrax, though late in taking recognizable shape, was accomplished with dispatch. Few diseases have been so thoroughly riddled so fast. In addition to being the first disease irrefutably laid to a germ, it was the first of its kind to yield to total penetration and control. The control of anthrax was initiated by Louis Pasteur in 1881. In the spring of that year, before a gathering of sci-



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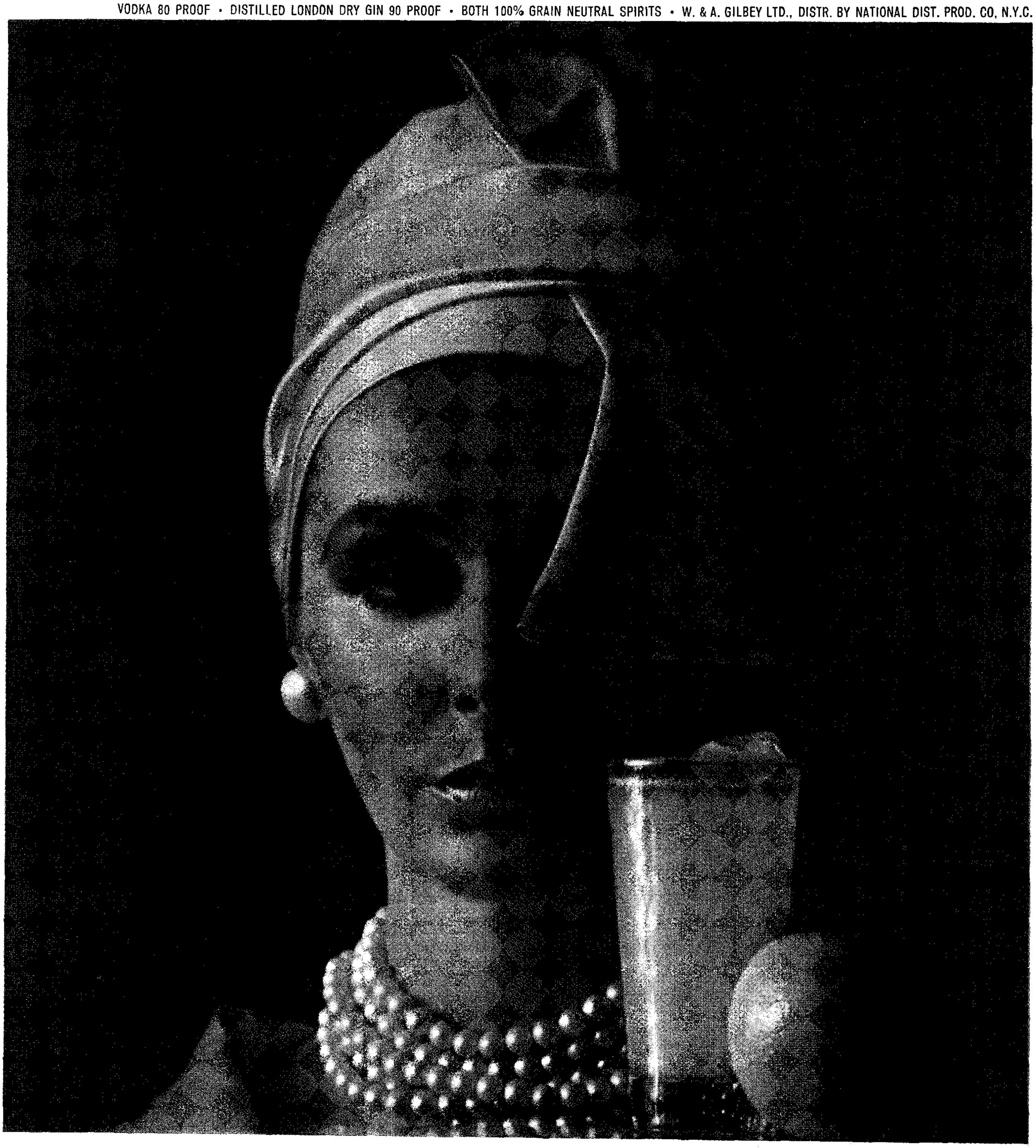
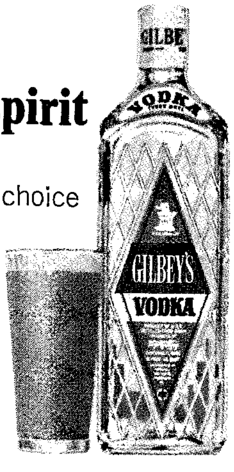


Gilbey's is the vodka with the smart, smooth spirit



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THE DRINK: A Gilbey's Screwdriver: 1½ ozs. Gilbey's Vodka stirred with orange juice and ice.

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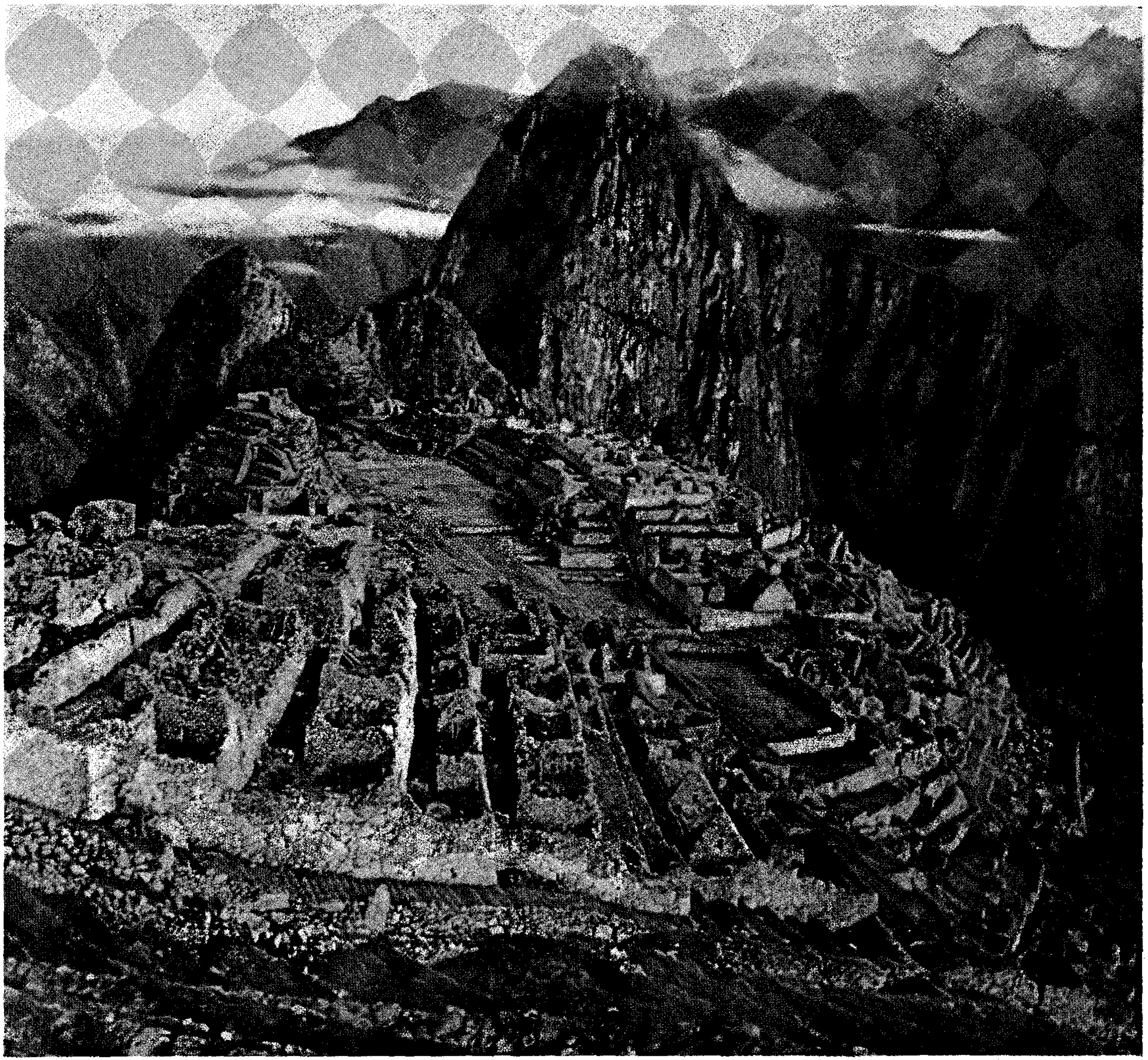

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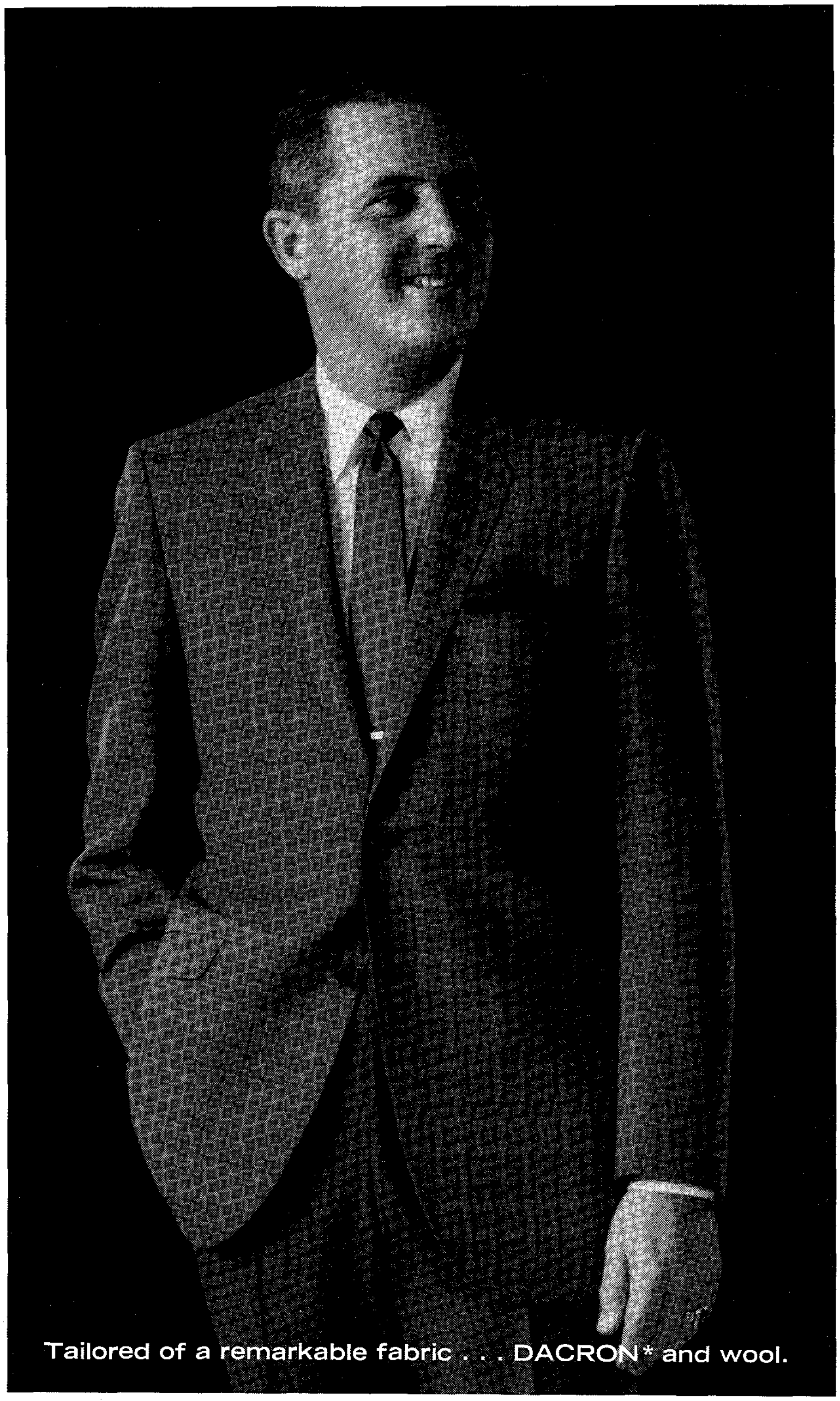
entists assembled near Paris by the Agricultural Society of Melun, he demonstrated (on a flock of sheep) that an animal inoculated with a culture of heat-attenuated *B. anthracis* was rendered immune to anthrax. He also showed, in another study, that the burial of infected animal carcasses (as originally recommended by Vergil) was not enough to check the natural spread of the disease. His recommendation was that the carcasses be burned. Buried anthrax spores, he pointed out, are eventually disinterred by the peregrinations of earthworms and other subterranean creatures. A few years later, in 1895, an Italian investigator named Achille Sclavo, inspired by Pasteur's contributions to the control of anthrax in animals, developed an anti-anthrax serum for the treatment of the disease in man. Since then, the treatment of human anthrax has been further refined by the introduction of a succession of drugs to which *B. anthracis* is more or less vulnerable—neoarsphenamine (in 1926), the sulfonamides (1935), penicillin (1944), chloramphenicol (1947), and the several tetracyclines (around 1950). The impact of these prophylactic, hygienic, and therapeutic innovations has been decisive. Anthrax is no longer much of a problem anywhere in the Western world. It has almost entirely disappeared from Europe, and the biggest epizootic in the United States in recent years—an outbreak in Kansas and Oklahoma in 1957—felled fifteen hundred head of cattle, sixty-eight pigs, thirty-nine sheep, and fifteen horses. The incidence of human anthrax in this country—on the farm and in the animal-products trades—dropped from two hundred and two cases in 1917 (the second year for which accurate records are available) to five in 1964.

Nevertheless, the disease persists. Not all susceptible animals are regularly vaccinated, not all infected carcasses are properly destroyed, not all processors of hides and hair and bristles and bones take the trouble to sterilize their products. And in spite of the effectiveness of penicillin and other antibiotics, it is still, on occasion, fatal. It will probably always be so. For anthrax has now become such a rarity that the great majority of doctors have never seen a case, and when one turns up—as it did in Cincinnati in March of 1964—they only too often fail to recognize it in time. "The chances of making an early correct diagnosis of anthrax," Herman Gold, a staff physician at the Chester (Pennsylvania) Hospital and an authority on anthrax, noted in a recent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monograph, "are directly proportional to the physician's index of suspicion."

DR. BRACHMAN's telephone call to Dr. Decker on Friday, March 13th, was prompted by two considerations. One, of course, was to give the Ohio authorities the C.D.C. laboratory report. The other was to express a personal interest in the case.

"Anthrax is something of a specialty of mine," Dr. Brachman says. "These days, that's a little like specializing in botulism or rabies or smallpox. I mean, it's an interest one doesn't have much occasion to indulge. For which, of course, I'm duly grateful. But when a case does come along, I like to follow it up if I can. That was no problem here. Decker and I are old friends. So after I had given him our report, and asked him to pass it on to Cockburn, in Cincinnati, I said I'd like to keep in touch with the investigation. Decker couldn't have been more obliging. In that case, he said, he'd give the assignment to Peter Greenwald. I knew Peter. He was one of our own people. He was a young doctor who had chosen to do his military service in the U.S. Public Health Service instead of in the Army, and he was then on loan from C.D.C. to Ohio as what we call an Epidemic Intelligence Service officer. I thanked Decker for his courtesy and said I'd be glad to give Peter any help I could. On anthrax, that is. Not on the case. I knew nothing about that at this point except that it was a case of cutaneous anthrax—Cockburn had mentioned a skin lesion. And that the victim was a man named Hoffman.

"I had a call from Peter that afternoon. He was leaving for Cincinnati in the morning and wanted to talk things over. All he knew about anthrax was what the textbooks say. The best I could do was suggest some questions to ask. First on the list was Hoffman's occupation. Did he work with animals or animal products? Did he ride? Did he often visit the zoo? Had he done any digging or gardening lately? Grubbing around in the soil can bring up buried spores. Did he use a shaving brush? How about new rugs at home? New upholstered furniture? New clothes? Some of those items may sound a little fanciful. I think they did to Peter. But they're not in the least farfetched. You can find them all in the literature. Take shaving brushes, for example. There was a serious epidemic in this country around the time of the First World War which was traced to shaving brushes made from contaminated horsehair. As for

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clothing being a source of infection, I can vouch for that myself. I worked on such a case back in 1956. It happened in Philadelphia. The victim turned up with a classic anthrax lesion on his left forearm—so classic that the doctor couldn't help recognizing it. But there wasn't a clue to where he might have got it. He was a grocery clerk, and he lived in a downtown apartment—a completely clean environment. Then we learned two things. He had recently bought a rough woollen mackinaw, and usually wore it with a short-sleeved shirt. And just before the appearance of the lesion, his wife had accidentally scratched him on the left forearm. We got the coat and took some samples of the wool and cultured them, and two of them were positive for anthrax. But the strangest case I ever heard of was a fatal one somewhere up in Connecticut in 1946. The victim worked for a piano manufacturer, and his job was making keys out of ivory—raw ivory. It turned out that the ivory he used was contaminated.

"I didn't hear from Peter again until Tuesday. He called me Tuesday morning from Columbus, and he seemed to have the matter pretty well in hand. He had followed the trail from Cincinnati out to Oxford and back to Cincinnati, and he had talked to a number of people—Cockburn, Mrs. Hoffman, a doctor in Oxford, several Cincinnati doctors, the company that Hoffman worked for, and even a friend of Hoffman's on the job. The answers to all but one of my questions were negative. That one affirmative answer, however, was extremely interesting. Hoffman was an insulation man, and the materials he worked with included hair felt. The hair in hair felt is animal hair. Not only that. He had been working with hair-felt insulation at the time he took sick. The company that employed Hoffman showed Peter the invoice for the felt that Hoffman had been using, and Peter copied down the specification number. It was No. 303. Like all the company's felt, it came from a manufacturer I'll call the Ajax Corporation. Ajax is an old concern, with headquarters in Chicago and plants in Milwaukee and Newark. Well, that was even more interesting. It changed the whole complexion of the case. It was no longer just a state or local problem—it was now a national one. I told Peter I'd probably be seeing him soon, and hung up.

"The next thing I did was to call the Chicago headquarters of the Ajax Corporation. I identified myself and

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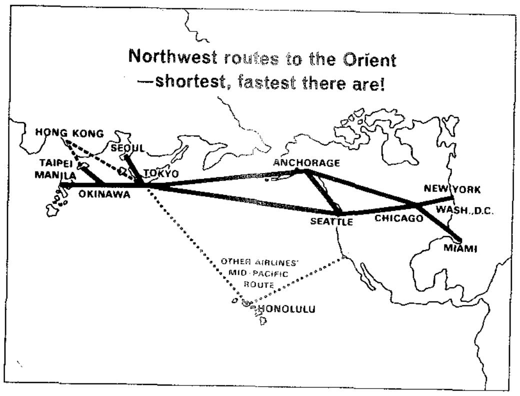
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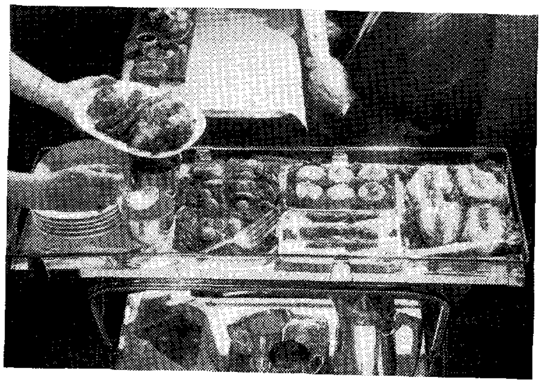

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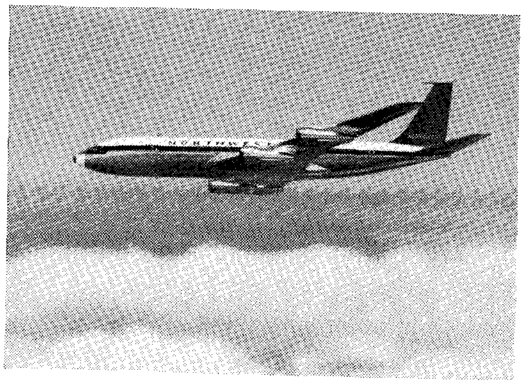

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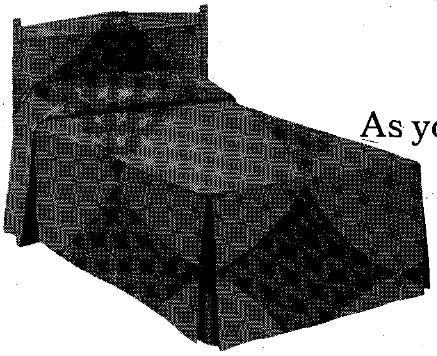
described the case and asked permission to visit their plants. They were stunned. They simply couldn't believe it. Ajax had been in business since the Civil War, and this was the first time it had incurred even a suspicion of anthrax. However, they said they were glad to coöperate and would instruct the managers of the Milwaukee and Newark plants to expect me. After that, I made a couple of routine for-your-information calls to the state epidemiologists in Wisconsin and New Jersey. Then I got my working kit together and went home and packed my suitcase and left for Cincinnati.

"In Cincinnati, I picked up Peter, and we got to work. Our first stop was the hospital where Hoffman died. I wasn't checking up on Peter. It was just that I wanted to get my own feel of the case. I talked with Schmidt, the bacteriologist, and the attending physician and his consultants, but I didn't learn anything that I didn't already know. Then they had a question for me. What about the people who had been in contact with Hoffman—the nurses and the orderlies and Hoffman's wife and children? Were they in any danger? That was an interesting question. It gives you a pretty good idea of what a mystery anthrax has become. But I was able to reassure them. Human-to-human transmission of anthrax is unheard of. It has never happened. Besides, if anyone had been infected he would certainly be showing signs of it by now.

"The next stop we made was the office of the company that employed Hoffman. I wanted to see the hair felt he had worked with. The management were as nice as could be—Peter had broken the news very smoothly—and they took me into the warehouse and showed me several big rolls of the stuff. I cut and bagged a couple of samples, and then I noticed something. All these rolls carried the specification number 318. 'Wait a minute,' I said. 'The invoice that Dr. Greenwald saw here yesterday had a different number. It was No. 303.' Oh, no, they said. That was impossible. There must be some mistake. The only hair felt they ever used was No. 318, and they would show me the invoice to prove it. Which they did—and it was just as Peter had said. It was marked No. 303. They were flabbergasted. The invoice covered a shipment of twenty-five rolls of 303 felt—each roll fifty feet long by three feet wide by one inch thick—and it was dated December 2, 1963. That would have been in plenty of time for the hospital-remodelling job at Ox-



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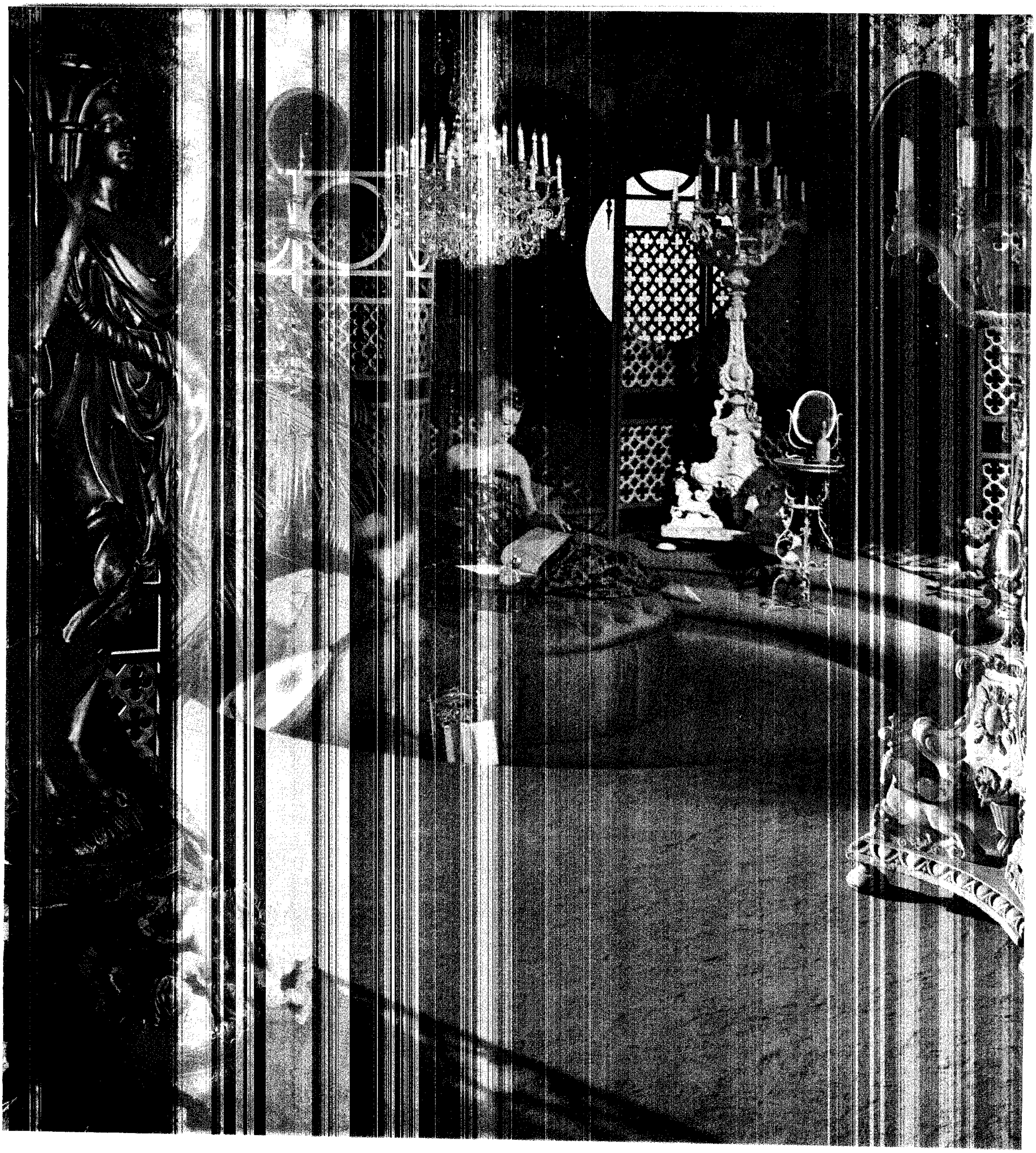

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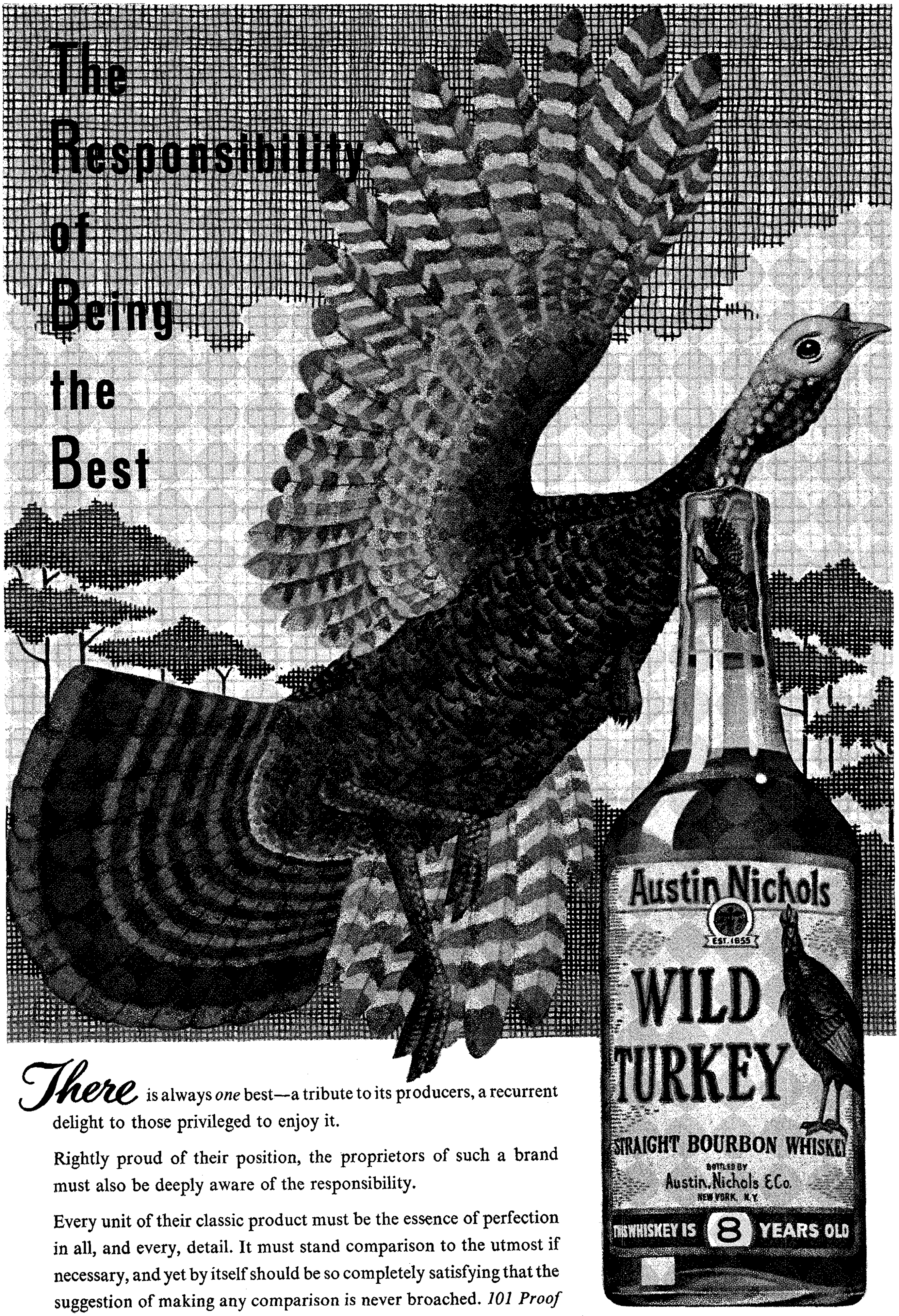
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Every unit of their classic product must be the essence of perfection in all, and every, detail. It must stand comparison to the utmost if necessary, and yet by itself should be so completely satisfying that the suggestion of making any comparison is never broached. *101 Proof* ford. Work began there on January 8th. When the management had recovered from the shock of the invoice, we went back to the warehouse and checked out every roll of hair felt in stock. They were all No. 318. Then somebody suggested the shipping room. We went down there, and back in a corner we found part of a roll—maybe a dozen feet—marked No. 303. It was all that remained of the shipment. I took a sample for analysis. It looked exactly like the other felt, but, of course, that didn't mean a thing. I asked them to cover it up and leave it alone until further notice. Then, like the people at the hospital, they had a question to ask. They wanted to know if their other employees were in any danger. A lot of them had handled or worked with felt. I had to admit that the danger was there. I doubted, though, if it amounted to much by now. Too much time had passed, and of course they were now well alerted to the danger. In any event, that was something for the city health authorities to look into. They would, I was sure, do a properly thorough job.

"The people at the hospital in Oxford were also worried about infection. They had every reason to be. Peter introduced me to the administrator there, and he showed us around. The remodelling included insulating some water pipes in the kitchen ceiling and enlarging the nursery and installing air-conditioning there. The pipes in the nursery were hidden behind a false ceiling of acoustical tile, but those in the kitchen were exposed. All the insulated pipes were wrapped in a protective canvas sheathing, and except for the finishing touches the job was completed. The kitchen was already back in use, and the nursery was scheduled to reopen in about a week. I wanted a sample of the installed felt, and the administrator called over Hoffman's working mate, a man named Jensen, and he climbed up and cut me a little piece from one of the pipes. I was glad to meet Jensen, and we talked for a moment. He was terribly depressed about Hoffman. They had been good friends. But otherwise he felt fine. No lesions, no symptoms of any kind. I asked him about the roll of felt—was there any of it left? He thought there was, and took me down to a basement hall where they kept their supplies and showed me the remains of the roll, and I got myself a sample. I suggested that the rest of the roll be boxed and returned to the company in Cincinnati. And it might be a good idea to disinfect this part of the hall. That was when the

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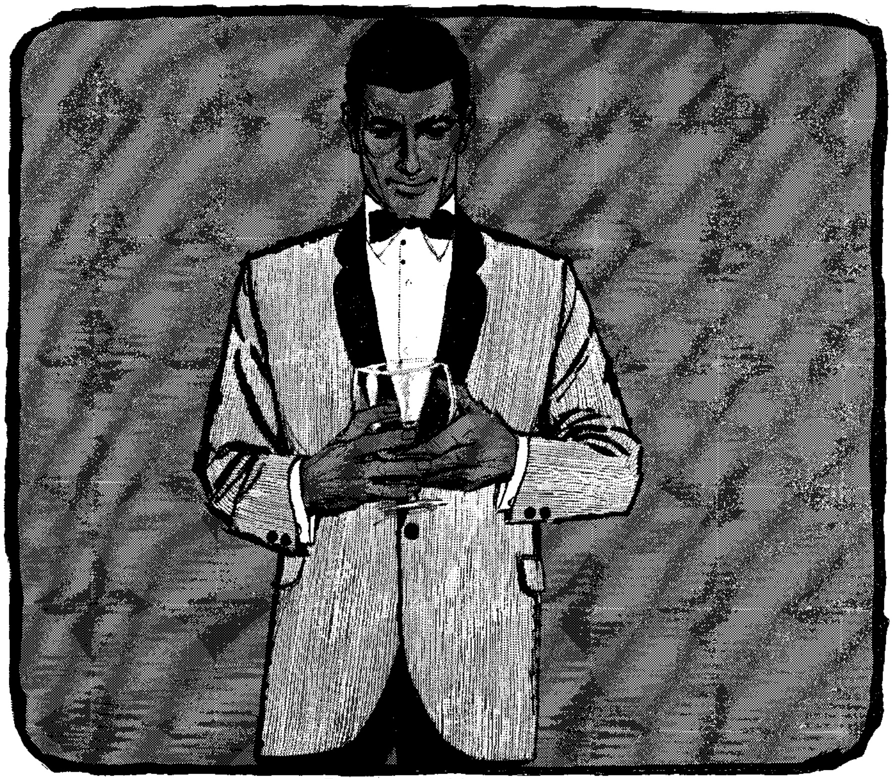

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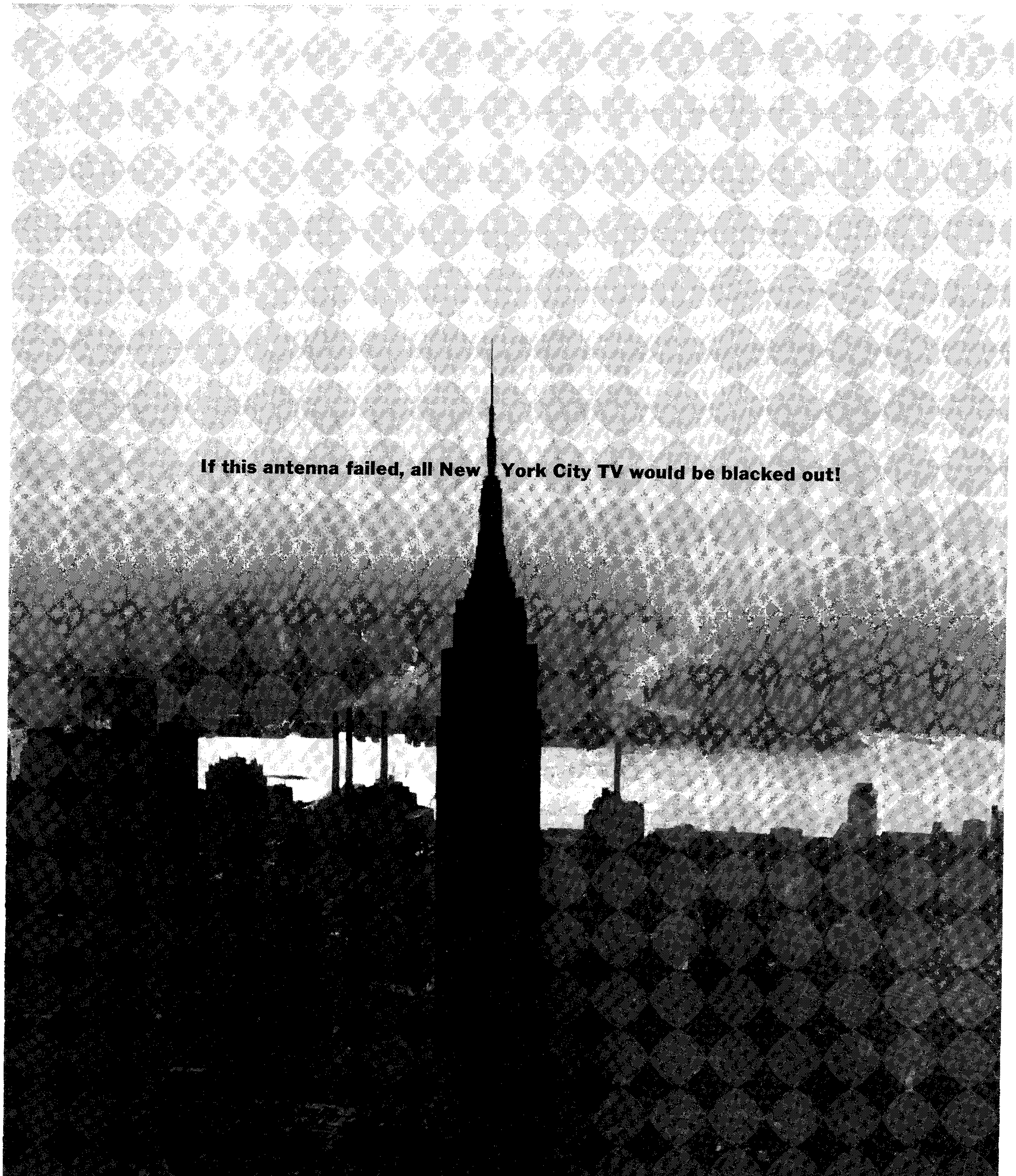
administrator asked about the danger of infection. Did I think they ought to close the hospital and rip out all the insulation? I was prepared for the question, and I told him what I thought. There was certainly no reason to close the hospital. Nor was there any reason to take out the insulation—not at this point. And I thought it was safe enough to reopen the nursery as planned. The insulation was well enough covered. But I advised them not to use the air-conditioning. Not until they heard from me that it was safe.

"That completed that phase of the investigation. I was ready to begin on Ajax. Peter drove me back to Cincinnati and across the river and down through the bluegrass country to the airport. I had a reservation on a late-afternoon flight to Milwaukee, and while I was waiting I telephoned Mrs. Hoffman and satisfied myself about some clinical odds and ends. Then I flew to Milwaukee and found a hotel and went to bed. The next morning, I took a cab out to the Ajax plant and introduced myself to the manager. He was a little stiff with me at first, but as soon as I mentioned their No. 303 hair felt he completely relaxed. I've seldom seen a friendlier man. It seemed that his plant didn't make No. 303 hair felt. No. 303 was made exclusively at the Newark plant. It was composed of two different kinds of animal hair. Only cattle hair was used here in Milwaukee, all of it domestic fibre. He led me out to the warehouse and showed me several hundred bales of cattle hair and cattle-hair felt. I knew it was a waste of time, but I took a couple of pictures of the layout and some samples of hair and felt for the record, and got out as fast as I could.

"I spent that night in New York, and took the Hudson Tube over to Newark the first thing in the morning. I had a hunch it was going to be a long day. The Ajax manager there was expecting me. Milwaukee must have called him. He allowed that his plant made No. 303 hair felt, and also No. 318. The composition of the latter was seventy-five per cent jute and the rest animal hair—usually cattle hair but sometimes horse or goat. No. 303 felt was half cattle hair and half goat hair. Practically all the animal hair they used was domestic hair. The chief exception was goat hair. That was almost always imported. I found this very provocative. Animal anthrax is pretty well under control in this country, you know, but it isn't everywhere. There are plenty of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places where it is still enzootic—North Africa, for instance, and the Middle East. And those are big goat-raising areas. At my suggestion, the manager brought out his records, and we looked up the company's recent goat-hair purchases. The records showed that in 1963 they had bought approximately a hundred and twenty thousand pounds of goat hair—all of it imported. Moreover, only foreign hair had been used in the manufacture of No. 303 felt. A total of thirteen hundred rolls of No. 303 had been made and distributed in 1963, and about sixty different customers were involved, including the Cincinnati company. Its inclusion was also explained in the records. While it was quite true that Cincinnati always ordered No. 318 hair felt, last December, when a Cincinnati order came in, it so happened that Ajax was temporarily out of stock on No. 318 and filled the order with No. 303 instead. The price quoted was the same, the manager said, and the quality of No. 303 was, if anything, higher. Goat hair was the best of the animal fibres, and the most expensive. That's why it was used so little. Actually, they had done the Cincinnati company a favor. We then moved on to the warehouse. I spent the afternoon there, taking pictures and collecting samples. I took four samples of cattle hair, four of horse hair, two of buffalo hair, and eight of imported goat hair, which was a raw, unprocessed fibre.

"I got back to Atlanta late Friday night, and on Monday morning I carried my samples down to the laboratory to be cultured and analyzed. The first step was to wash the anthrax spores, if any, from the hair. The procedure we used was this: We immersed each sample in an Erlenmeyer flask containing a litre of distilled water and a drop or two of detergent. The flasks were stoppered and placed in a mechanical agitator and shaken for about an hour. Then they were allowed to stand for five minutes. The next step was to streak a sample of liquid or wash-water from each flask onto nutrient blood agar plates and then incubate the plates. But the anthrax organism isn't the only organism that will grow on such a medium, so a further screening was done. Two hundred and fifty c.c.s of the liquid were poured into a centrifuge bottle, which we heated in a water bath at a high temperature for ten minutes to kill organisms other than *B. anthracis*. The bottle was then centrifuged at two thousand r.p.m.s for ten minutes. The supernatant liquid was discarded and the sediment resus-

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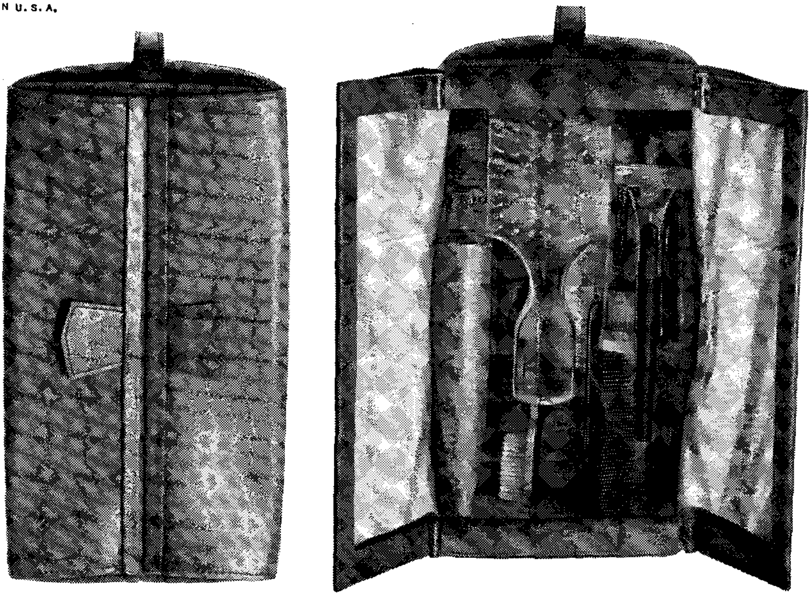

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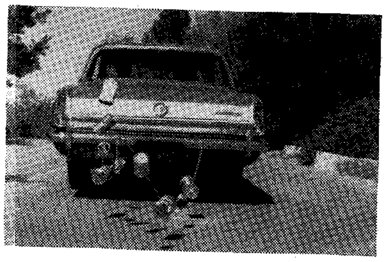

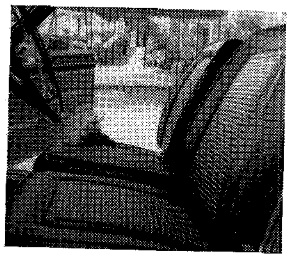

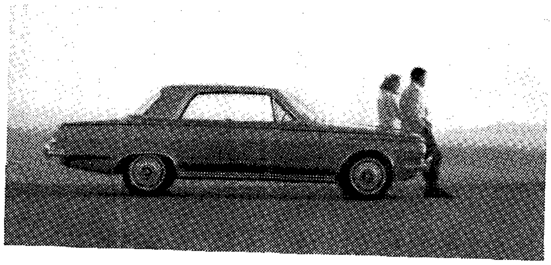

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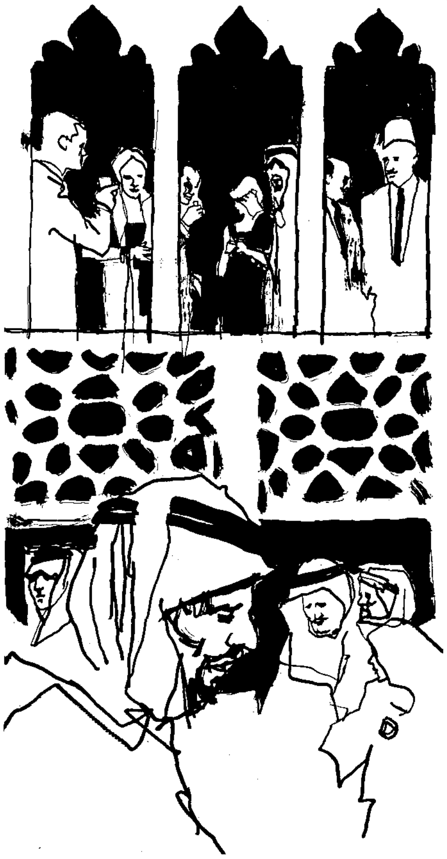

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pended in distilled water. A sample of that was streaked on nutrient blood agar plates. We then tucked the plates away in an incubator and let nature take its course. The results, if any, would be visible in the morning.

"We got some results. There were forty-nine samples in the lot we cultured, and thirteen of them showed up positive for *B. anthracis.* Four of the positive cultures were from the Newark warehouse—they were four of the eight samples I had taken from bales of imported goat hair. The other positives were samples of the No. 303 hair felt. One came from the roll at the Cincinnati warehouse, five were from the roll in the hospital basement, and three were from the air-conditioning pipe in the nursery. Everything else—the No. 318 felt and all the other animal fibres—was negative. I wasn't particularly surprised. I wasn't really surprised at all. My main response was relief. No. 303 was the only possible answer—the only bearable answer. Any other result would have meant starting all over again from the beginning. Either that or something a great deal worse.

"It was bad enough as it was. The fact that nine of about twenty samples of No. 303 and half my goat-hair samples were contaminated with anthrax spores raised a number of more or less urgent problems. Some of them, of course, were pretty much routine—the insulation at the hospital, the leftover yardage there and at the Cincinnati warehouse, and the imported goat hair in stock at Newark—and I handled them routinely. I began by calling Decker and Cockburn and putting them in the picture. The purely local aspects of the matter were their responsibility. Then I called the administrator at the Oxford hospital and told him what we had found. I advised him to remove the insulation in the kitchen at once and, as soon as convenient, the nursery insulation. And I told him how to do it in the safest possible way. The workmen were to thoroughly moisten the outside of the pipes with a five-per-cent Chlorox solution in water, remove the hair felt in disposable bags, wash the area again with Chlorox, and then burn the bags and carefully wash their hands. I also instructed him to return the remains of the roll of No. 303 to the Cincinnati company. It would be picked up there, along with the company's yardage, by the city health authorities and burned. I then got in touch with the Ajax people. I advised them to hold the imported goat hair at Newark in stock

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until further notice. They were only too willing to agree.

"The other problems raised by the case were actually one big problem. It had to do with the dozen or more other insulation jobs in and around Cincinnati where Hoffman's company had installed No. 303 hair felt, and with those sixty other Ajax customers—their remaining supplies of 303 and the jobs on which *they* had used the stuff. My investigation indicated that roughly half of the 1963 production of 303 was contaminated. Did that require its removal wherever it had been installed? What were the risks involved? How risky would it be to do nothing? Anthrax spores can lie dormant for many years. On the other hand, what risks would we run by removing it? The danger to the workmen was minimal—they could be fully safeguarded. But a job of that size and scope could hardly be kept a secret. And when the news came out, just how would the public react? Would it panic? Well, questions like that, thank heaven, are not for me to decide. A committee was formed and we had a meeting in Washington. The members included an Assistant Surgeon General and representatives of all interested divisions of the U.S. Public Health Service, and the report we made was subsequently approved by the Surgeon General. I'll read you some of our recommendations: 'The consensus was that leaving the installed material in place involved the least risk. It was also decided not to publicize the information that it may be contaminated with *B. anthracis*. It was recommended that attempts be made to record the locations of all buildings in which this particular lot of hair felt may have been used. This data should be requested discreetly, and this activity should be under the direction of the Communicable Disease Center, working with the Division of Occupational Health. The recommendation is made that [the Ajax Corporation] should prohibit further use of contaminated hair-felt material of Type 303, and locate any from the involved batches that may be in warehouses of their customers throughout the country. All finished material in their own warehouses should either be disinfected or destroyed—in either case with the assistance and supervision of the C.D.C. Depending upon the amount of unused material located throughout the country and its location, it will be either returned to the [manufacturer] or destroyed locally, with assistance from the C.D.C. . . . Concerning the total problem of the

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importation of animal products contaminated with *B. anthracis,* the consensus was that the infrequency of cases and the gradual decline in the use of these materials did not justify any specific action by the Public Health Service at this time.' Those precautions, of course, have all been carried out. In addition, I understand, the various buildings where No. 303 was installed have all been identified and are under surveillance by the local authorities. Whenever one of the buildings is remodelled or demolished, the workmen will be warned and instructed.

"The policy meeting officially closed the case. There were still some details, however, that bothered me a bit. They had to do with Hoffman. Why was he, and not Jensen, the victim—or, rather, how did Jensen escape infection? The answer, once I started thinking about it, wasn't hard to find. It was in Peter's report. Jensen didn't have much to do with the felt. He only helped Hoffman install it—it was Hoffman who lugged the stuff around to wherever it was needed on the job. Very well. Cutaneous anthrax thrives on contact. But *how* did Hoffman get infected? Mere exposure isn't enough. Well, suppose he carried the felt on his shoulder. That seemed a safe enough assumption. Suppose it kept rubbing and chafing against his neck until it made an abrasion? Would that explain what happened? No, I had to admit it wouldn't. At least, not very satisfactorily. The site of the lesion was much too low—it was almost down on his collarbone. His shirt would be in the way. And then I remembered something that Mrs. Hoffman had told me when I called her from the Cincinnati airport. We were talking about the initial appearance of the lesion, and she said she first noticed it when Hoffman came home on Tuesday evening. That was the night before he was treated at the Miami University clinic. She said she noticed it the minute he took off his jacket. Because her husband didn't wear a shirt to work. He always worked in a sweatshirt."

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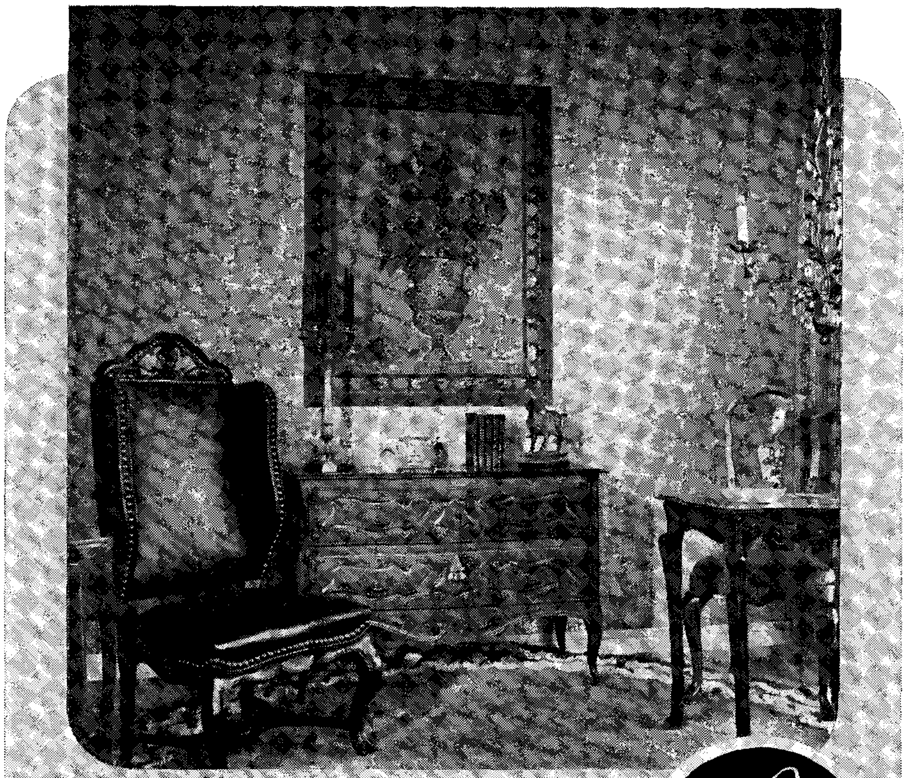

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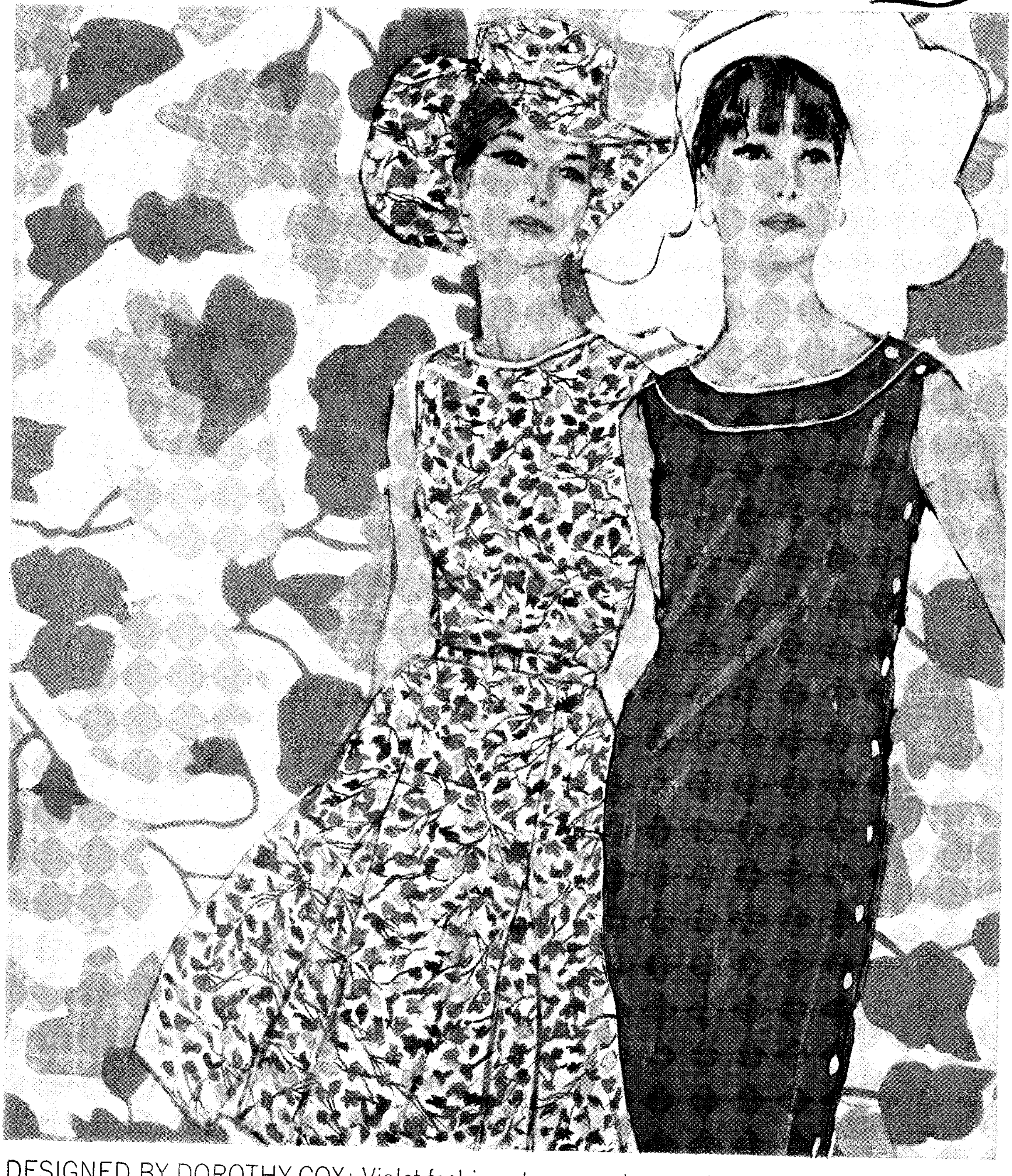

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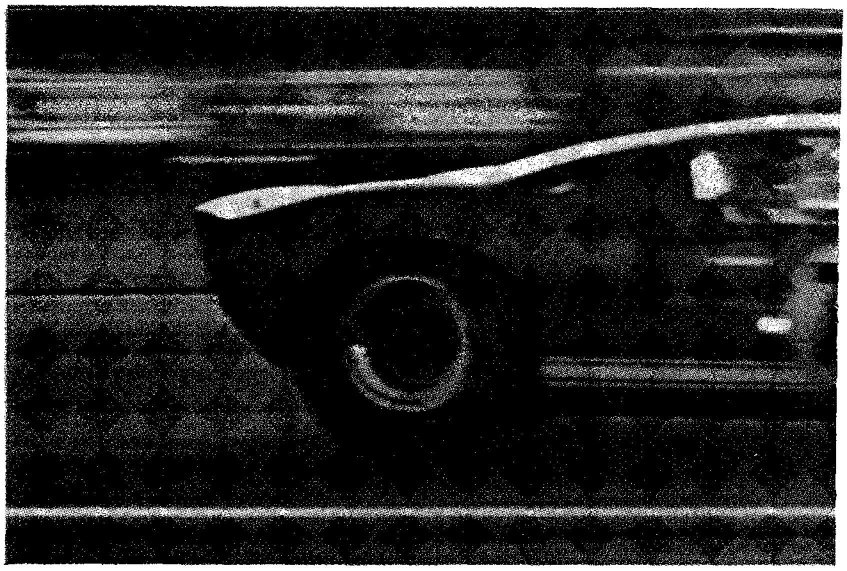

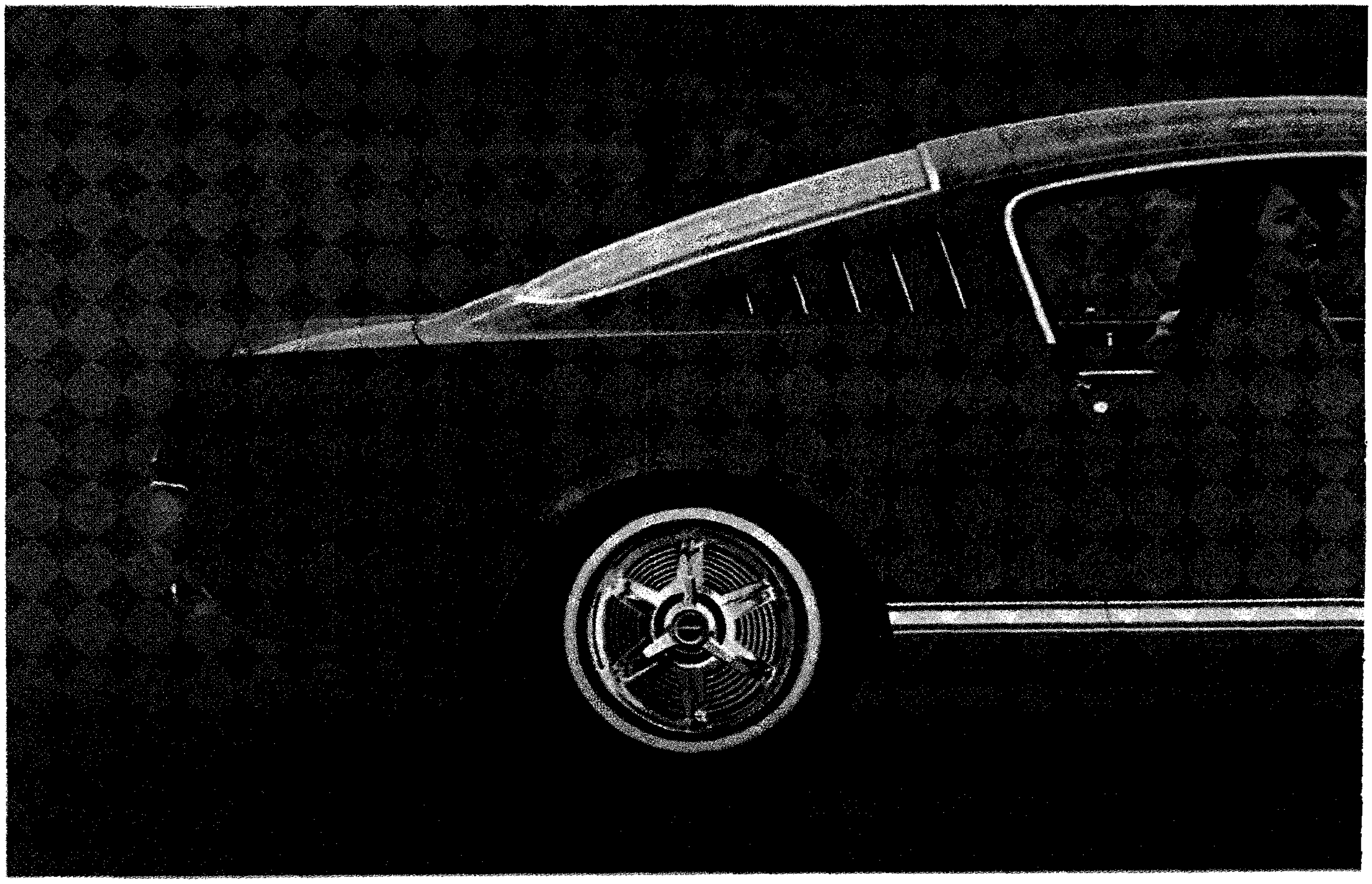

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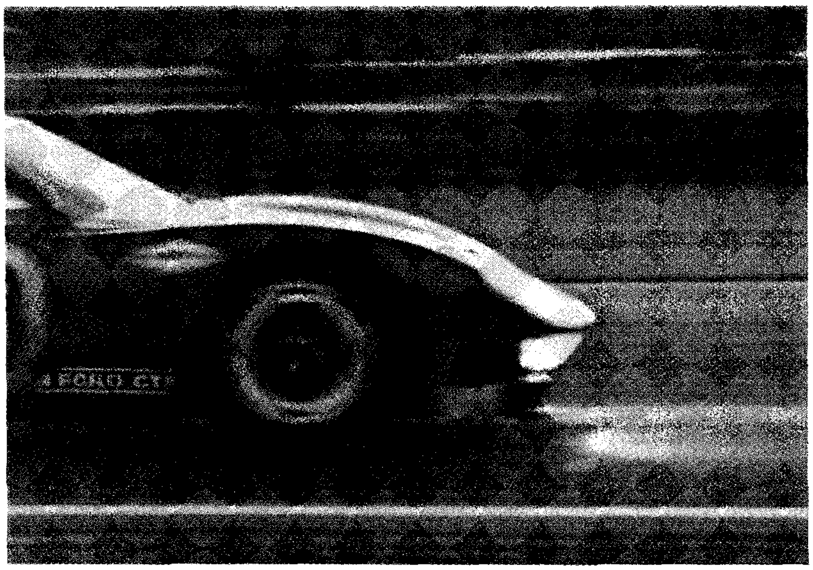

Rear brake discs glowing red-hot,
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greatest entries. On the toughest
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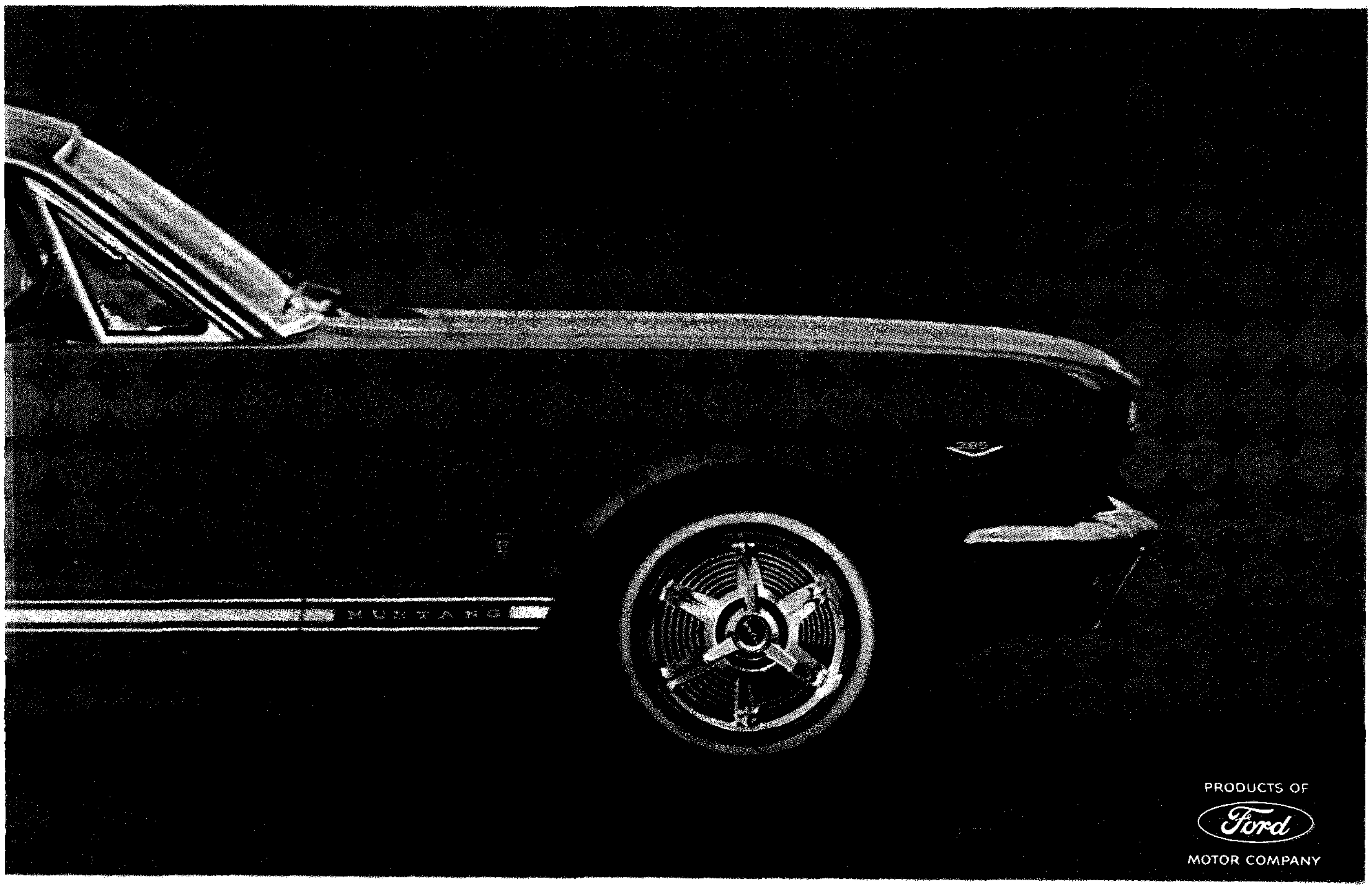
and the engineering inspiration for more
bold new ideas from Ford.



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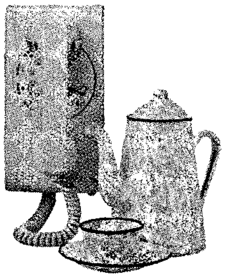

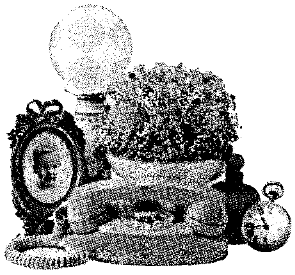

And so are bedrooms.
Who wants to run to the phone
when dressing, or dozing,
or down with a cold?

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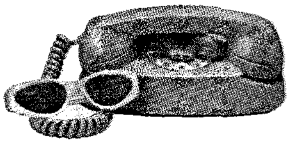
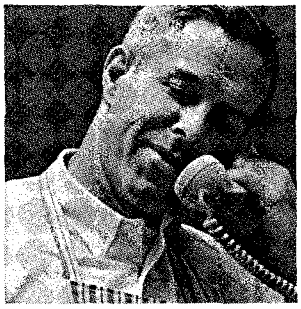
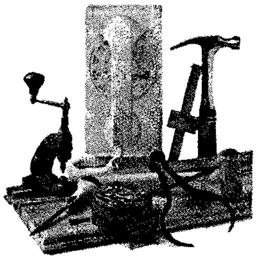
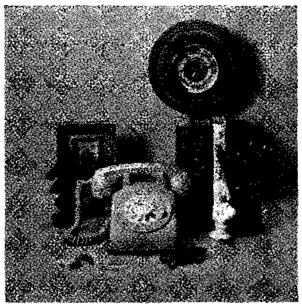
a girl gets privacy and
her family gets quiet.







Dad in his shop
needs a phone nearby
to save him steps and stairs.



Other men want extension phones
handy in dens or when dressing
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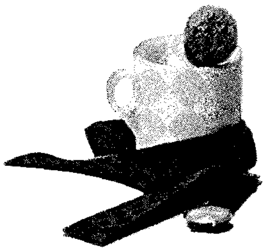

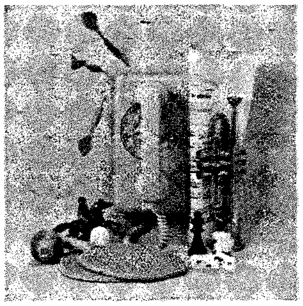

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THE THEATRE

TABERNACLE BLUES

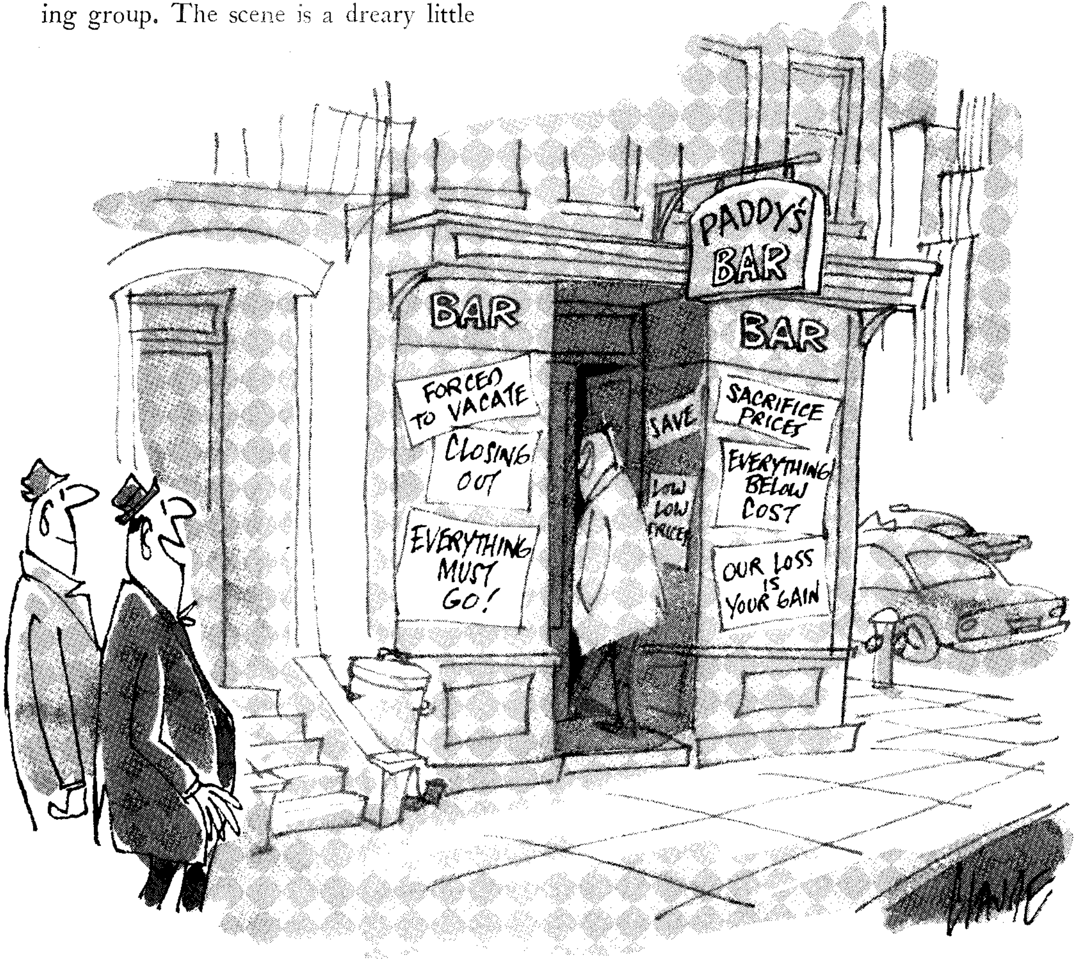
"THE AMEN CORNER," at the Ethel Barrymore, is a drama that James Baldwin wrote a dozen years ago, and in it are forecasts of some of the virtues and vices of the playwright's method that were displayed last year in his "Blues for Mr. Charlie." In this early creation—it was first produced at Howard University, and arrived on Broadway after a recent revival in Los Angeles—he proves that he can put the Negro vernacular to eloquent purposes and that he can create cleverly assorted sad and funny vignettes. The trouble is that his dialogue is all too often plethoric and his theme—here as in "Blues for Mr. Charlie"—too discursive to command undivided attention for the length of a three-act play. In this case, however, when the characters are permitted to cut down their flights of rhetoric to proportions appropriate to what they are trying to say, they are a fairly interesting group. The scene is a dreary little store-front church in Harlem, where Sister Margaret, its self-appointed pastor, sedulously adjures her handful of followers to walk in the way of the Lord. It develops that she became fanatically religious after the death of one of her children, and that her footloose husband, a trombone player, made domestic life extremely difficult for her. Now she is sustained in her holy work by the conviction that her only son, just emerging from adolescence, is going to follow in her evangelistic footsteps. However, the young man, who serves as pianist during tabernacle meetings, has a yen to join some heathen friends in a jazz band, and along the line Sister Margaret's husband comes home in a dying condition and advises his son to go out into the world and make mundane music. As if Sister Margaret didn't have troubles enough, her congregation becomes restive, mutters about her spending too much money for a trip to Philadelphia, and finally goes into open revolt against her. Just before this happens, Sister Margaret comes to the realization that she still loves her husband and that religion has served her simply as a hiding place, and after shedding a tear or two in a kitchen séance with her sympathetic sister she bursts into wild laughter at the absurdity of her career. In this transformation from pastor to pagan, Bea Richards, as Sister Margaret, is utterly arresting, and Frank Silvera, as her husband, and Art Evans, as her son, contribute a couple of moments that are compelling, even though Mr. Silvera has a tendency to labor so hard for emotional effect that he occasionally exhausts both himself and his audience. Mr. Silvera, incidentally, directed "The Amen Corner," and he has guided the supporting players as well as the principals with a good deal of ingenuity.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

OFF BROADWAY

Laughter Here and There

PAUL SAND, who is appearing in a small revue called "Wet Paint," at the Renata, is a gangling, comical young man, and a talented alumnus of the talented Second City bunch that brightened Broadway almost four years ago and that separately—Alan Arkin, Barbara Harris, and Severn Darden, to name just three of them—have added considerable merriment to several enterprises since. Technically, Mr. Sand is not the star of "Wet Paint," but he is its chief asset. He is funniest, I think, in his own sketch, "Halfway House," in which, as a guilt-ridden patient in a sanatorium for unwed fathers, he tells a bracing lady psychiatrist the story of his downfall at the hands of a carload of tough girls who kept teasing their hair. ("Was there any talk of marriage?" "Who'd want me now?") Of the other sketches and numbers, by various hands, a few are amusing and a few are quite good, but even some of the good ones run on just a moment or six too long. There are also some



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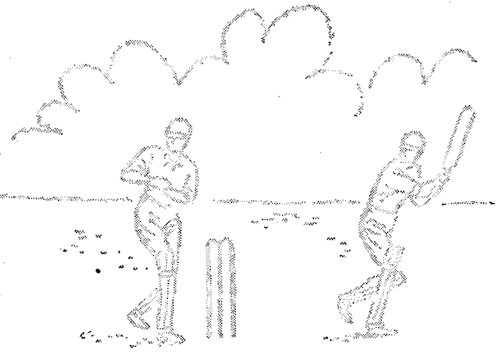

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fairly clever ideas that don't come off, and some terrible ideas. I enjoyed "Unrequited Love March," a chipper number for the whole company, with words and music by Ronny Graham; "Puns," more pastiche than parody of an old-fashioned vaudeville routine, with deliberately bum jokes and spirited hoofing; and "Cantata," which could have been clipped from "West Side Story," with Mr. Sand gyrating and knotting and unknotting himself as, backed by his fellow-players, he sings of the attractions of West Eighty-third Street. The show is a slow starter, or perhaps it took the company a while to warm up on opening night, or me a while to warm to them. I did eventually, though. They are, by and large, a personable lot, of varied ability and attractiveness but all eager and cheerful, and seldom cocky. Sometimes a lack of assurance can be kind of appealing, too. Besides Mr. Sand, they are Gene Allen, Hank Garrett, Linda Lavin, Bill McCutcheon, and Isobel Robins. "Wet Paint" could hardly be called memorable, but while it is going on, it is agreeable enough. I can give you no clue to the meaning of the title. —EDITH OLIVER

•

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MUSICAL EVENTS

The Beautiful People

THE San Francisco Ballet arrived at the New York State Theatre on Tuesday evening of last week for the start of a week's run. I attended the first two of its performances and came away with mixed impressions. The troupe is well trained, but there were two things wrong with it: The choreography, by its director, Lew Christensen, tended to be monotonous, and there seemed to be a certain aesthetic confusion about some of the ballets offered. Ballet, after all, is not primarily scenery, or costumes, or drama, or vaudeville, or even music. It is dance—and that means that its fundamental material is the human body in elegant, dramatic movement. That is, I think, one of the reasons the classical ballet, with its tutus and tights, continues to persist in the repertory and to serve as a model of what ballet should be. Tutus and tights ornament the body just enough, leaving it free for the exhibition of spectacular motion. Only one ballet of the lot, during the first evening, contained spectacular motion, and it produced a considerable amount of excitement. It was "Divertissement d'Auber," and had a score by that almost forgotten French composer. True, it was conventional in concept, but one was at least able to find in it a bit of the intoxication that comes from watching beautiful people doing extraordinary things. Among the beautiful people was Terry Orr, who would be a credit to any company and who is a specialist at a certain type of standing jump (doubtless it has a technical name, but I do not know it). I watched Mr. Orr with great pleasure, and in the course of two evenings I found other dancers who showed more than average ability. One was Virginia Johnson and another was Jocelyn Vollmar. I choose these at random, and in doing so I may be slighting others. Most of the time, however, these dancers were lost in the crowd and had little opportunity to exhibit their accomplishments.

When the company got around to *un*conventional ballet, the results were not strikingly inventive. "Concert Music for Strings and Brass Instruments," which opened the first night's program (the title is that of the music,

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by Hindemith), was earnest and slightly boring; the scenario dealt, purportedly, with the fall of Lucifer, a gentleman with a red face who descended from a transparent stepladder to join other dancers, dressed in cream-colored tights and metal helmets, not to mention wings. After that, we had something called “Life,” subtitled “A Pop Art Ballet.” I hate to say it, but this turned out to be West Coast avant-gardism—a special type of avant-gardism, in which innocence is likely to play a large role. Suffice it to say that “Life” advanced the art of the dance not one whit, and that it consisted of a series of vaudeville tableaux, some amusing scenery and costumes by Cal Anderson, with Pop Art motifs, and what used to be called a “flag finish,” in which a gaily dressed group of dancers pranced before an unfolding of Old Glory. Its most unbearable moment was a scene in which a pair of lovers were surrounded by four thugs in some sort of uniform, each with a large initial painted on his back. When they turned their backs to the audience, the initials spelled “HATE.”

The second night began with a production called “Sinfonia,” a typically Balanchinesque bathing-suit-and-blank-backdrop affair without, however, the variation of movement that Balanchine would have provided, and continued with “Beauty and the Beast,” a ballet in two acts, with music by Tchaikovsky (collected and arranged by Earl Bernard Murray) and perfectly charming scenery and costumes by Tony Duquette. This was fairy-tale ballet in the grand pantomime manner, and it had its delightful moments, but the bravura that should have illuminated its solo and pas-de-deux passages was absent. I discerned Terry Orr in the crowd when I suddenly saw him doing that extraordinary standing jump, but he didn't have anything distinctive to do in this production, or in any of the others I saw except “Divertissement d'Auber.”

THE Soviet pianist Sviatoslav Richter appeared in Carnegie Hall last Thursday night before a jam-packed audience that seemed to be holding its breath over every nuance produced by his nimble fingers. This reverent attention was richly deserved, for the great Russian (who is really a German by ancestry) provided a spectacle reminiscent, on the visual side, of Walter Gieseking, and, on the purely musical side, of Wilhelm Backhaus. But these comparisons are superficial. Mr. Richter has his own way of doing things, and it is an impressive one. He seems to

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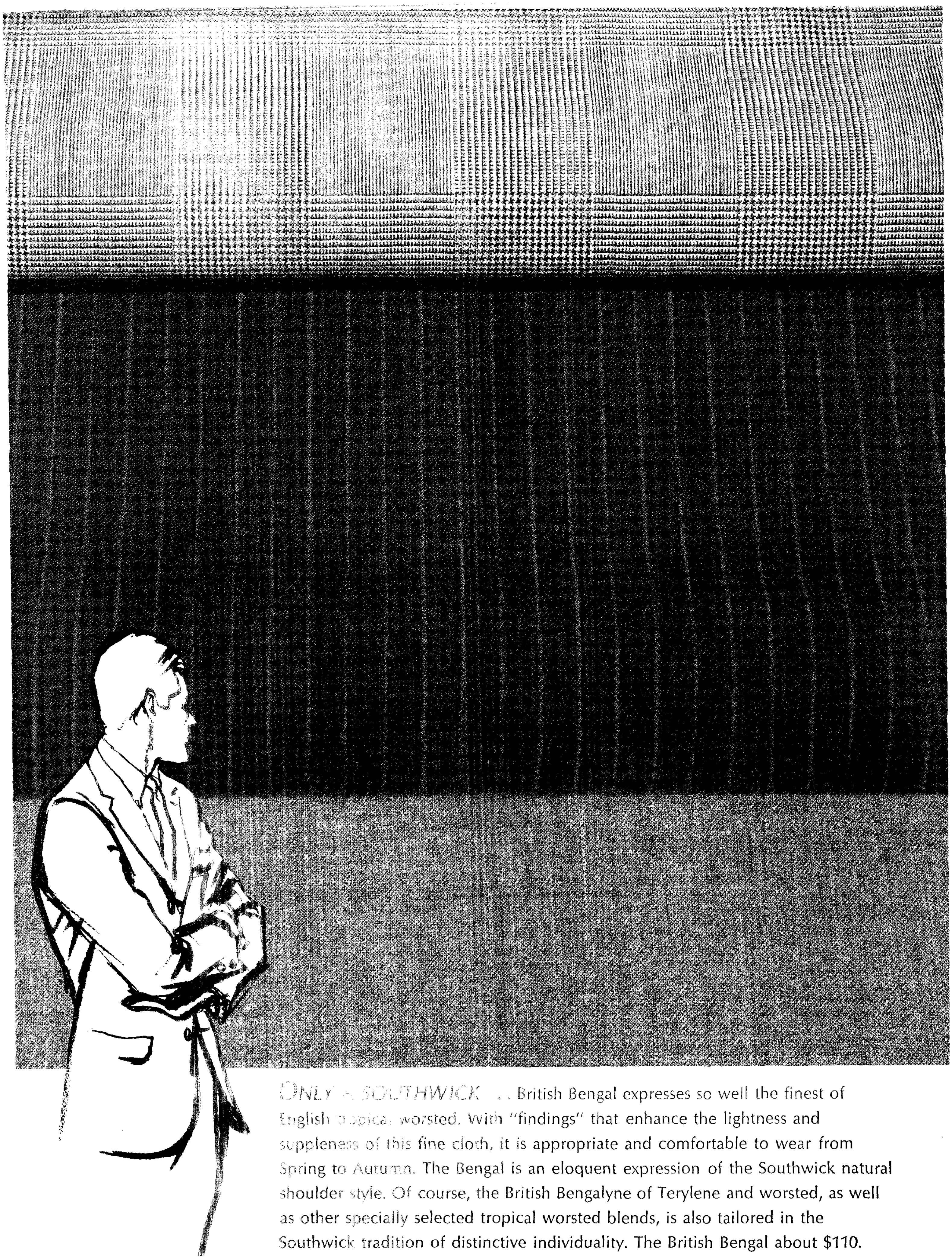

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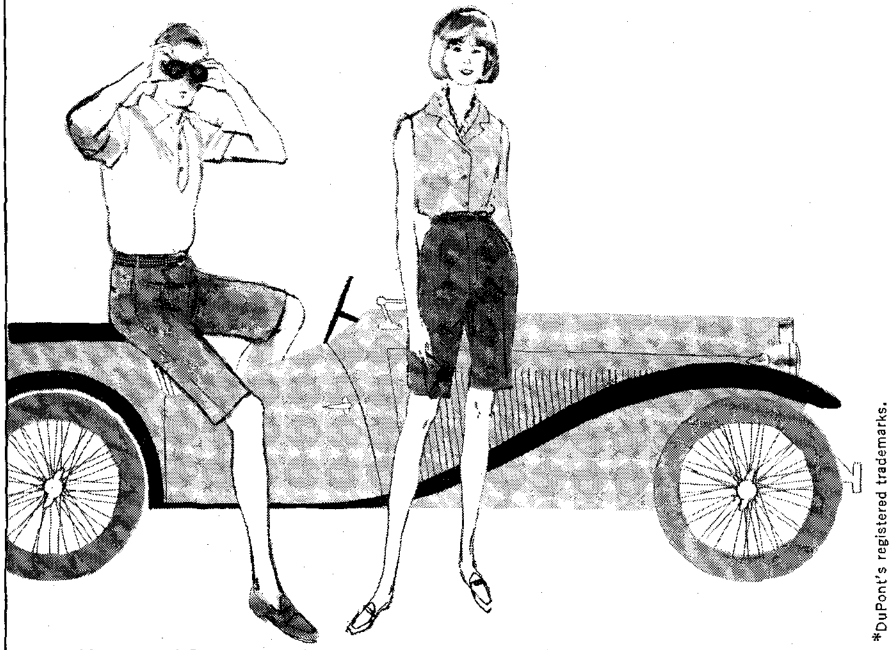

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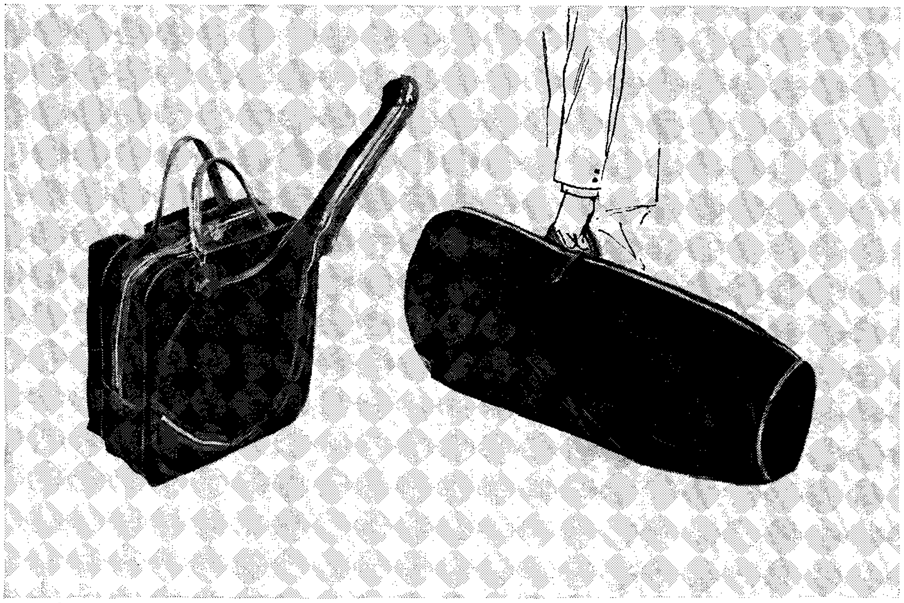

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squeeze the keyboard, bringing out of it a varied palette of subtly shaded tonal colorings that few of his contemporaries, if any, can equal. Moreover, he has a stage presence that is nearly as dramatic as that of the late Sergei Rachmaninoff, and, like that great pianist, he is able to hypnotize an audience before he strikes a note. He started off the other night with a justly neglected Schubert Sonata (in B Major, Opus Posthumous 147), almost as if he were bent on demonstrating how well he could play dull music. During a series of short pieces by Brahms, however, excitement began to increase, and after the intermission those old war horses the four Chopin Scherzos were performed with such stunning virtuosity that most of the listeners were straining their eyeballs as well as their eardrums. The sheer agility of fingerwork was almost incredible. But the thing that really held the attention was a completely fresh and original interpretation of these pieces, in which a continuing contrast between explosive fortes of varying intensities and the most poetic pianissimos gave unusual outline and definition to the music.

EARLIER in the week, on Monday night, in Carnegie Hall, Eugene Ormandy led the Philadelphia Orchestra in Ernest Bloch's "Schelomo" (with the cellist Leonard Rose as soloist) and Bruckner's Fifth Symphony. The Bloch item, which retains all its gloomy beauty, was magnificently performed, and it was a special pleasure to listen to Bruckner under Mr. Ormandy's suave and judicious direction and with all the clarity and lovely resonance that his orchestra can produce. The finale, with its great fugue, was, of course, the focal point of the drama, but I was particularly impressed by Mr. Ormandy's reading of the first two movements, which in ordinary hands can seem to possess all those qualities that people who dislike Bruckner find disagreeable. Mr. Ormandy gave them inspired readings, relying in the main on lucidity and fine tone, but also on an unusual grasp of their musical architecture.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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A TRIP TO LEVERTON

THE sliding doors that led into my bedroom were difficult to open. One spring morning while I was at home in Georgia on a break from school, I was awakened by someone trying to open them, and when I called out, my grandmother answered. I was sleeping late, having the night before been with some friends from the local colleges who belonged to a student organization called the Committee on Appeal for Human Rights. They had worked late into the night preparing a manifesto, which they hoped would be printed in the next day's papers, stating the grievances, philosophy, intentions, and demands of the student movement. I had been in school in Michigan, a thousand miles away, when this phase of the social protest began with a sit-in in Greensboro, North Carolina, and I had kept up with the news of it because it was the first widely publicized movement by Negroes who were all of my generation. Soon after, however, I had become much more involved. My mother had called to tell me that first one, then another of my friends had been arrested and was in jail, refusing bond, for non-violent protests. They were all students in one or another of the five small liberal-arts colleges in the Atlanta University Center. I felt useless on my anonymous and detached campus. I remembered high school, especially two sisters from whom I was so inseparable that most people thought we were all three sisters. Together we attended every football game our team played. When we were not together, we kept in touch by phone, and what we talked about was of no special consequence to anyone but ourselves. We were taught that we were children of middle-class Americans, and although our parents were proud to be Negroes, the fact that we were Negroes was emphasized at school mainly during annual Negro History Week. Montgomery and Little Rock made some impression, though a brief one. But now, just one year after high school, the moment was theirs, with all its historic implications. The realities of the day transcended their comfortable surroundings, and I was not a part of their physical suffering. Our spring vacations did not coincide, and while I was home I tried to lend them support—mostly moral—wherever and whenever I could. And if my being with them late into the night didn't really help the movement, it nevertheless gave me a sense of participation. Through the rest of the

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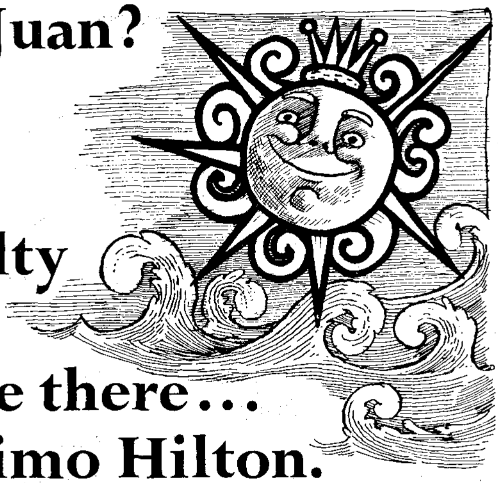

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night, I had tossed and turned, restless with excitement over the manifesto, and when my grandmother came in I was still caught up in the vigorous spirit of such sentences as "Today's youth will not sit by submissively while being denied all of the rights, privileges, and joys of life." So it was not hard for me to snap awake when she entered.

Sitting beside me on the bed, she said, "I know it's Saturday, but I thought maybe, while it's still early, you'd get up and drive me home. We could be back here before any of your friends are up."

By "home," she meant a place I shall call Leverton—the small Georgia city where she had met and married my grandfather and had reared their children. When he died, many years before I was born, he was buried there. Many of their old friends still lived in Leverton—widows and widowers for the most part. My own family had moved from Leverton ten years before, and my grandmother, who had always lived with us, halfheartedly came, too. But for years she found many reasons, many memories, to take her back to Leverton almost every weekend.

When we first moved away, she travelled the thirty-six miles by bus. She was independent and healthy, and preferred going alone so that she could have the time all to herself. In her younger days, she was tall and stout, with steel-gray eyes and long, thin hair that reached below her waist. Most of the time, she wore it in two braids wrapped around the back of her head in a bun. She was self-consciously a Negro, although anyone who didn't know her would have thought from her fair appearance that she was white. She travelled quite a bit, and during her days of fierce loyalty to the Brooklyn Dodgers she and I would sometimes come to New York in the summer to see them play at Ebbets Field. She never allowed herself to be bored.

When she went to Leverton, her day followed a pretty standard pattern. First, she usually went to visit an invalid friend, whose favorite fruit was kumquats, and because they were difficult to get in Leverton my grandmother would take her a pound or two. Later, my grandmother would walk halfway across the town to see Mr. William Long (*Will to his friends*), to whom she took the week's newspapers, which were in short supply in Leverton, and the Negro magazines, such as *Crisis* and *Ebony*, in equally short supply.

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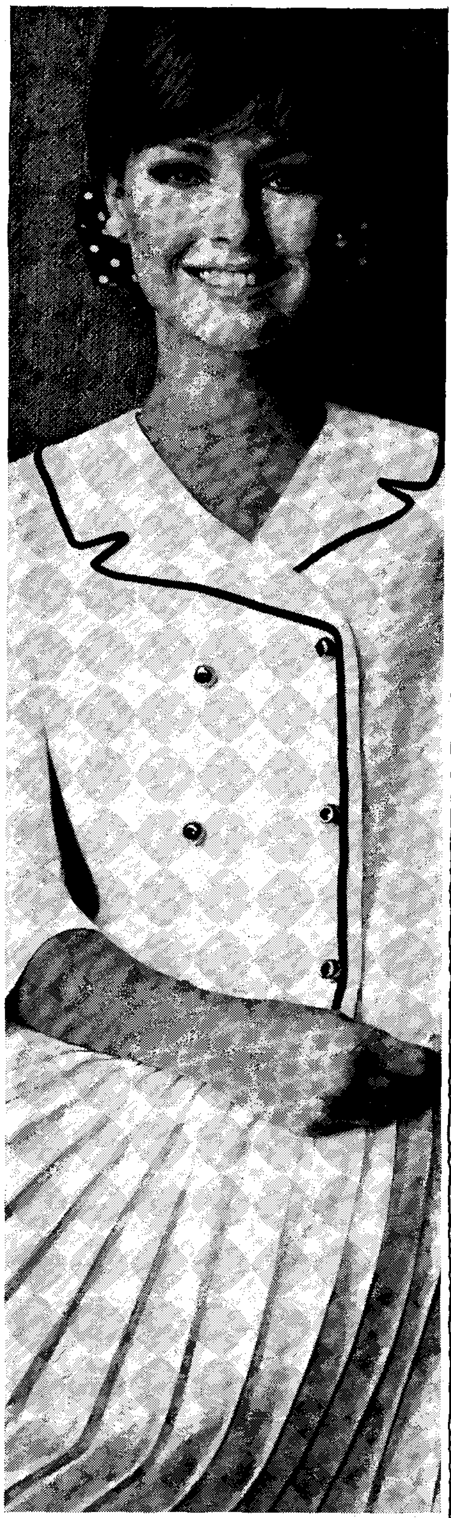

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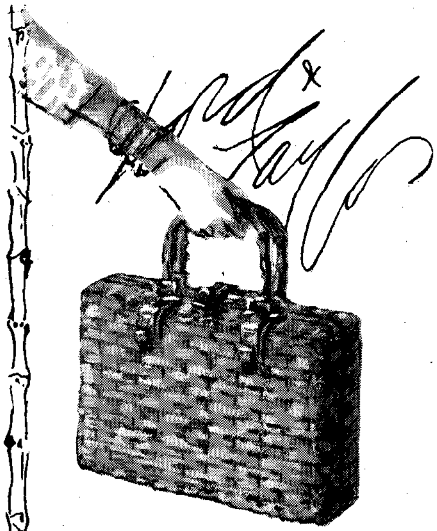
always clad in Liberty Bell overalls, Mr. Will was soft-spoken and a man of very few words. But he was good-natured and generous, and a little more talkative than usual during my grandmother's brief visits. From his house, she would gradually make her way to her church, about six blocks away. She took flowers for the pulpit, and articles on Negro history for the Sunday-school bulletin board. She also checked the board to find out which of the members were ill, and made mental notes to send cards if they lived too far away for her to get by to see them. If the minister, who lived out of town, was there, she would leave a contribution with him. If not, she'd leave it with one of the deacons. And every few weeks she would, near the end of her rounds, deposit at the bus station her shopping bag full of fresh vegetables from Mr. Will's garden, then walk from there to the edge of town, where a narrow, crooked path led into the cemetery.

She would pass the two or three family vaults and the hundreds of plain white, square Georgia-marble headstones—graves of former Leverton soldiers who had died either defending the Confederacy against the Yankees or defending the country against foreign enemies. She would walk past those graves on a single path through neatly laid-out plots to the end of the cemetery, where a thick row of hedges and uncontained growth distinctly cut off the main all-white cemetery and concealed from sight all that was behind it. Through a small opening in this thicket, my grandmother would make her way until she found another path, strewn with dead, brown grass and dry, severed tree branches that had been cut in the well-kept part of the cemetery and flung carelessly over the hedge border. This accumulation, along with spreading kudzu and other creeping things, had, over the years, completely covered the unattended and sunken graves back there except for my grandmother's plot and one or two others.

For some years past, the green wilderness that grew on the far side of these graves had been too dense to see through, but in recent months that land had been cleared and houses had been built almost up to the graves. A thin, insubstantial wire fence with intermingling vines provided the only protection from intruders. My grandmother had, for some time, hired Mr. Will to keep the grass and hedges cut around her plot, and he had voluntarily erected a white picket fence around the



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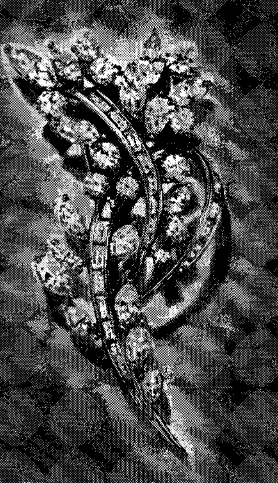

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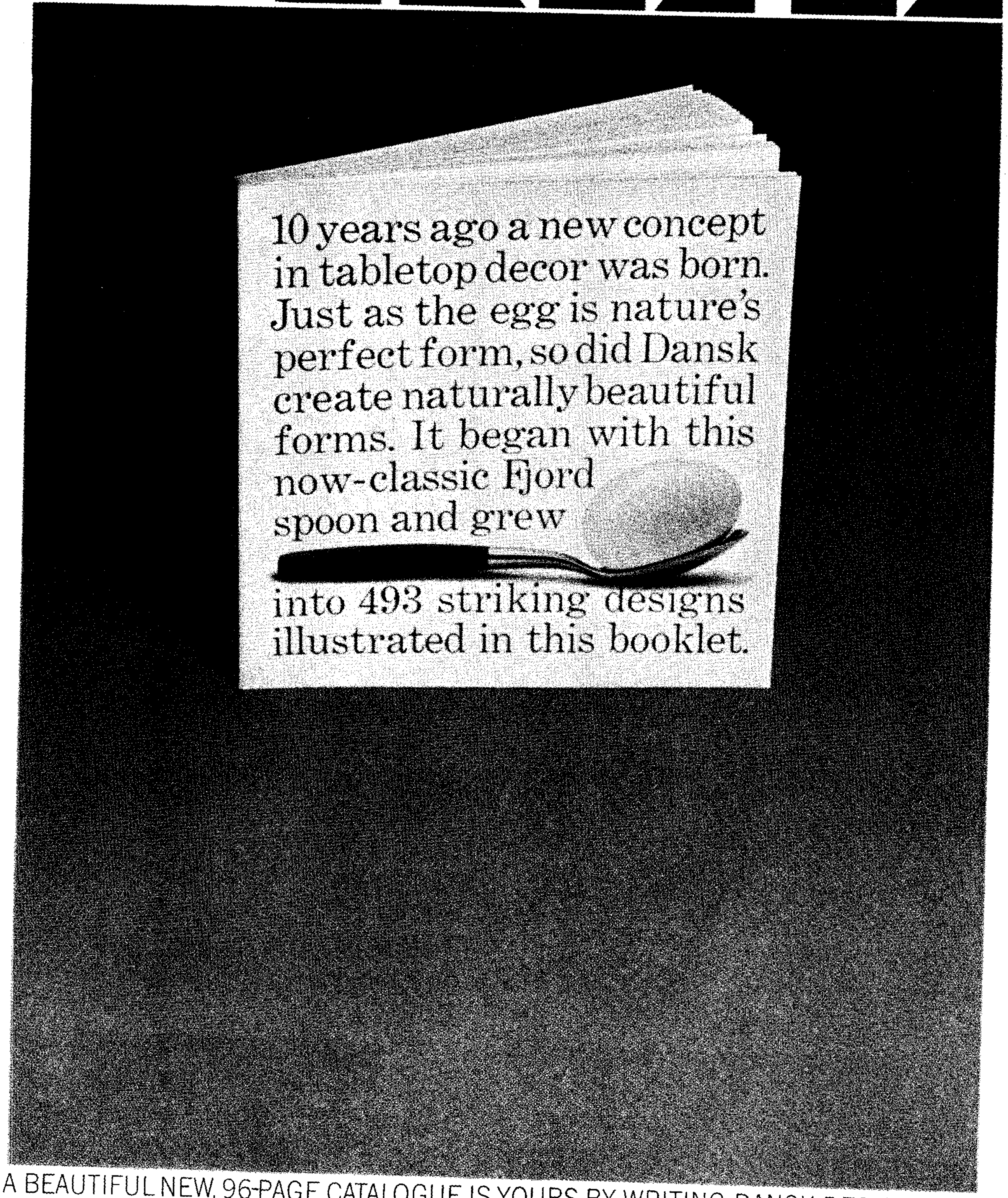

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18th Century French

France is a time machine.

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It can work for you, too.

Try Normandy, for example. Go into the country, where the big upland farms spread like a lush green quilt across the landscape. Out here heavy horses still draw the plows and wagons and the old Norman farmers still sow seed from flat-strapped baskets. (Not that they're anti-tractor; agriculture is big business in France. It's just that some farmers still like to do it the old way.)

Head on into town where the peasant women still wear their basic black (it's been basic for hundreds of years here) to market and the senior citizens still wear their berets and smocks as they sit in the shaded street cafés, sipping cider and talking crops. Join them at table and the chances are good they will tolerate your bad French and stand you to a glass of the local elixir: Calvados. This heady stuff hasn't changed for more generations than you could count; taste it and you'll see why.

Or try Brittany. Make it into one of the tiny coastal villages, and make sure you're in town on one of the Holy Days. That's when all the folks (the kids, too) dress up in their centuries-old finery. The embroidered shirt-bands, the rainbow sashes and the white lace coifs are too spectacular to be believed; you'll want to take slides. Watch them dancing on the town green to a wheezing band of Breton bagpipes.

While you're at it, try the Feast of the Great Pardon at the Shrine of Ste-Anne la Palud, out in Finistère. It's something like Brigadoon, only here it's real.

And while you're still in the neighborhood, try Pont-Aven. Watch the black-robed women lugging beige wicker baskets to market and watch them stocking up from the great straw vats of plump vegetables that line the quay. It's always been this way; why change?

(Note: Gauguin painted in Pont-Aven. Take one look at this incredibly picturesque provincial town and you'll see why. This is the kind of place you see only in paintings—unless you're there.)

Provincial.

Try the northeast pocket of France, a charming never-never land that nestles snug along the Rhine. On the feast days in these villages (start in Strasbourg and explore from there), the houses are strung with lights, flowers and thick green boughs, and draped with flags. The only difference between now and then is that some of the lights are electric, but there are still so many candles you won't know the difference.

And try Le Puy, in the heart of France, where whole constellations of candles float in flickering clusters up the side of a black volcano in the traditional pilgrimage processions to the 10th-century chapel of St-Michel-d'Aiguilhe.

Try the southwest corner of France, the foothills of the Pyrénées, where shepherds still watch over their sheep while standing on stilts.

Another custom to catch: the Dance of the Seven Jumps. If you find yourself wondering how these Basquemen can stay off the ground for such extended leaps, don't forget they've been doing this dance for the past thousand years.

Try Caen, back up in the northwest sector, during the annual tripe-eating contest, when the spectators heckle from the sidelines, as they always have.

Try Ribeauvillé during the annual procession of the cooks when huge floats of monster delicacies ride through the center of town.

Try France, where so much that was yesterday still stands intact today.

Try France where you will see, in each face, the easy, open warmth of a people who have inherited (and welcome you to share) the traditions of centuries.

May we offer a suggestion?

If you've had it with 20th-century push, try 18th-century French provincial. The best way to get there? Take any road out of Paris and you're on your way.

(Another suggestion: Before you step into any time machines, step in to see a travel agent. Or write direct to: French Government Tourist Office, Dept. TE-5, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10020.)

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square cubicle to set off its border of evergreens. He had also planted a sapling in the left-hand corner, just below the foot of my grandfather's grave.

Although Mr. Will was the only person who tended the plot, the city nevertheless billed my grandmother monthly for upkeep. She had never complained about this, and had paid the sum regularly. She had allowed my mother to buy money orders and to keep in a lockbox the money-order stubs, along with the deeds, insurance policies, and records of every monetary transaction she had ever carried out. I had no doubt whatever that no oversight in payment had occurred. Yet in the past, whenever my grandmother had visited the lot, it was in almost as bad shape as the other neglected graves. Finally, after many months, she had assumed that the city did not intend to clean the lot, and it was then that she had hired Mr. Will. The Friday before my grandmother asked me to take her to Leverton, she showed me a bill she had got from the city of Leverton for monthly ground maintenance of her cemetery plot, along with a notice that unless the bill was paid the property would be seized by the city. It was to see about this whole matter that she wanted me to take her to Leverton.

SOME time before this, when my grandmother was about seventy-eight years old, the first signs of arteriosclerosis had appeared, in the form of brief memory lapses. During some of these lapses, my mother, who had been closer to her than anyone else since my grandfather died, became the object of her deep distrust and harsh verbal attacks. The doctor had warned my mother to expect this, and to expect not to be recognized for short—or even for long—periods of time. He explained that sometimes my grandmother's memory would be faultless and at other times the realities of life, if not completely abandoned, would be arranged in complicated fantasies, and that to try to reason with her then would be a frustrating and unhappy experience. Nevertheless, Mother always tried to make things clear to my grandmother, and was seldom quite able to accept completely her periods of irrationality.

The nights were harder on my grandmother than the days. Once, for several nights in succession she called out to my mother and, thinking she was someone else, told her that her daughter had taken her every night to a different house to sleep among strangers. "I sleep in a house like this, but

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of them were coming from the small towns along the way, their drivers headed for a day's labor in the city. We passed red-and-white Burma-Shave signs with slogans we both knew from memory. The long, white, unobstructed stretches of highway led us along smoothly. Sometimes I played the radio and we would listen without talking. But about fifteen miles out of the city the reception became poor, and I had to turn it off.

"The cemetery lot was a gift," my grandmother suddenly said, speaking almost as if we had been having a conversation all along. "My mother was a slave before I was born, and the man whose farm she lived on, Mr. John Robert Henry, gave it to her just before he died. Later, she was freed and the people on the farm knew about the gift. They didn't need to see any legal papers as long as Mr. John Robert Henry had given his word. And they knew he had. My mother gave me the land later on, and I plan to tell them at the City Building just how it all happened. I know I can work it all out," she concluded, full of confidence in the relationship between slave and master.

I was bothered by her story for many reasons, the chief of which was that I didn't have any respect for any slaveholder, dead or not, and to me his word meant nothing. But my grandmother seemed perfectly satisfied that her explanation would be acceptable to the authorities, so for the time being I let the matter rest.

Driving through the center of Leverton, I was reminded of the pictures on church fans in which a devout young white Christian family is shown walking hand in hand up a pebbled path to a little white church on a hill. The town was laid out in a perfect circle around a square that featured the most revered of its long-dead heroes, General Lever, posed in an oratorical gesture atop a pedestal overlooking gray pigeons and white spittoons. My grandmother had an easy acquaintance with all the townspeople, including the sheriff and the local politicians, who had all been patrons of my grandfather's barbershop. Though polite, and probably in most cases decent enough to their wives, these men had the annoying habit of addressing every Negro, regardless of age, by his or her first name, so, whenever possible, I tried to avoid them.

Farther along, we passed the Methodist church—a modest white edifice with four Doric columns on its porch. No Negro had ever seen the inside of it,

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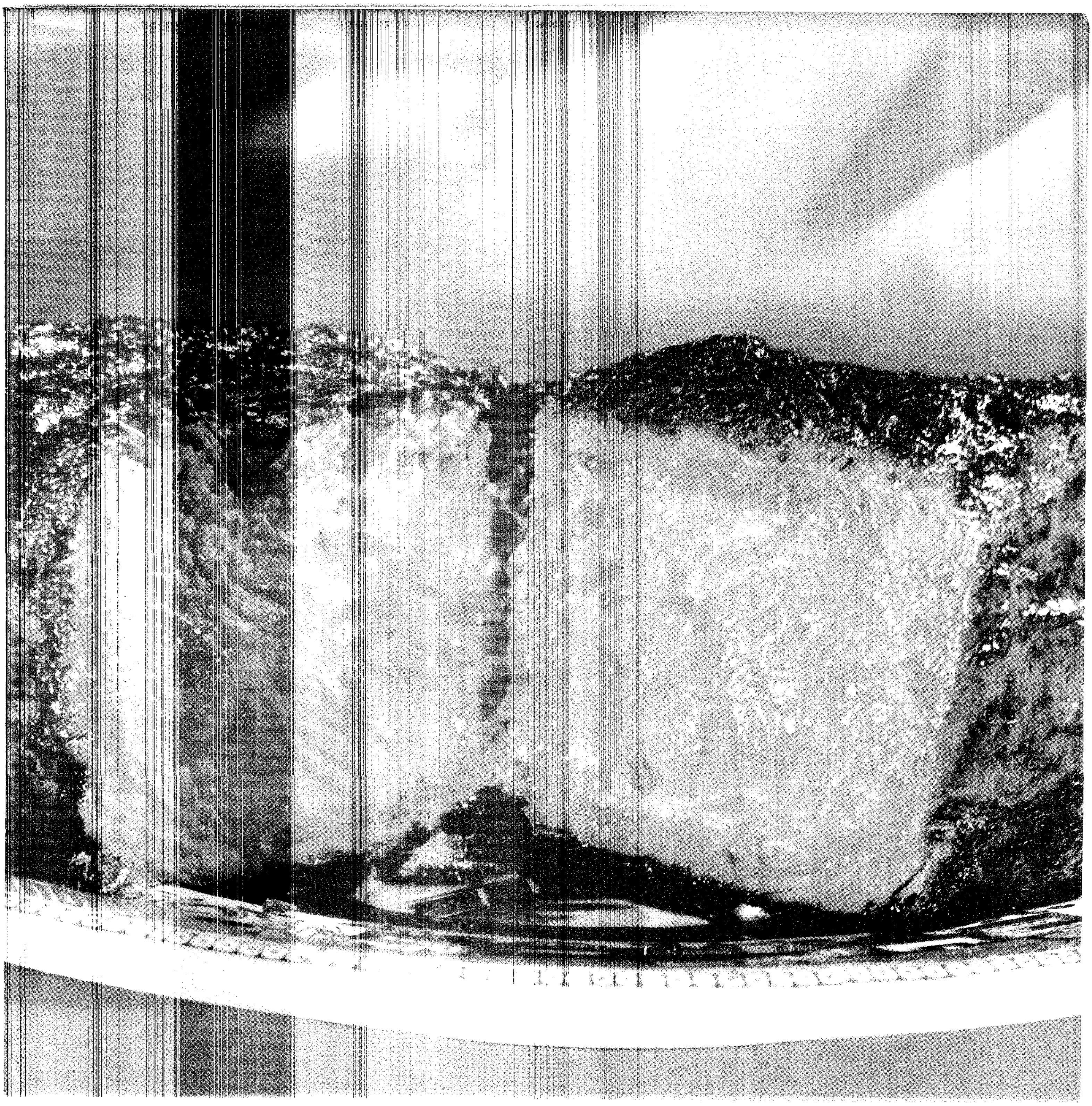

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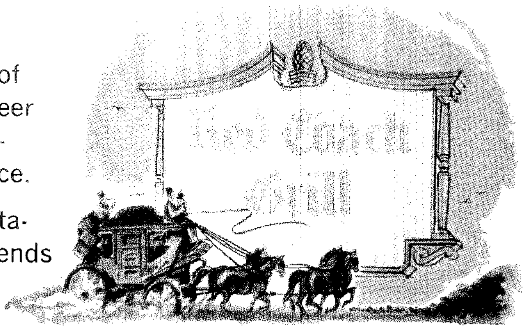

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We could go on and on, but you'll get the Chevelle idea best when you discover how much space you don't need to park it and how much money you don't have to spend to buy and operate it. And how many custom touches you can add to make your own Chevelle very special—anything and everything from an AM-FM Stereo radio to a tissue dispenser.

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CHEVROLET

not even to clean it, and doubtless none ever would. We passed a dead-end street that I had never seen before, and my grandmother told me that this was where the new City Building was. First, however, she wanted to go by the cemetery. I drove there, but as we came to the road that wound around it I saw that a deep washed-out gutter would make it impossible to reach the hedge border in the car. I stopped just short of the gutter, and my grandmother and I started to cross it on foot. She was already ahead of me, but she could not get across alone. I took her by the arm and, balancing myself against a fallen branch, boosted her forward, and in a moment we had gone in through the narrow entrance.

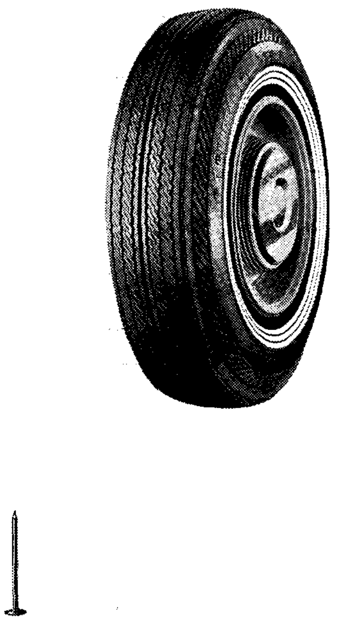
Nothing had changed since my last visit there. A cloud of red dust from the disturbed hedges enveloped us and settled in our noses and on our clothes, and the high, decumbent grass made our legs and arms itch and sting. Through the growth, we made our way to my grandfather's grave and found hardly a grain of sand out of its proper place. In the left-hand corner was a budding little tree, surrounded by neatly blocked hedges and green grass that looked like a carpet. The simple headstone that marked the grave was clean and white, and the mound of earth beneath it was neat and solid. In this peaceful space, one could momentarily shut out the ugly jungle that surrounded it, but the bark of a dog in an adjoining back yard was ferocious and wild as he thrust himself at us against the fence. The dust and heat rising around us and the dog's barking and lunging made me anxious and impatient, and I persuaded my grandmother to leave.

A FEW minutes later, driving again, we reached the dead-end street and drew up in front of a new, one-story red brick building surrounded by a gravel walkway. This was the place the bill and notice had come from. I had intended to remain in the car, but when my grandmother got out she turned as if she expected me to follow.

There was no one ahead of us inside. The only person in the room was the clerk, a young woman not much older than I.

"That's Ella Mae Stevens," my grandmother whispered to me. "I remember when she was born."

Ella Mae Stevens looked up from her desk, and my grandmother, pulling the city's letter from her handbag, said, "Good morning, Miss Ste-



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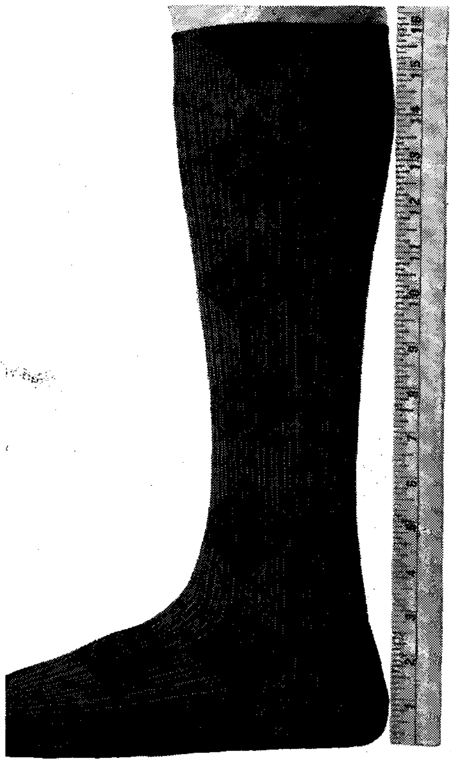

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vens. I'm Frances Wilson, and I'd like to see someone about a notice I received from the city this week."

Without getting up, Ella Mae Stevens told my grandmother to be seated, and continued riffling through papers on her desk. After about fifteen minutes, in which neither my grandmother nor I spoke, Ella Mae Stevens went out of the room and in a few minutes came back carrying a manila folder. "Now, Frankie," she said, "let's see what your trouble is."

My grandmother gathered up her black handbag and gray gloves from her lap and started over to the counter that separated the office from the reception area. "I received this notice—" she began.

"Yes, I know," Ella Mae Stevens said. "Have you got your proof of ownership?"

"The man who gave my mother the property many years ago was Mr. John Robert Henry."

"You have any papers or anything like that?"

"The land was a gift," my grandmother said, "and no one has ever questioned us about it. Mr. John Robert Henry was well known in this town. His father—"

"Well, Frankie," Ella Mae Stevens drawled, shaking her head, "all I know is I'm supposed to tell you you're going to have to pay the city to keep this lot up, or you might have some trouble."

"But just this morning I went over there and the city hasn't done anything for my property," my grandmother said, raising her voice a little.

"Your lot's clean, isn't it?"

"Yes, but Mr. Will is the one who—"

"Well, I don't know about all that, but I do know that you're going to have to pay this bill and continue to pay the city as long as you claim to hold title to the property."

As I stood there, hardly able to contain myself, I thought I could see what the city was driving at through Ella Mae Stevens. After all, the other people who owned cemetery land behind the hedge border had allowed their property to decline. Most of the Negroes in Leverton could ill afford to pay even the small amount of money the city was asking to keep up the lots. Nor would they dare question the city fathers if, when the Negroes couldn't pay, their land was taken from them. It was obvious that the city wanted the land, possibly to expand the main cemetery for whites only, or possibly to make pleasanter back yards or convenient

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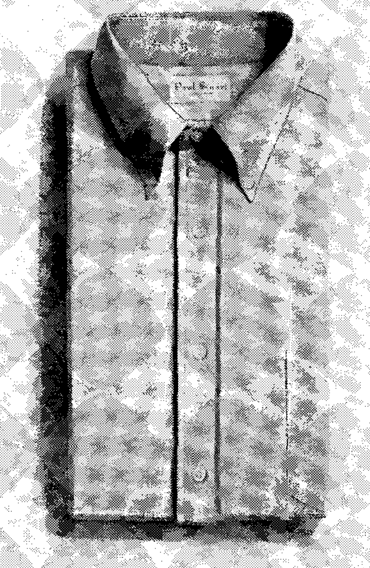

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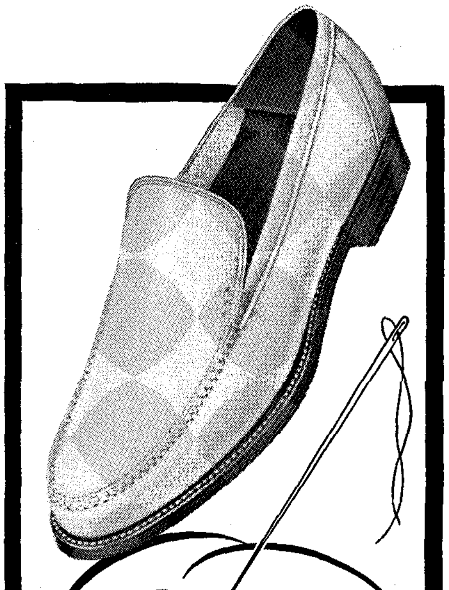

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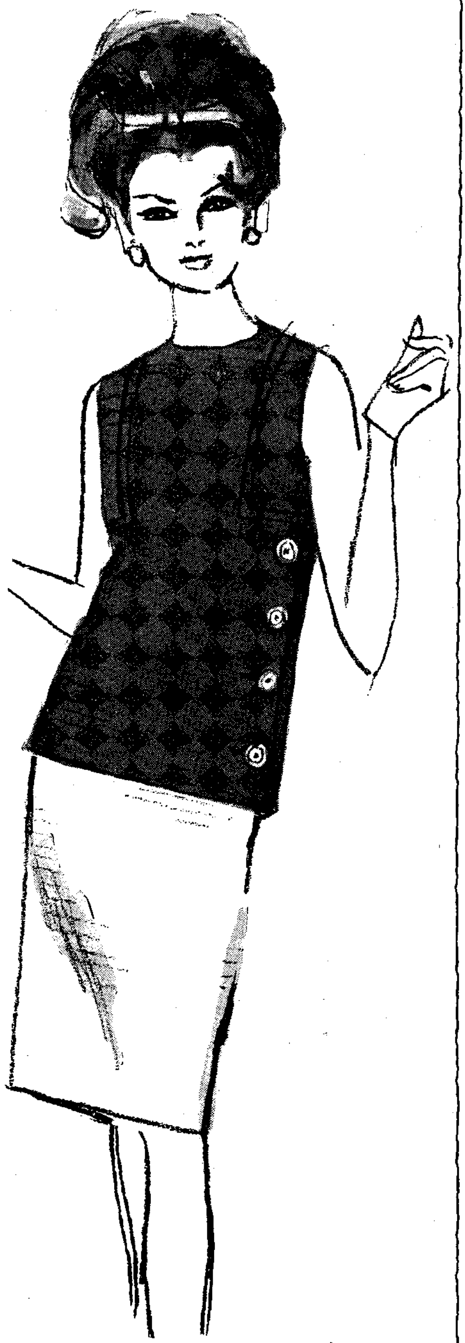

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driveways for the people, the sheriff included, who owned newly built houses on the other side. At any rate, it was clear that the city wanted to do away with the graves behind the hedge border.

I was about to suggest that my grandmother come away with me and get a lawyer when I realized what the city of Leverton had to offer in that line—home-grown lawyers and magistrates, loyal to their constituents and to the people with whom they'd grown up. In addition to that, my grandmother had only the word of Mr. John Robert Henry, and, besides, she was not really up to any complicated legal involvement. I remained silent, knowing that if I interfered my grandmother would be upset. Yet how could I not explain that everything my friends, whom she had watched grow up—the ones she prayed for when they went on Freedom Rides, the ones she worried over when they marched on picket lines, the ones who daily faced the screaming, hostile crowds in front of stores with segregated lunch counters, the same people she recognized on television and in the newspapers as my friends—everything they stood for was being compromised as I stood there silent.

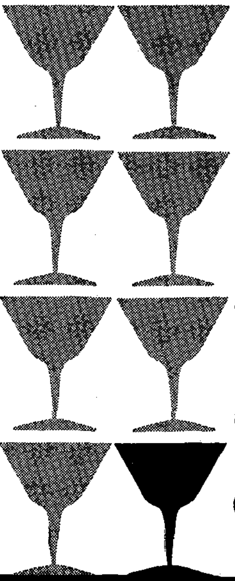
I watched my grandmother as she stood for a few minutes with her fingertips tensely planted on the edge of the counter. Finally, she turned to me and said, "I guess we'd better go."

Without looking at my grandmother, the clerk handed the bill back to her and said, "All right, Frankie, it's up to you."

As we turned to leave, my grandmother accidentally dropped her handbag on the floor. I stooped to pick it up, and she walked on. When I got to the door, she was having difficulty getting it open. I took her by the arm and helped her outside. From the narrow porch of the building, we could see the cemetery. The smell of freshly cut grass travelled easily through the soft morning air. We got back in the car, and I turned it around and headed for the road that led to Mr. Will's house.

"No, let's not go there today," my grandmother said. "I'm a little tired, and, besides, I think I'd like to go home."

I could think of nothing to say that would not have been an angry denunciation of the city and everything in it. But I knew that words like that would not have comforted my grandmother, who knew and loved every inch of the town and all the memories it held. I drove fast through Leverton,



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but a red traffic light brought me to a screeching halt in front of the courthouse. On the steps sat men whose posture and expression were all the same. They looked neither forward nor backward, and not even the sound of the screaming automobile tires stirred them from their poses.

I was well out of town before I looked at my grandmother, so silent and so old. I wanted to speak to her, but I did not want to intrude upon her thoughts, whatever and wherever they were. The day became quite warm. We stopped for gas and a Coke at a small filling station next to a wide field with grazing sheep—a rare sight in that area. I handed my grandmother her Coke, and she wrapped her white linen handkerchief around it because the ice-cold bottle chilled her thin hands. She looked out abstractedly at the sheep, but I was not sure whether she really saw them or not.

WHEN we got home, we had a late lunch, and my grandmother went to take a nap—a luxury she had never allowed herself until recently. I took this time to tell my mother what had happened on our trip, sparing her none of the exhausting details of my own feelings. She didn't seem surprised, and I found her reassuringly sympathetic as I told her of my anguish over not having interceded at the City Building. "At any rate," she said, "you've satisfied your grandmother by taking her down there, and now that's all behind."

Later, when the day reached evening, I went out for an early edition of the Sunday paper. The Governor was in the headlines. He had said that the students' manifesto had not been written by students in the Georgia school system—or even adults in this country, for that matter.

I had just gone back into the house and settled myself in the den along with my mother when I heard my grandmother coming down the hall to join us. Her steps were hard and sure, and when she entered the room she looked rested. "I've slept quite a long while," she said to us. "Longer than I intended. Guess I'll have to do it next week."

"Do what?" I asked.

"Well," she said, "I had planned to ask you to take me to Leverton to see about a bill the city sent me yesterday. But it's too late today. The City Building is surely already closed. Maybe next week. Early on Saturday morning we'll go. Yes, I think next week will do fine." —CHARLAYNE HUNTER

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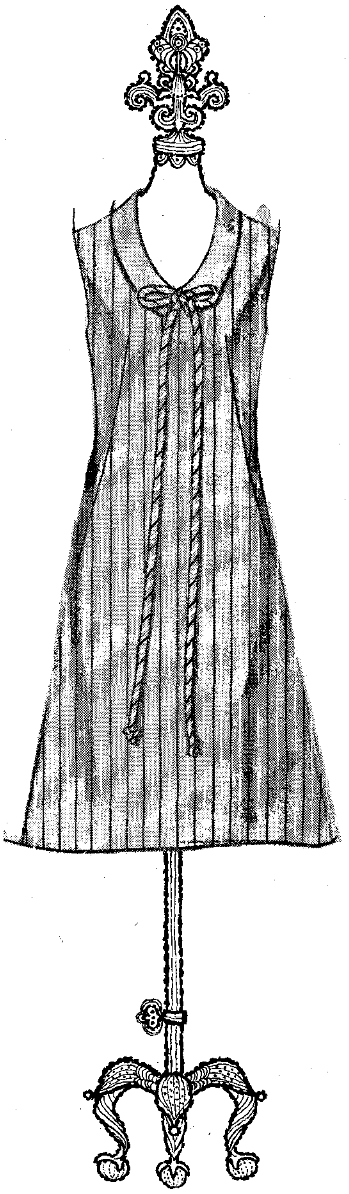

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THE RACE TRACK

Upset

BOLD LAD, last season's best two-year-old, could do no better than finish third in the Wood Memorial at Aqueduct on Saturday—his first real test as a three-year-old. Flag Raiser, showing the same nimbleness he had shown in the Bay Shore and the Gotham Stakes earlier in the meeting, led from start to finish to win by a short neck from Hail to All. Bold Lad, shortening his stride, came under the wire a length behind, followed by Dapper Dan, a stablemate. It was more of a procession than a race. Leaving the gate like a flash, Flag Raiser led by open daylight around the first turn, with Bold Lad closest and the nine other colts strung out behind them. In the backstretch, it was Flag Raiser by four lengths, with Ycaza, who rode Bold Lad, biding his time. With three furlongs to go, Bold Lad began to move up, and although he didn't give out with the burst of speed that marked his races last year, the crowd roared, as it always does for an odds-on favorite. Then, as Bold Lad's challenge ebbed away, Hail to All closed with a rush—he made up more than ten lengths in a quarter of a mile—to take second place; in fact, two jumps past the winning post he was in front. It's interesting to note that the mile and a furlong was run in 1:50⅕, which is as slow as any Wood on record at Aqueduct, and that while Flag Raiser zipped off the first six furlongs in 1:09⅗, the next quarter took him 0:26⅖ and the last furlong 0:14⅕, which is close to buggy-horse time.

Flag Raiser, owned by Isidor Bieber and trained by Hirsch Jacobs, is a light-bodied, rather plain bay colt by Rough 'n Tumble out of Larks War. He ran in claiming races last year, and his form at Hialeah this season was pretty moderate. The bumping he got in the Swift Stakes on the opening day at Aqueduct seems to have stirred him up; since then he's been going like all possessed as fast and as far as he can. By the way, Jacobs also saddled Isle of Greece, who runs in the colors of his wife, and Turn to Reason, who belongs to his daughter, and they finished next to last and last. Earlier in the week, however, he sent Affectionately, Treachery, and Petticoat out for the Distaff Hand-

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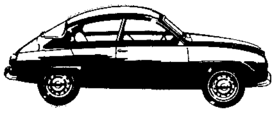

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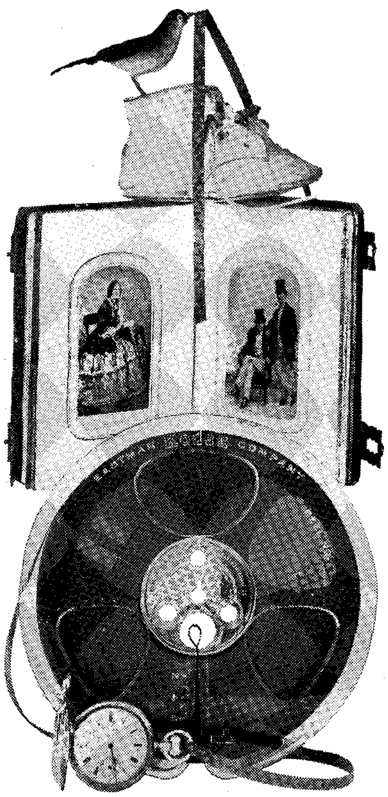

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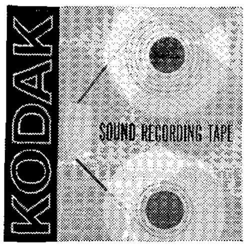

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icap, and they obligingly came home one, two, three, in the order named. This has happened at Aqueduct before. Freddie Hopkins brought it off with three of H. P. Whitney's two-year-old fillies in the 1924 Astoria Stakes: Maud Muller won it; Mother Goose, who took the Futurity that autumn from twenty-eight other runners, was second; and Swinging, later the mother of Equipoise, was third. Moving on to Empire City, as they did in those days, Maud Muller, Swinging, and Mother Goose ran one, two, three in the Rosedale Stakes.

To get back to the Wood Memorial, there were, needless to say, those who clucked their tongues and set the defeat of Bold Lad down to his not being at his best for a meeting with seasoned runners, or thought he had missed Baeza, his regular jockey. (Horses do run better for some riders than for others.) Altogether, it was a black week for the Wheatley Stable and Bill Winfrey, its trainer; Queen Empress, the top two-year-old filly of 1964, injured a hind leg during a workout and won't be under colors for some time, and Conquering, a promising three-year-old by Bold Ruler, fractured an ankle during a workout and had to be destroyed.

THE defeat of Lucky Debonair, the winner of the Santa Anita Derby, by Bugler in the Forerunner Purse at Keeneland last week was as unexpected as Bold Lad's defeat in the Wood Memorial. From all accounts, the track at Keeneland was very muddy, and Lucky Debonair, who gave Bugler nine pounds, swerved at the start, was bumped, then was caught in close quarters for at least half of the seven furlongs, *then* lost lengths on the stretch turn, and after all that was beaten by a scant neck. Ho, hum! Bugler's next start will be in the Derby Trial at Louisville.

THOUGH he isn't in the spring classics, I'd take the High Tide Stable's Puppet State, a roan colt by Dedicate out of Strings, over a lot of runners I could name. In the first race of his career, at Aqueduct the other afternoon, he beat ten other three-year-olds in the most workmanlike fashion, and by eight lengths.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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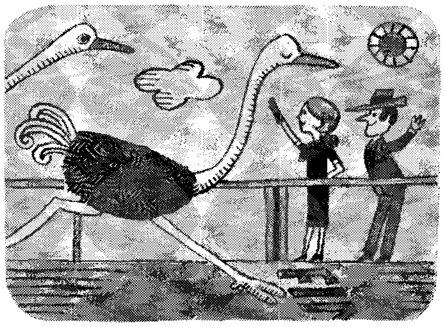

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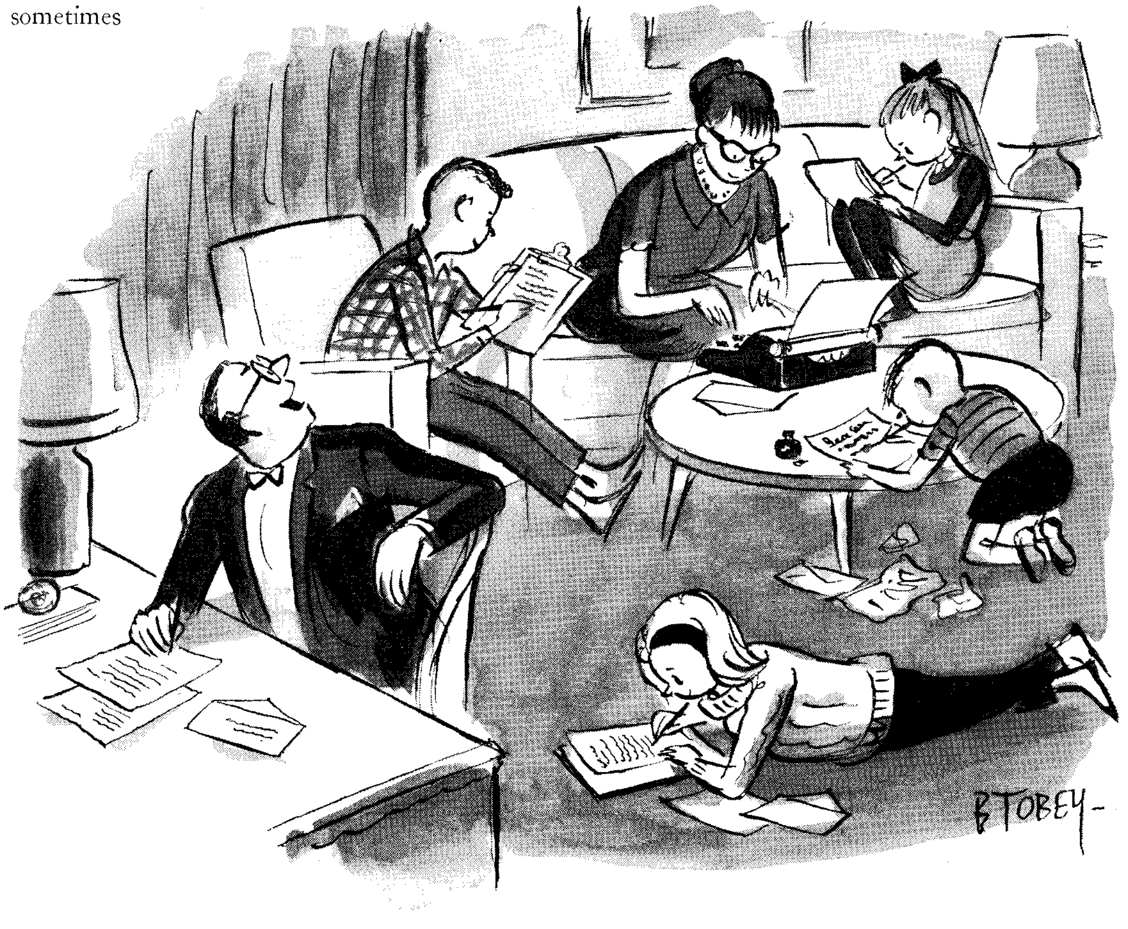
A REPORTER AT LARGE

A CHANGE OF TASTE

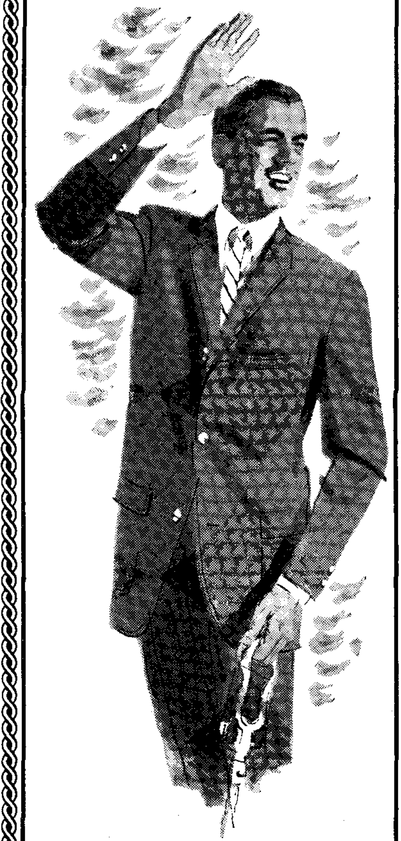
AMONG the Eskimos of the Canadian Arctic, following the semi-nomadic way of life that existed until almost now, the men would set off each day from their tents or snowhouses to hunt or fish for that day's food. If a man came back with more game or fish than his family needed, the family at once shared it all with neighbors. In winter, as a slight hedge against future hunger, some food was cached under stones in the Eskimo camp, along trails, or near trap lines, but storing enough to feed a family and its dogs over a long period of scarcity was impossible. A single Eskimo or a single dog would regularly consume about three pounds of food a day, and a single family might include a dozen or so people with seventeen or more dogs. Moreover, when food was plentiful, the Eskimos, with memories of past hunger, would gorge themselves with no thought for the next day, until there was nothing left. Recently, the Eskimos have depended more and more on some items from the white man's store—tea, most notably, and flour for round loaves of unleavened bread called bannock, which is filling but not nutritious. Other foods bought at Hudson's Bay Company stores would sometimes be consumed on the slow dog-sled journey from the store back to camp. Quite often, in late winter and early spring, there was no meat, no fish, and, finally, no bannock. Then the Eskimos suffered, sometimes starving to death before help could reach them. In recent years, some Eskimos have been moving from lonely camps into permanent settlements, but this has not solved the problem of malnutrition, for they have been doing less hunting, and their hunting skills have declined. Canada's Arctic administrators once reluctantly believed that because of the Eskimos' preference for their own foods, their improvident eating habits, and their stoic acceptance of hunger, the only way to guarantee them an adequate year-round diet would be by giving them regular ration handouts. Now this view has been successfully challenged.

Four years ago, when I visited the Arctic for the first time, that challenge was nothing more than a highly imaginative idea: to help the Eskimos drastically change their way of feeding themselves by giving them an economic stake in making such a change. The concept seemed staggering. At that time, I made a trip to an isolated spot on the coast of northern Quebec, twelve miles from where the George River empties into a large body of water called Ungava Bay, to observe a meeting of a newly formed Eskimo coöperative group—the first of its kind. I accompanied two men from the Canadian government's Department of Northern Affairs and National Resources—Donald Snowden, chief of the department's Industrial Division, which has the task of improving the economic situation of the Eskimos; and Paul Godt, his assistant in charge of developing coöperatives. In order to guide a hundred Eskimos in the unfamiliar routine of conducting a coöperative meeting, Snowden and Godt travelled a thousand miles by plane and dog sled. That meeting was interrupted twice, for half a day each time, while the Eskimo men took their dog sleds down to the bay and hunted seals to feed themselves, their families, and their dogs. It was not simply a matter of the Eskimos' running low on food; they were out of it completely. Even their bannock supply had vanished, for their famished dogs had got into the flour bags. Finally, Snowden and Godt dug into some cartons of dehydrated soups and fruits and pudding mixes that they had on hand, and asked me, as the sole woman on the expedition, to help them prepare a meal for the Eskimos. It was the only meal the Eskimos had that day.

The next morning, while Snowden, Godt, and I were waiting for the Eskimos to return from one of their hunting trips, we sat on boxes and tree stumps in a rough cabin and talked about the shift that Canada's Eskimos were making from temporary camps to settlements complete with health stations and schools. Snowden said, "Eskimo food habits have been changing in the new settlements—for the worse. As the Eskimos get more and more



"I guess *this* should make our congressman sit up and take notice!"



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cash in wages—for example, from government work, logging, and construction—they don't hunt and fish on their own so much, and must supplement their diet with purchased food. When they can't catch their own food, which is rich in the protein and fat they need in this cold climate, they eat bannock or our canned foods—which they don't always like the taste of, and which are too high priced and by no means always available, since they must be shipped from the south. I've been thinking for quite a while that what we need in the north is Eskimo canneries for Eskimo foods—walrus, seal, whale, fish, and the rest. An Eskimo-run fishery where there are plenty of whales, or where there is a regular seal-migration route, could bring in more fresh food than could be immediately consumed locally by humans and dogs. This could be canned on the spot and sent all over the Arctic, and Eskimos could buy it in stores. If they decided they didn't want to buy it, we could sell it in the south. A dollop of properly prepared beluga-whale meat on a cracker might make a fine hors d'oeuvre. Either way, the canneries would provide jobs and money for the Eskimos, but what I would hope is that they would like the canned food well enough to buy it themselves."

I remember saying that Arctic canneries sounded like one of the craziest notions I had ever heard of. Snowden kept right on talking. "We've found the fellow to do the canning," he said. "He's a German named Erich Hofmann, and he's in the western Arctic now, working as a chef in a government rehabilitation center. He's made a serious study of cooking methods all over the world. He was once in the French Foreign Legion in Indo-China, where he served as chef for a general. He sleeps only a few hours a night, and in his spare time he experiments with canning and pickling everything that grows. No living thing is safe from him. He has a positively wild interest in preserving food. The Industrial Division is going to hire him, and I believe that within five years he's going to make it possible for the people of the north not only to feed themselves but to make a profit doing it."

Erich Hofmann went to work for the Industrial Division the following spring, and several months ago I learned that after two seasons of experimenting he had canned sufficient Arctic food, of different varieties, to make possible a large-scale survey to see whether the Eskimos liked the new products well enough to justify

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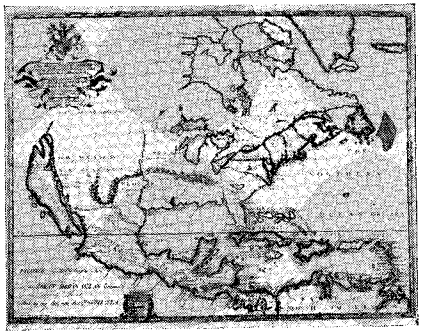

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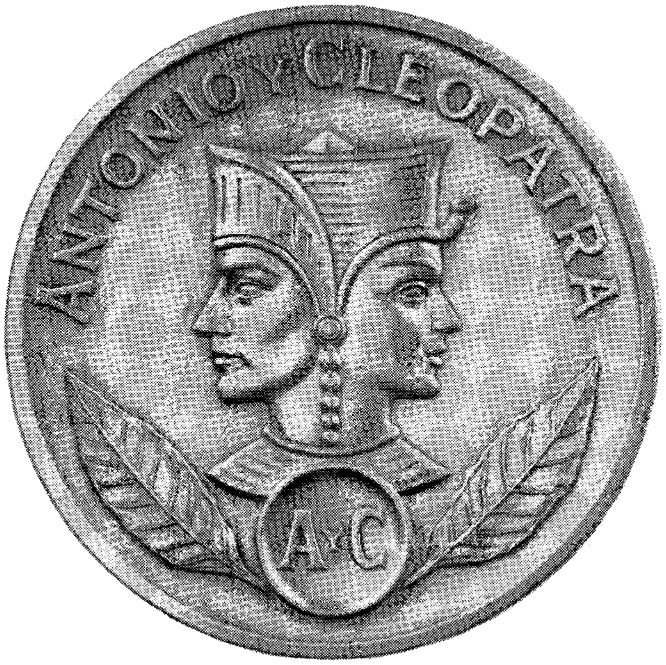

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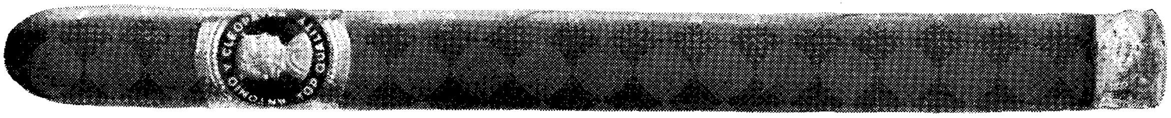

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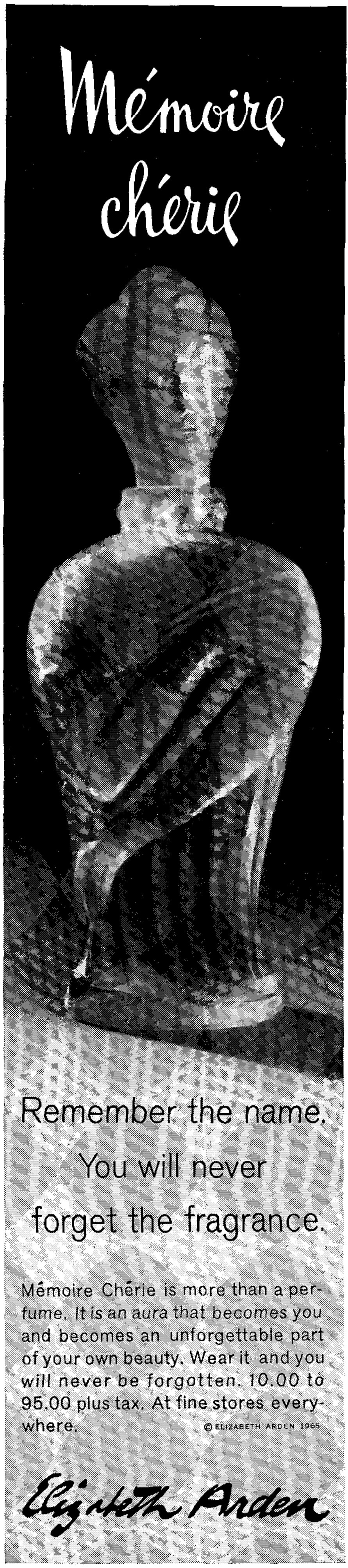

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the establishment of regular Eskimo canneries. There had been some small-scale preliminary testing of canned Arctic meats for both men and dogs, but now sample cans of eighteen kinds of whale and seal products were being distributed in eleven widely separated settlements—in northern Quebec, in the District of Keewatin, and on Baffin Island. The Eskimos were being asked to sample the food and write their opinions of it anonymously on the backs of the can labels. I was told that if I wanted to learn something about the results, I could accompany Snowden and his party when they went north to pick up the labels and talk to the Eskimos.

Probably the most interesting results would come from the District of Keewatin, because the Keewatin communities contained both coastal Eskimos, whose traditional diet was sea animals and freshly caught land game, and inland Eskimos, who were believed to have taboos against eating food from the ocean. The Keewatin, two hundred and twenty-eight thousand square miles of land so bleak and empty that much of it is called the Barren Grounds, lies in the Northwest Territories directly north of Manitoba Province and is known for some of the coldest, windiest weather in the Western Hemisphere. Its only inland settlement is on the shores of a thousand-square-mile body of water called Baker Lake, and is the focal community for the Caribou Eskimos—so called because of their spiritual affinity with and physical dependence on the caribou. I was scheduled to fly by regular airline first to Ottawa and then to Churchill, a Hudson Bay port at the north end of Manitoba. From there, our party would take a chartered plane three hundred miles north and almost two hundred miles inland to Baker Lake Settlement. From Baker Lake, heading first east and then south, we would hop along the coast of Hudson Bay to four more Eskimo settlements: Chesterfield Inlet, Rankin Inlet, Whale Cove, and Eskimo Point.

IN Ottawa, I had a chance to talk with Erich Hofmann, who was momentarily resting between Arctic canning excursions. I found Hofmann, a tense, slender, blond man with cold blue eyes, in a cubicle at Industrial Division headquarters. His desk was piled with canned goods, and the floor was entirely covered with equipment for a small portable cannery, with which, he told me, he had been able since 1962 to preserve about a hundred

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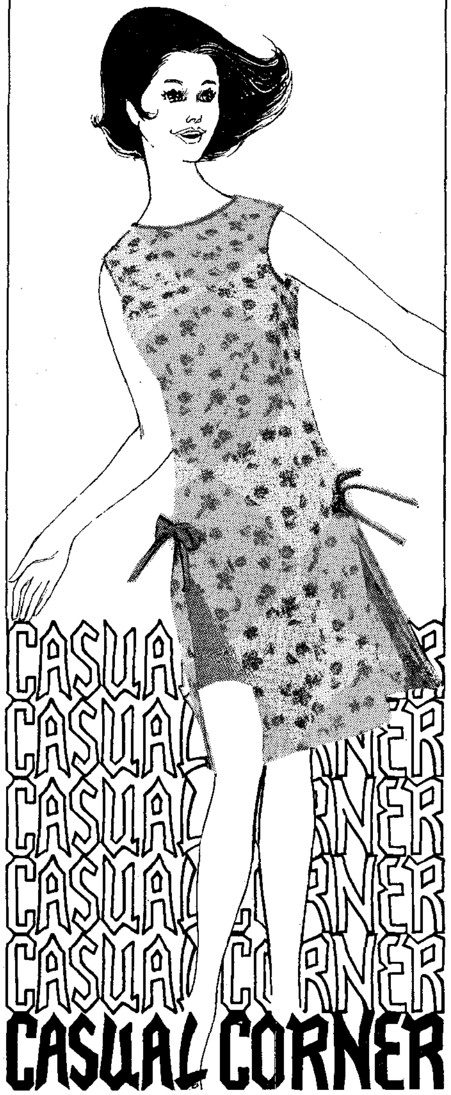

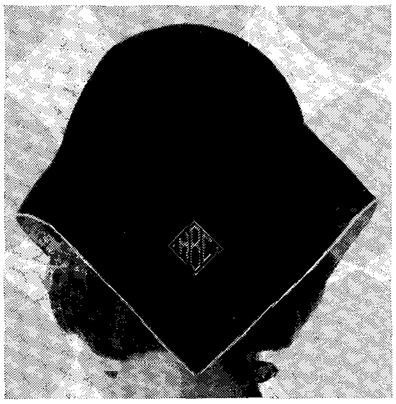

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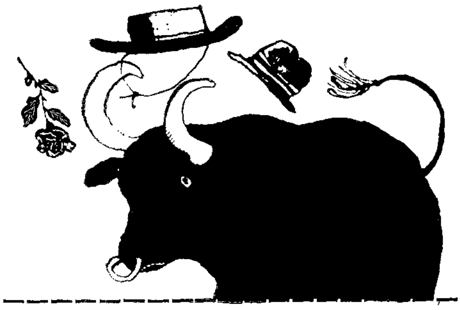

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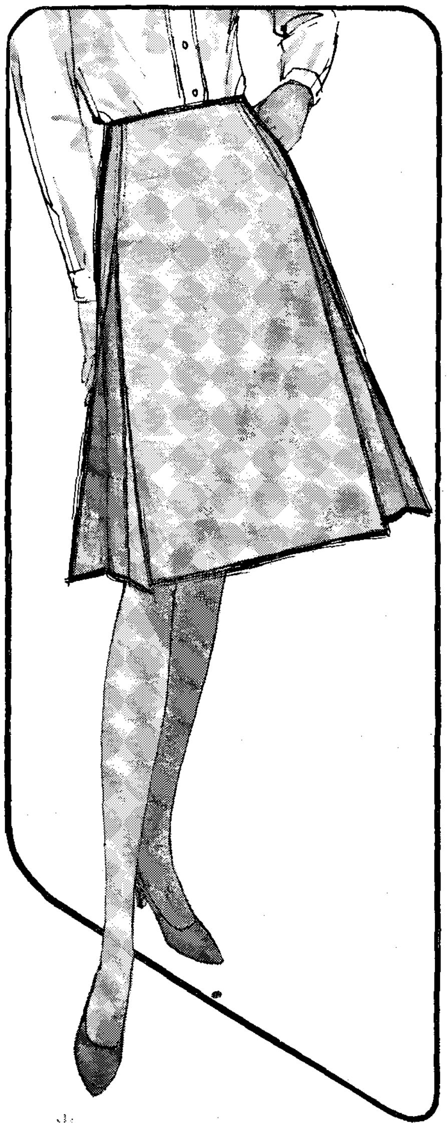

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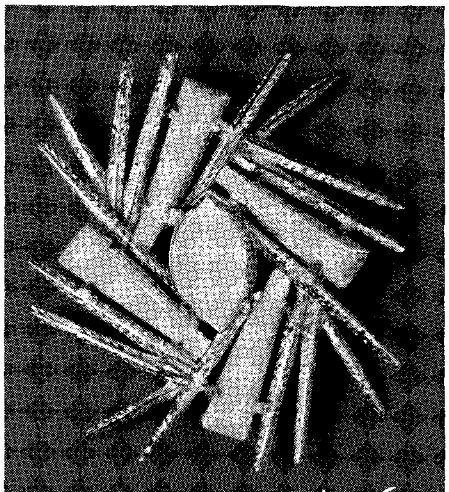
and fifty thousand pounds of experimental Arctic food. As he talked about food, in a heavy German accent, a fanatical light came into his eyes. "My portable cannery cost less than two thousand dollars and it can be set up in a day, yet it can preserve almost fifteen hundred pounds of food daily," he said. "I use propane gas to heat steam retorts. Improvisation is my watchword. Sometimes I have to melt ice for water and then boil it—a dreadful process. Mostly, my troubles are with weather. Bad weather slows down hunting and fishing, and heavy winds blow my tents over. The foods we are testing are seal and whale that I canned in various ways several months ago at Whale Cove, on Hudson Bay. Thirty-eight thousand pounds of seal had been stored there for me in a government freezer, and the Eskimos went out and caught me some beluga whales. Their wives worked late into the night preparing the whale meat for processing."

Hofmann sighed. "The people at Whale Cove are good workers, but when I asked them to help me, I learned that a miserable old man had put a taboo on the cans, so that nobody would touch them. These are primitive people, and a taboo is quickly imposed. I found out too late who the man was. I went away to the Tha-Anne River and canned some whale meat there for a while. Then I came back to Whale Cove and made a friend of that man. I was then able to employ the people I needed for my canning operation."

I asked him to tell me about some of his other efforts at canning northern food, and he said, "I did my first experiments for the Industrial Division in Wood Buffalo National Park, in the Mackenzie District of the Northwest Territories. I canned buffalo pemmican, buffalo brisket, corned buffalo brisket, buffalo soups, and two kinds of buffalo sausage. Then I went farther north, to Inuvik, in the western Arctic, and canned salt herring, pickled herring, muskrat pepperonis, pickled smoked muskrat, and whale meat loaf. I intend to keep right on going. You have to know the Eskimos before you find out what they really want. They like caribou, and I make it so nice, like beefsteak. But there is not much caribou, and by law it cannot be sold through commercial channels. In the central Arctic, the people at Eskimo Point, some of whom still live in snow-houses, like spiced foods. At Whale Cove, I found primarily raw-meat eaters—a different people altogether. They have plenty of fresh meat all year



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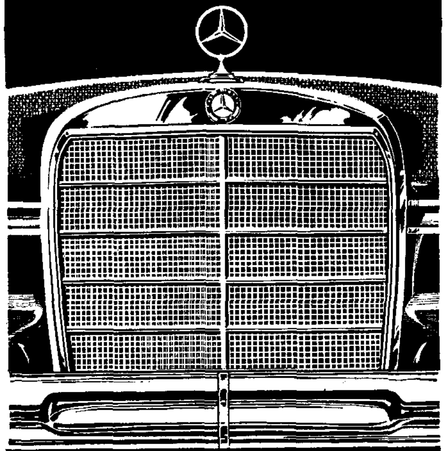

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round, which was why we picked the place for our canning. In the east, at Port Burwell, where the Eskimos catch many seals, they want the complete flavor of fresh seal in the cans. No spices. In the west, I added cloves to take away tastes and odors strange to the people. In my travels, I also put up lake trout, cod, whitefish, and Arctic char in cans. Char is like salmon, but not so juicy, and it sticks to the sides of the cans, so I had to add brine. As for seal, I have canned seal meat with onion sauce, also seal flippers and seal heart sweet and sour, and I make a very fine seal-liver pâté. I have to keep experimenting. I am also canning food for the Eskimos' dogs, and I've just found out that I did not put enough whale oil in the food for the dogs in the Mackenzie Delta. The Eskimos said the dogs sat down and made funny faces. In the Keewatin, the dogs thought there was enough oil."

As I rose to leave, Hofmann said, "The general opinion is that we have a market for our stuff. During your trip, you will see. I think we will have plenty of market in the north, and, besides, lots of people are asking for our products in the south, so we can send our surplus there. You will see."

FROM Ottawa, our party of four flew twelve hundred miles north to Churchill, where we spent the night in a small wooden hotel. The temperature was twenty below zero, but I found the air crisp and invigorating. At nine-thirty the next morning, I waited in bright sunshine to board a large red single-engined, ski-equipped plane, a Canadian model called an Otter, which would carry our group around Keewatin. After the pilot and co-pilot had loaded the plane with valises, sleeping bags, and supplies, we climbed aboard and settled ourselves in metal seats on each side of a narrow aisle piled with equipment that we were to deliver at various points. Sitting in front of me was the other female member of our group, Sheila Stiven, a Scottish-born young woman who was the Industrial Division's crafts supervisor, and who had come along to discuss crafts activities with the Eskimos and with her field staff while we checked the results of the food tests. Across the aisle from me was Snowden, and in front of him was Gordon Gibson, who had recently been appointed Executive Assistant to the Minister of Northern Affairs and National Resources, Arthur Laing. Gibson, a pleasant, studious young Canadian in horn-rimmed glasses, is a graduate of Harvard Business School,

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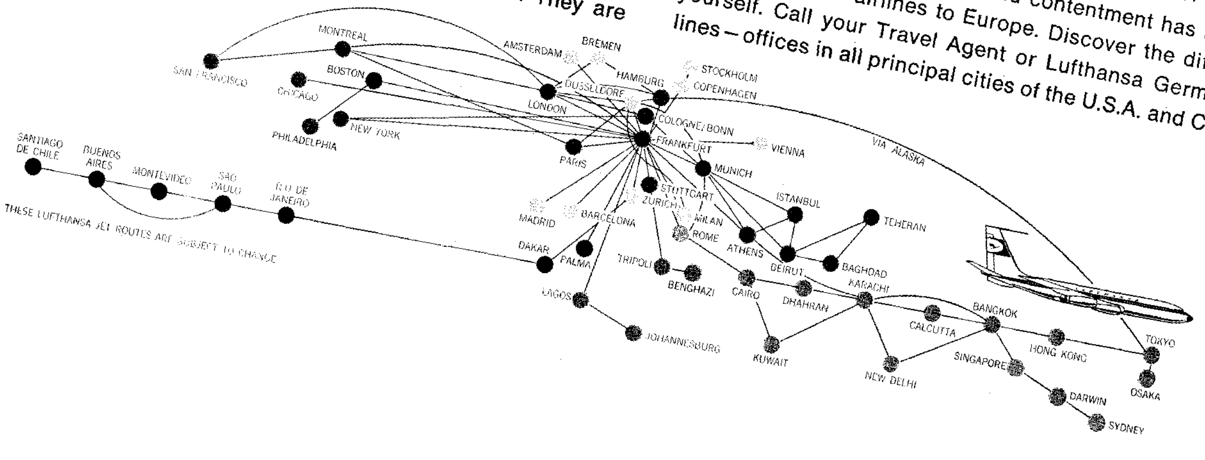
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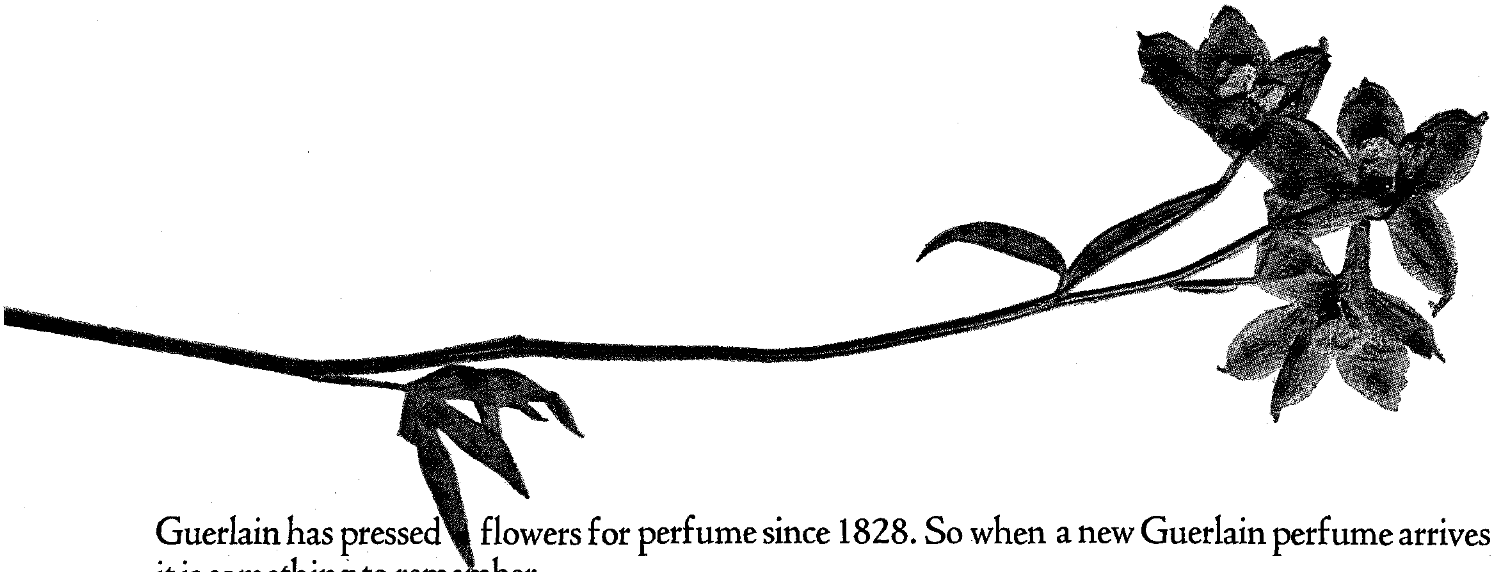

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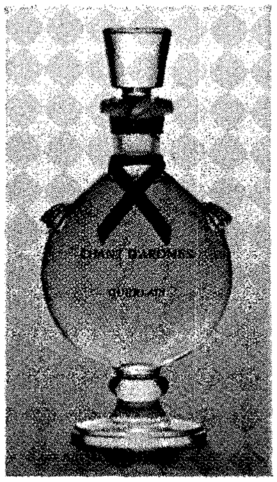

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and he was on his first Arctic inspection tour. All of us, including the pilots, were dressed in the usual northern attire—parkas, heavy pants, boots, and mittens.

Now the plane trembled with the effort to build power, everything loose inside it rattled and vibrated, and I held my breath while we rose and I got a full view of the majestic Arctic landscape. Soon, peering out through my small window, I could see dark leads of open water in the ice of Hudson Bay and the small shadows of snowdrifts on the white ground below; the scene became a white-on-white abstract painting of limitless proportions. It was intensely cold in the plane at first. The cabin gradually grew warmer, but there was never enough heat for me to remove my parka. Just as I was wondering if our engine wasn't making a more than usually deafening noise, Snowden said, "The Otter sounds different from any other plane to me—like a great big washing machine. It's a wonderful plane, and I have a sense of security in an Otter that I don't get in any of the smaller aircraft they use up here." He pulled off his mitts and lit a cigarette. "One of these days, single-engined aircraft based in Arctic settlements will pay their own way by flying trappers to their trap lines and back and flying seal hunters out to the floe edge. Every year, the sled dog is of less importance in the north," he went on. "More and more, the Eskimos are following their trap lines not with dogs but with small gasoline-driven motor vehicles—called Ski-Doos and Autoboggans—which have tractor treads in back and skis in front. And these little machines can be transported by plane right to the trap lines."

Snowden opened his dispatch case and pulled out some papers. "Each of the types of food we're trying out has been tested in a government laboratory and given a high rating for cleanliness and nutritional value," he said. "All of Hofmann's recipes will be given to Eskimo canning plants if production seems justified. Incidentally, the first time Eskimos ever bought food that they had formerly been used to catching themselves was in 1959, when we set up an Eskimo fishery for Arctic char at Frobisher Bay, on Baffin Island. Now we've sent out a letter to the various Eskimo councils explaining that whales and seals, which can be caught easily in summer, have been put in cans for eating during the winter, when animals are hard to catch and the people are hungry for meat. We ask the

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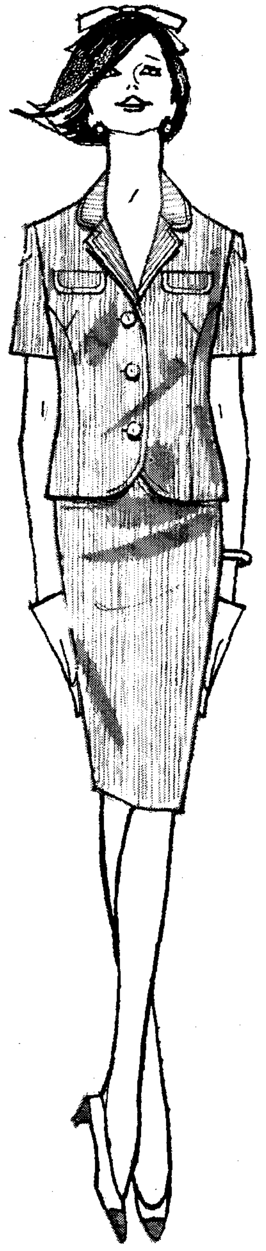

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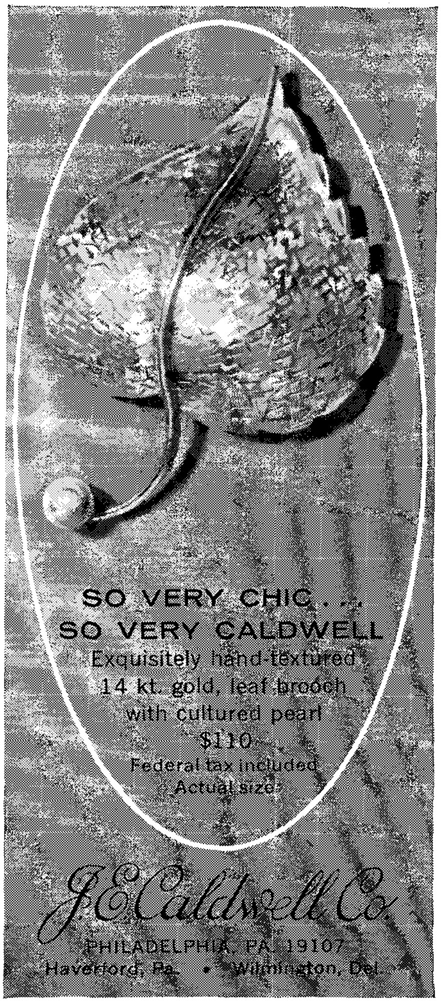
people to tell us the truth about whether they like the meat in the cans and whether they like it well enough to buy it at the same price as the white man's food. We've had preliminary reports from Povungnituk and from Great Whale River, on the east coast of Hudson Bay. At Povungnituk, Eskimo fishermen took some of the canned food out in their boat, and when they were stranded by a storm, they ate it. Their opinion of it has been reported as 'most favorable.' Several white people at Povungnituk tasted it and were also enthusiastic. The Hudson's Bay Company storekeeper said that if the Eskimos liked it, he would accept it for retailing at a price lower than competitive southern canned goods. At Great Whale River, the members of the Eskimo council met, tasted the food, and announced that they would like to can their own whale and seal meat and sell it through their coöperative store. They had definite preferences. They liked best whale meat cooked in gravy without salt or spices, and liked least the seal tripe cooked in gravy with rice, tomatoes, and onions. They advised that more fat be left on the whale *muktuk*, which is the outer layer of whale skin—an Eskimo delicacy. The council members also suggested that seals caught in summer and fall would be better for canning than spring seals, and that females would be better than males, and they told us that the younger the seals were, the better they tasted. They liked the Eskimo syllabic printing we put on our can labels. Since syllabics are the only written language the eastern Eskimos have, this is the first time they've been able to tell from the label what's inside a can."

Halfway between Churchill and Baker Lake, our pilot received an emergency radio call from a settlement we had just passed over, asking that we go back and pick up a family of four who had been passengers on a DC-3 that had developed engine trouble and had been forced to land. Our plane circled back on its course and, an hour later, came down bumpily on a small landing strip at the edge of Hudson Bay. An Otter, I now learned, has a normal passenger capacity of nine or more, and our baggage had to be pushed into the center aisle to free some unused seats behind us. A little girl, a woman carrying a baby, and a middle-aged man scrambled on board. The man, it turned out, was the school principal at Baker Lake. His wife told me, as she opened a handbag, took out a bottle, and gave it to the baby, that they had had to leave their luggage,



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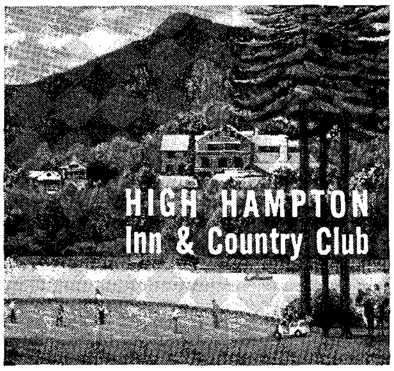

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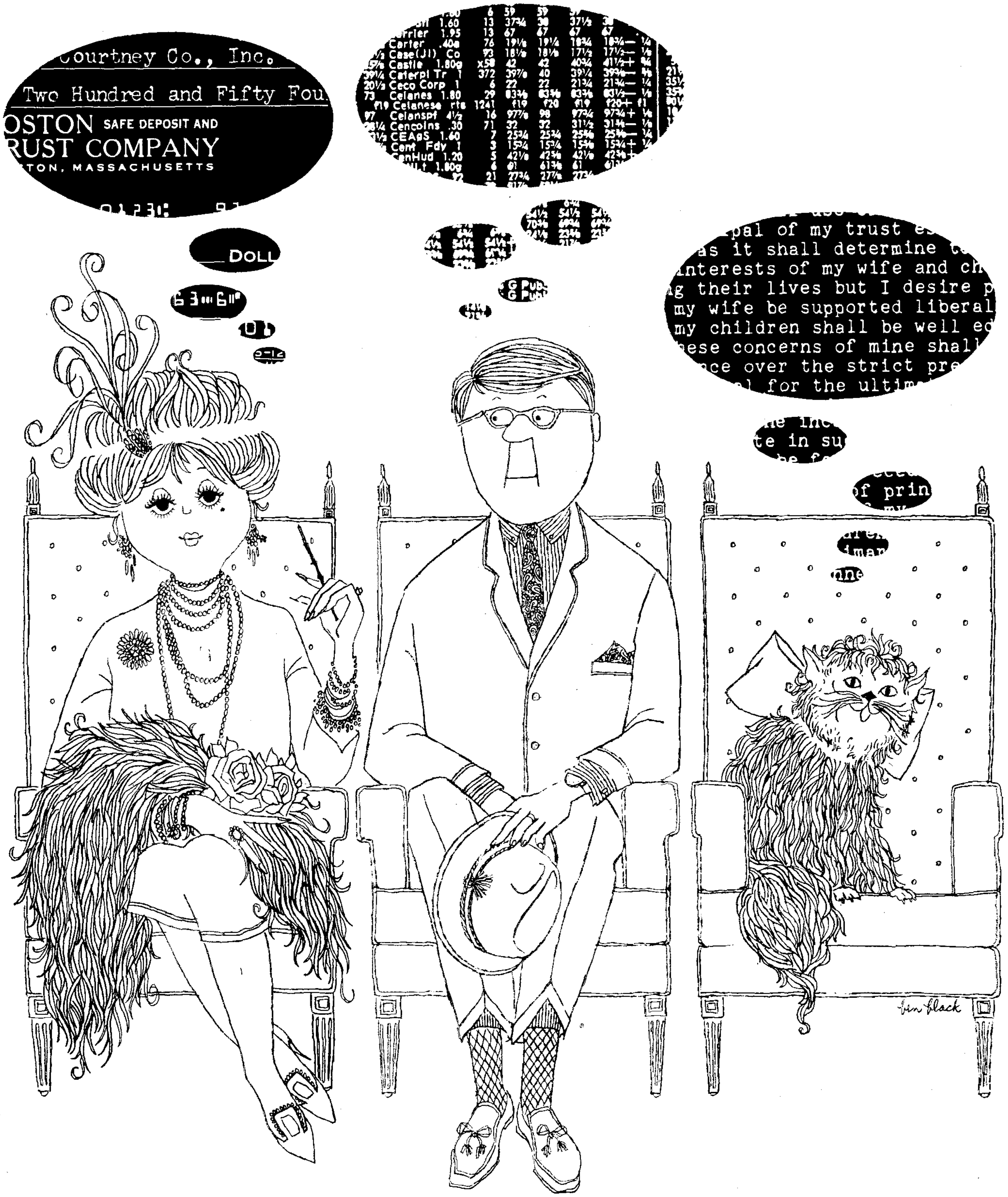
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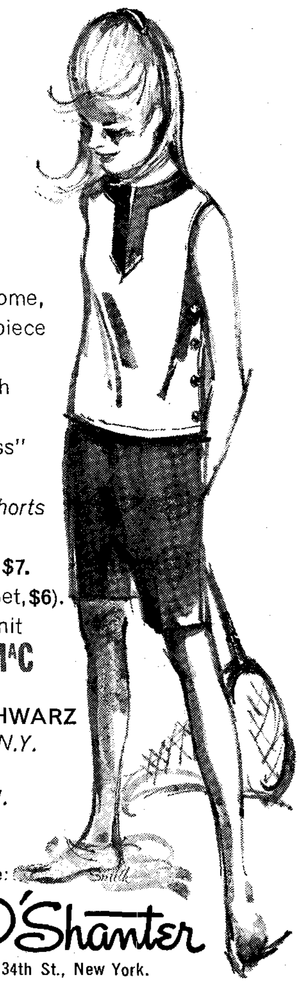
containing most of their clothing, on the crippled plane, and had no idea when they would see it again. Our plane began to taxi for a takeoff but was brought up short when its skis scraped on something that felt to me like rock. The pilot later told me it was drift snow that had been blown and pulled by the wind until it was actually as hard as rock, and could easily have knocked the undercarriage off the plane. Now he turned the plane in circles, rolling and twisting it, in an effort to get it airborne. The skis shrieked, and the passengers were shivering, because the co-pilot had opened his window to see better. A buslike vehicle that Snowden told me was a Snowmobile, which had tractor treads at the rear and skis in front, like the machines he had described earlier, came slowly out from the settlement, and a Royal Canadian Mounted Policeman and several Eskimos got out. They began to rock our plane by hand to free it, and suddenly it bounced hard three times along the ground and we rose into the air.

THREE hours later, we arrived at Baker Lake, settling down on a landing strip marked off by red kerosene cans on the frozen ripples of the lake's surface. We were met by the administrator of the settlement, Barry Gunn, in a Snowmobile. After driving skillfully up the gently sloping shore of the lake and winding among snowdrifts and houses, he deposited Miss Stiven and me at a small prefabricated cottage. This turned out to have a gleaming modern kitchen and bath with every convenience but one—running water. Gunn explained that a vital valve was missing from the water system of the building, and that we had therefore been supplied with an enormous container of lake water, which we were to boil on the stove for cooking and washing. After we had done our unpacking, which consisted mainly of unrolling our sleeping bags onto the beds, we walked over to visit Gunn and his family, whose house was nearby. He is a short Scotsman with blond, wispy hair, a soft burr, and a mild look of surprise, who came to the Arctic some years ago as a schoolteacher and married an Eskimo girl. They have five children, and as Miss Stiven and I came in, Mrs. Gunn was giving the three older ones their supper. Gunn, Snowden, and Gibson were deep in a discussion of community problems, so I glanced over Gunn's small library, which seemed to be one of the best collections of books about the north



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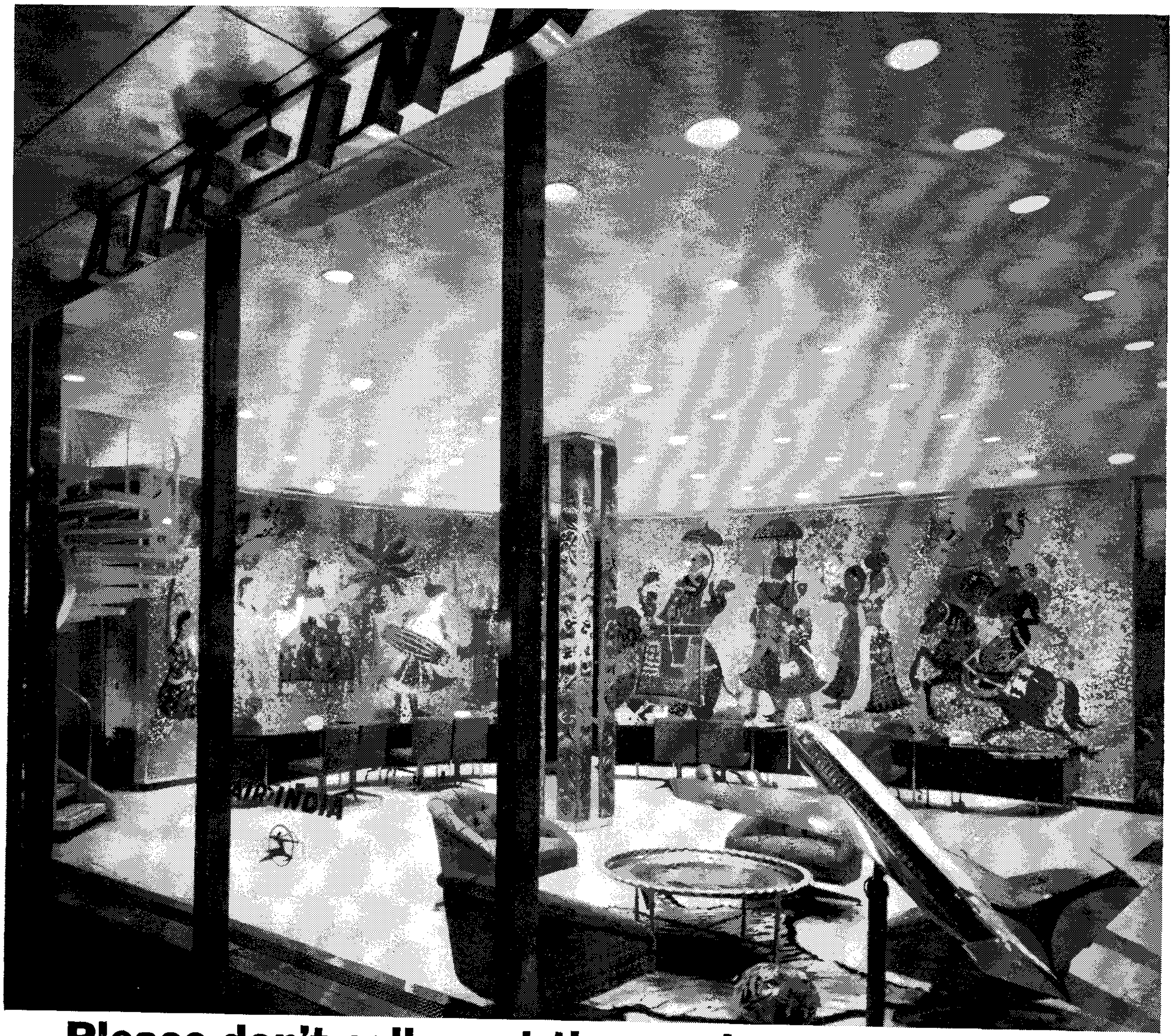

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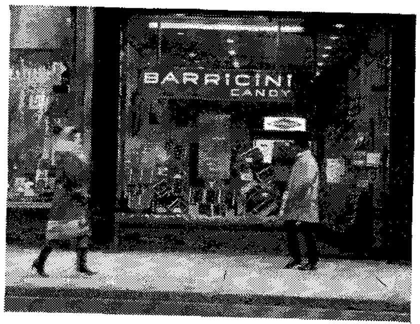

A SWEET WAY TO REMEMBER WHERE AIR-INDIA ISN'T.

I had seen. Half listening to the conversation, I soon realized that Gunn obviously had one of the most difficult areas in the Arctic to administer. Of a total of nearly five hundred Caribou Eskimos, three hundred and fifty live in the settlement of Baker Lake itself, and the others are scattered in primitive camps along the surrounding lakes and rivers in a region so desolate and devoid of resources that, in the years before 1958, when the government assumed responsibility for their welfare, many of them died of starvation. Being on relief has further demoralized people already listless from years of inadequate diet. However, the Industrial Division had recently discovered that these primitive people possessed considerable artistic talent, and it was now encouraging them to do some remarkable stone sculpture—the sale of which, it was hoped, would improve their economic lot. Snowden was particularly interested in the Baker Lake Eskimos' reception of the canned products, because, as the most primitive of the inland Eskimos, they were believed to have strong taboos against eating food from the sea—or, as they called it, animals without legs. I had heard that the Caribou Eskimos were among the strangest people on earth, resisting change, stubbornly pursuing their wild way of life. Gunn said that he had not yet had a chance to conduct full-scale tests among them but that he was not optimistic, and he promised to send Snowden the full results later.

After a while, Gunn excused himself to take care of some administrative duties. Snowden and Miss Stiven were conferring with the crafts officer for the Baker Lake region, Gabriel Gély, a cadaverous Frenchman with a long red beard, so Gibson and I decided to take a walk around the community. The Baker Lake Eskimos were very different from any I had previously seen. Most Eskimos laugh readily, but these people were silent and rarely so much as smiled. Many looked prematurely old, and some, whom I guessed to be in their sixties, were, I later learned from Gunn, twenty years younger. Quite a few still wore the fringed caribou-skin parkas peculiar to this area, but far more wore ragged, threadbare parkas of clay-colored cloth, which heightened the tragic cast of their dark, sad faces. When Gunn took us all to call on the Roman Catholic missionary, Father Joseph Choque, in his study in a small red shingle church beside the lake, the priest leaned against the geranium-lined sill of a window that overlooked the water, and said, in a soft

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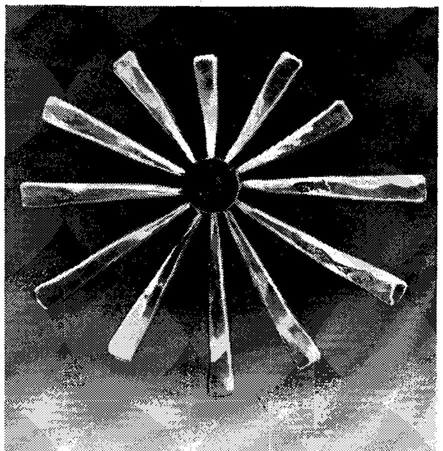

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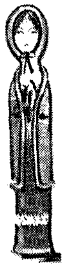

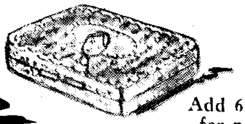

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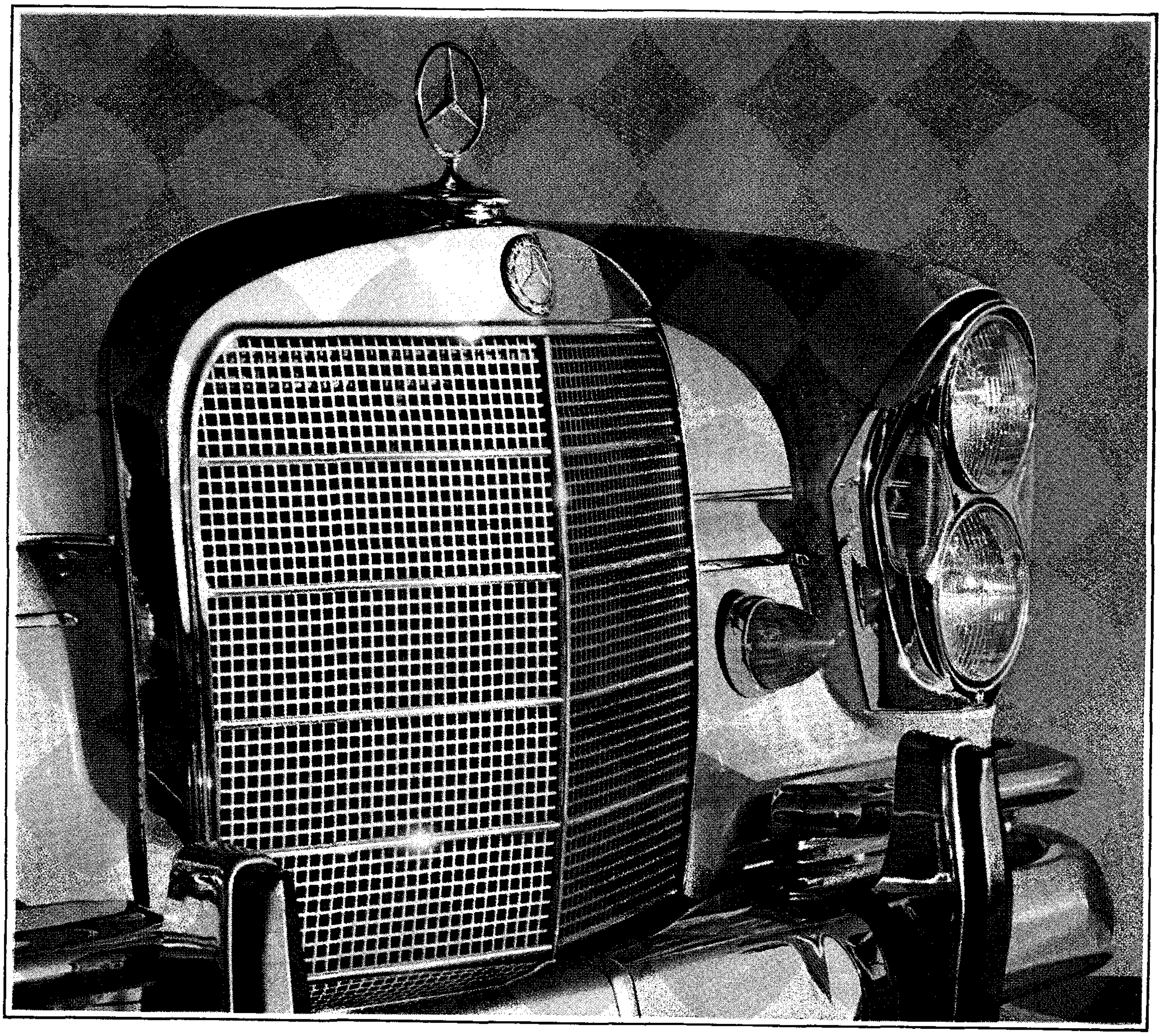

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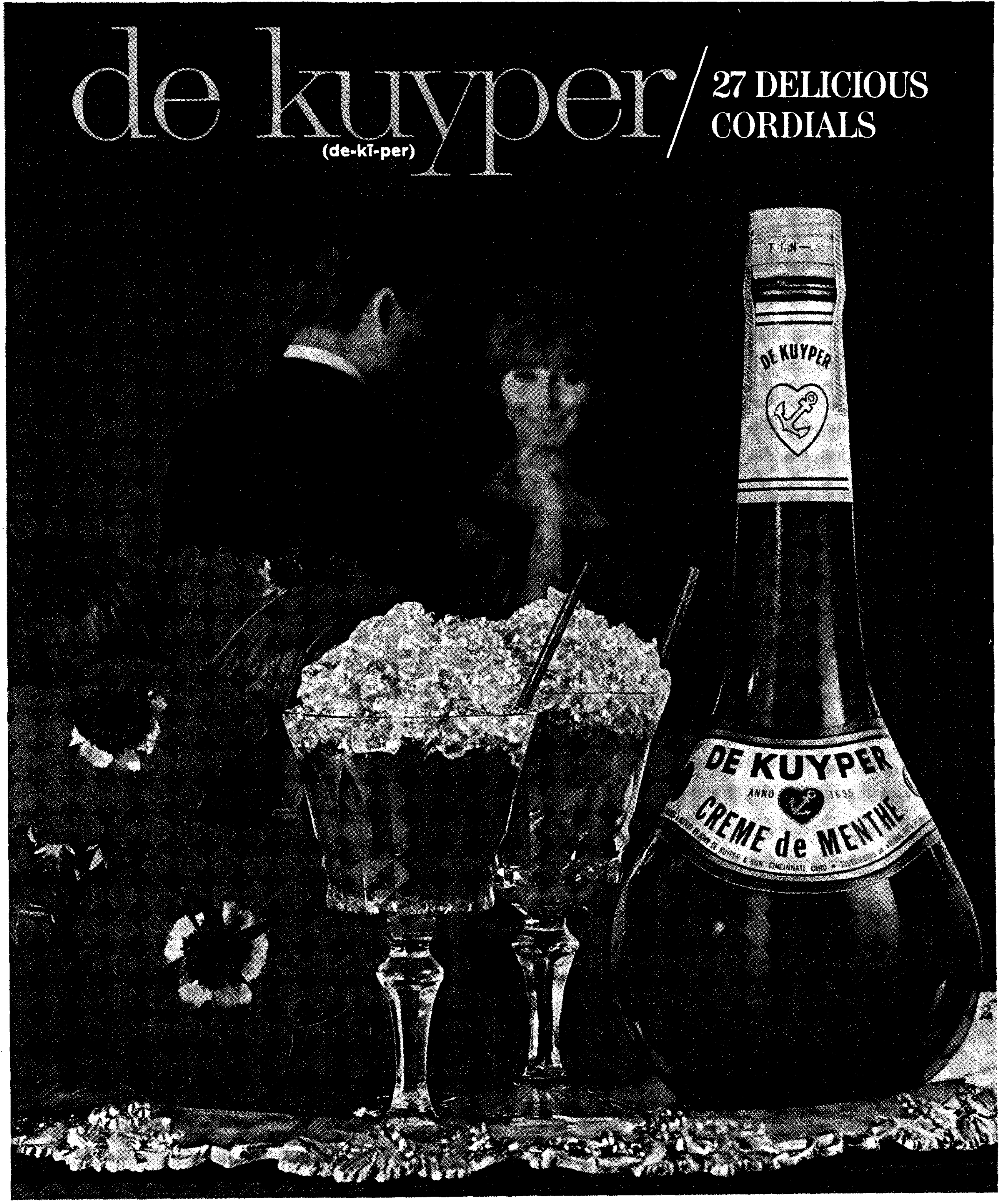
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French accent, "Here, each family has lost someone—often its leader—from starvation. The stone carvings are a help, for some of the Eskimos now finally have money for food. But if they had more spirit, they would all have more courage to work and go hunting, and leaders would show themselves. Now every family thinks only of itself."

WE left the following morning, taking Gély with us, and for two hours our plane followed a long, narrow estuary that connected Baker Lake with Hudson Bay. At the entrance to the ice-filled bay, we swung down to land at the small settlement of Chesterfield Inlet. As we descended, I could see a cluster of cream-colored frame buildings, which, I was told, included a Roman Catholic mission and a school for Eskimo students from Chesterfield and other parts of the Arctic. The buildings looked old-fashioned and comforting, rising two or three stories on a bleak and rocky point. When we got out of the plane, a vigorous middle-aged priest in a black parka strode toward us. After greeting Snowden, who introduced him to us as Father Ducharme, he asked us all to lunch at the mission. We were expected, for Father Choque, at Baker Lake, had told Father Ducharme over the shortwave radio the previous night that we would be spending the afternoon at Chesterfield Inlet. All through the Arctic, there is constant radio communication between settlements, especially at night when the priests and teachers set aside special hours to talk with one another. I have sometimes stood outside in the profound silence of the evening and felt that I could almost hear the chattering of innumerable radio voices over the invisible waves around me. The radios are most responsible for the tight-knit, small-town quality that unites the widely scattered communities of each northern area into an entity.

Father Ducharme led the way to the mission, his steel-rimmed glasses steaming in the cold, his black habit beneath his black parka flapping about his booted ankles. On the ground floor of the two-story mission hospital, we entered a dining room, where the first thing that caught my eye was a bowl of white hyacinths standing on a sideboard below a crucifix that hung on a white wall trimmed in blue. We were joined by our pilots, and by a young lay teacher named George Demeule, and we all took our places at a long table, covered with printed oilcloth, which

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held platters of steaming food, presided over by the school principal, a nun named Sister Arcand. She was almost six feet tall and wore a sweeping tan robe, over which were the usual black-and-white garments of a nun; a heavy silver crucifix hung from her waist, and her head was encased in a short black headdress with a stiff white inset, which encircled a round and beaming face.

After a sumptuous meal of chicken soup, meatballs, several vegetables, plums, and homemade cake, Snowden turned to Sister Arcand and said, "Well, Sister, I am pleased to see you looking so healthy, since I hear you ate some of our canned whale *muktuk*."

There was a shout of laughter from Sister Arcand. "I was the only one who did—the other sisters didn't dare to," she said. "I was sick for three days. I couldn't look at food—not even coffee. Oh! Oh! I was so disturbed! They said it was my imagination. They asked me, 'Sister, *haven't* you ever been hungry?' Gracious! I would have to be *really* hungry! That smell of oil lingered all through the school!"

Snowden was grinning. "Sister, I'll bet you eat *muktuk* secretly every night," he said. Shaking her head, she laughed again, and removed her glasses to wipe her eyes. "What about the Eskimos? Have they tried it?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," she said. "We distributed all the cans to the adults in the community six weeks ago. The labels have been returned with their comments, and we have them here for you. We let the children have a taste, too."

Demeule spoke up. "It was like a party with the children. I had two grades in for coffee and cookies, and they passed up the cookies in favor of the *muktuk*. I was surprised at how much they consumed. About half of the children have been sent here from Igloolik, which is five hundred miles away, near Baffin Island, and they have seal and whale at home. I helped distribute the canned goods to the local adults, too. When they came here for our weekly movie, I made an announcement. I said, 'If you wish to go to the kitchen, Sister Arcand will give you some cans of new food.' "

"And did they go?" Snowden asked eagerly.

"Yes, yes, they all came," Sister Arcand said. "We had just enough cans to go around."

"Could I meet with the Eskimos?" Snowden asked. "Do you think they would talk?"

"Oh, yes, they like meetings," the

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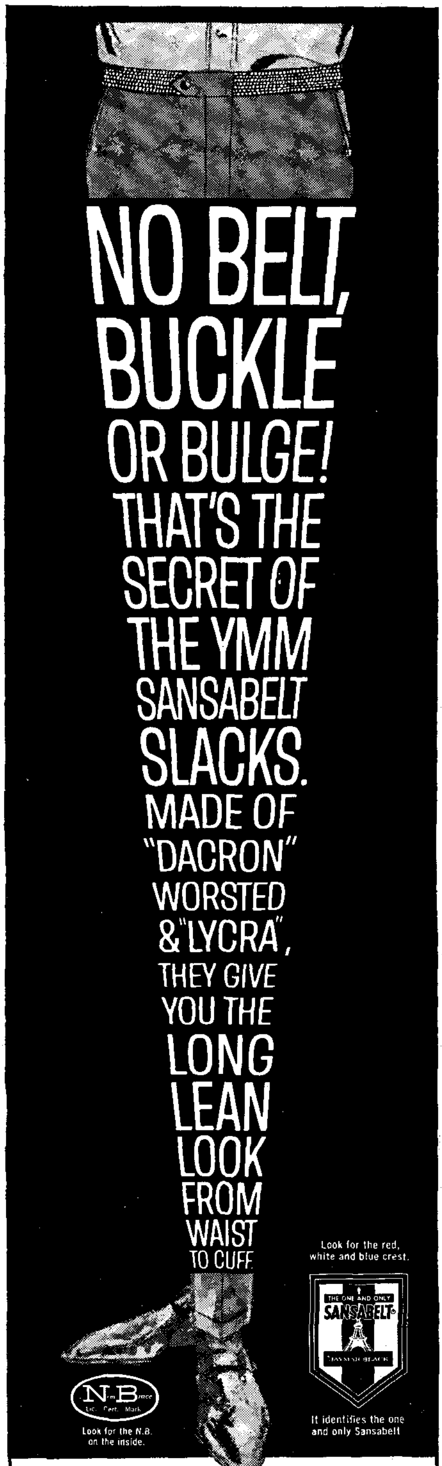
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teacher said. "It will only take a few minutes to round most of them up."

It was decided that the meeting would be held in the schoolhouse, a single-story, four-room building facing the bay, and we put on our parkas and hurried over there. We sat down at small desks in the primary classroom, and Snowden began looking over the can labels that Sister Arcand had saved for him. Soon we were joined by about sixty of the settlement's one hundred and forty Eskimos—old men, a few young ones who were not out hunting that day, and women of all ages, carrying babies in bright-colored parka hoods. Several boys in blue jeans and blue shirts came in, too. They were students at the school, and, with one of them acting as interpreter, Snowden explained to the Eskimos why we had come.

"It is very important to find out whether people in the north like these foods or not," he said. "Tell us what you *really* think of them." He began holding up the various products, which were all in twenty-ounce cans of the sort commonly seen in our own grocery stores. The various kinds of whale meat bore red-and-white labels on which was a drawing of an Eskimo sitting in a kayak holding a harpoon aloft. Seal-meat foods had green-and-white labels, with a drawing of a standing Eskimo holding a seal on the end of a line. At the top of each can were two uncapitalized words—"ilkalu brand"—and below was the message in English:

> PRODUCT OF CANADA
> A fish delicacy produced by Canadian Eskimos under supervision of the Department of Northern Affairs and National Resources.

The contents of each can were described in Eskimo syllabics at the top of the label and in English at the bottom. Besides whale *muktuk*—smoked or plain in oil—and *muktuk* sausage, there were, among others, smoked whale meat, whale meat in gravy, whale meat in gravy with onions and tomatoes, whale meatballs, whale heart, smoked seal meat, seal meatballs, seal pemmican, seal flippers, and seal tripe in gravy.

Snowden held up a can of smoked seal meat and said, "Some of you didn't like it. Why?"

A young man said, "It's just meat. I can eat it, but I don't like it."

"That's the way I feel about it, too," Snowden replied.

Another man said, "I didn't like it, because I'd never eaten smoked meat before."

Snowden called out to the schoolboys,

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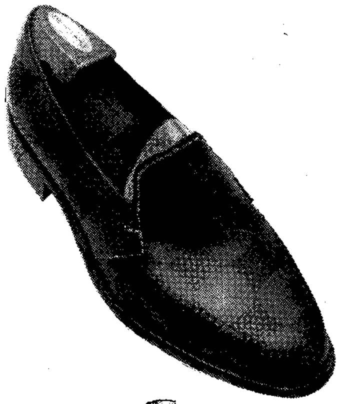

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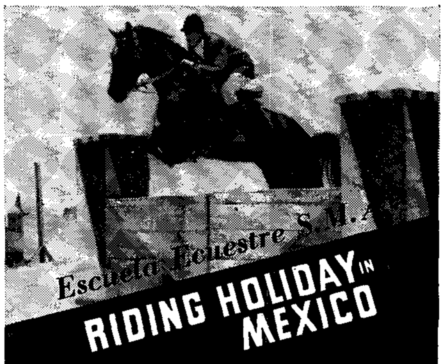

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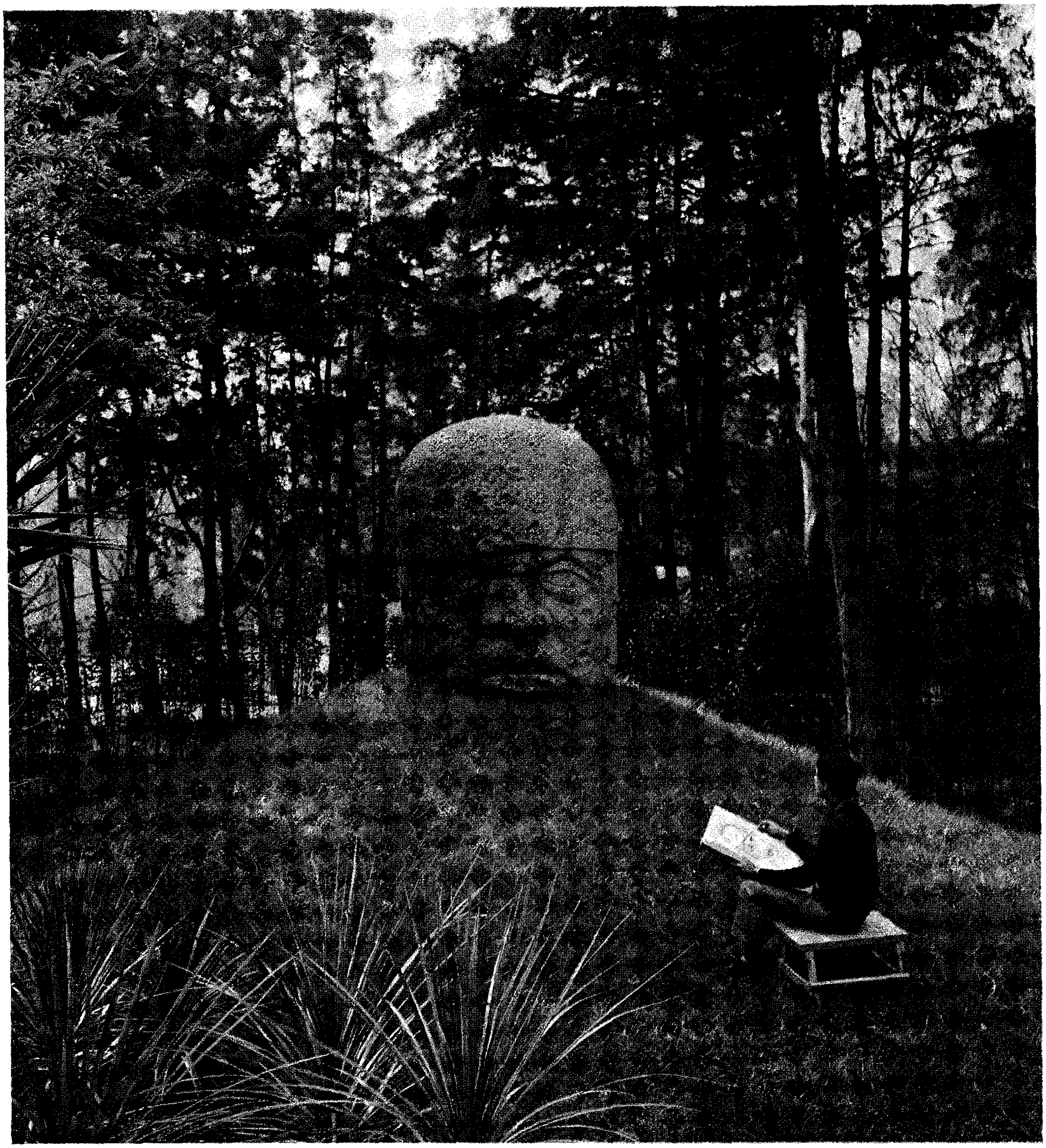

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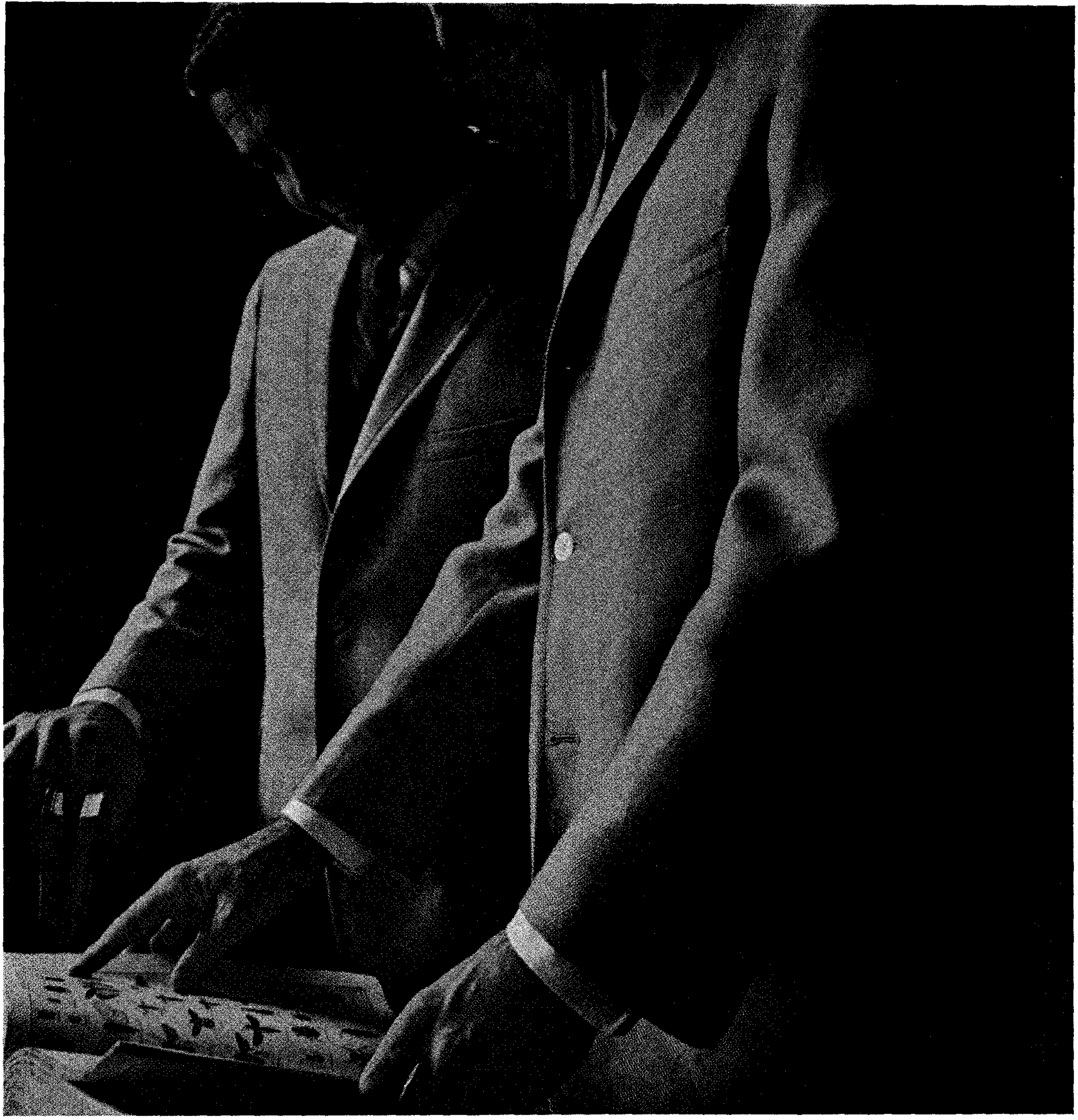

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who were sitting in the back of the room, "You boys—you've tried some, eh?"

"I like the smoked meat," one replied, in English. "But I like the seal meat with no gravy better. Just the meat. Only it tastes a little different from fresh meat."

An elderly Eskimo raised his hand. "The whale meat without salt tasted like earth," he said.

One of the women raised her hand, smiling self-consciously. "I like whale meatballs with onions," she said. "I like them warm."

A man added, "I like this one, too," and another said, "Yes, I can eat it."

Finally, Snowden held up a can of *muktuk* sausage, and it was greeted with enthusiasm. "If you could buy this in the Hudson's Bay Company store, would you?" he asked.

"Yes! Yes!" several voices called out.

"Why does everybody like this?" Snowden asked.

"The taste," a woman said.

"How do you like to have it?" Snowden asked.

"Heated," said a young woman.

"Cold," said an elderly man.

Snowden asked the Eskimos whether they would buy *muktuk* sausage in preference to a Canadian commercial luncheon meat called Klik, and they all said they would.

When the Eskimos had departed, Snowden sat down with the interpreter, who went carefully through the comments on the backs of the returned can labels. Some of the labels bore comments in syllabics such as "I don't like this meat" or "Not for food," but many more bore the notation "ᒪᒪᑐ"—syllabics for "This tastes good." When Snowden totted up the results, he found that the three kinds of *muktuk* and the seal meatballs were the best liked, and the whale meatballs the least popular.

Since few Arctic airfields are equipped for night operations, we were anxious to leave Chesterfield Inlet before dark, but first Sister Arcand wanted to take us on a quick tour of the student quarters. It was a three-story building, in which we saw a boys' and a girls' dormitory, with neat rows of beds, and with young Eskimos standing at the doorways and smiling shyly when we walked in. We also peered into the dining room, which was furnished with long wooden tables and benches, and into a spotless kitchen, where a brown-haired young nun was busy at the stove. On the way out, Sister Arcand marched us into a large

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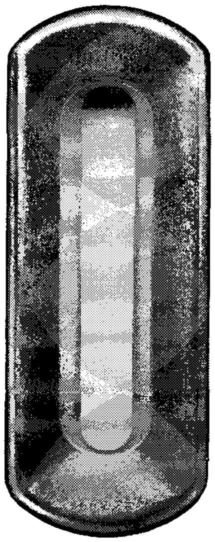

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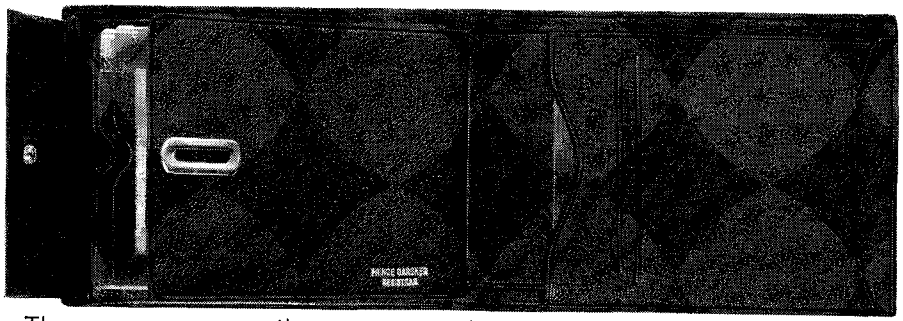

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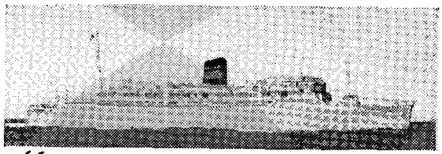
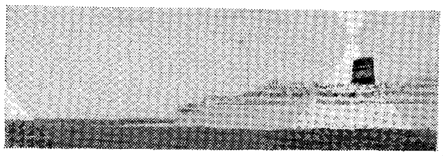
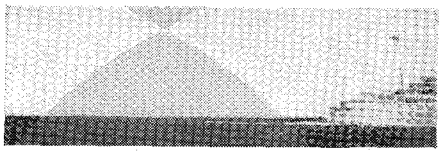
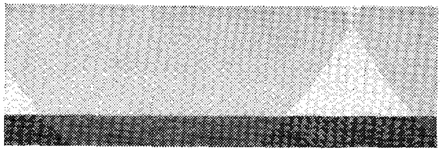
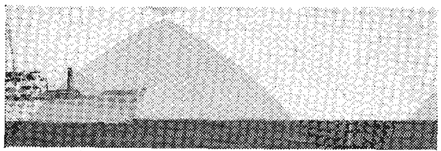
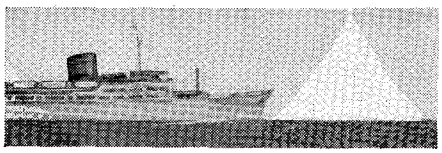

“You mean you actually never

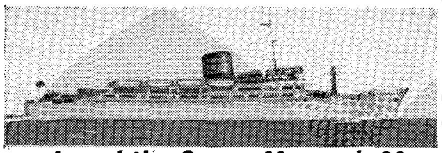

sailed off on a great cruise


on the Queen of Bermuda?


You must lead an empty life.”


“Not at all. I sailed off


on a really great cruise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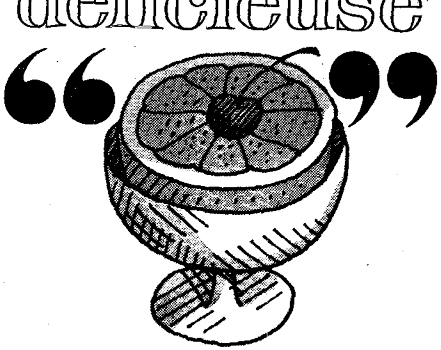
walk-in icebox—a suitable acclimatization for the biting outdoor air and for the frigid interior of our waiting plane.

As we buckled our seat belts, Gabriel Gély, who was sitting behind me, leaned forward and remarked on how readily the Chesterfield Inlet Eskimos had responded to Snowden's questioning. “At Baker Lake, I don't believe one Eskimo would stand up and talk like that,” he said.

THE *flight took us only forty-five* minutes, but the sun had set and it had begun to get dark by the time we arrived at Rankin Inlet. This settlement was established in 1957 as the site of the North Rankin Nickel Mines, Ltd., which functioned only until 1962, when the quality ore ran out. The mine operators, instead of importing unskilled labor from the south, had recruited Eskimos from all over the Keewatin. Some of the Eskimos returned to their original settlements after the mine shut down, but more than three hundred remained at Rankin, and many of these had to go on relief. The Industrial Division had been considering the idea of establishing tourist camps or small industries to revive the economy, and Snowden wanted Gély to see some pottery that the Eskimos had produced at the instigation of a new crafts officer.

From inside a black Snowmobile that met our plane, I peered out at rows of small lighted houses, some with brightly illuminated vestibules made of translucent ice blocks. We pulled up in front of a very long wooden building, which looked lower than it actually was because snow had drifted almost to the tops of its windows. Directly beyond it was the large complex of the closed mine, its tall, narrow shaft building rising bold and black against the deep-blue sky. We got out and entered the long wooden structure, which had formerly been the mine bunkhouse and was now being used by the Department of Northern Affairs for a health station, a crafts workshop, and transient accommodations. Passing a neat white dispensary room, where an Eskimo woman was sitting on the edge of a high hospital bed, we walked down a long corridor with small bedrooms on both sides. Farther along, we came to a large central area that contained kitchen equipment, a handsome old pool table, and some wooden dining tables. Here we were served dinner by a buxom, red-haired woman with glasses, who introduced herself as Mrs. Frances Wipfler, and who told me that she and her husband had migrated to Canada

Moi, je suis délicieuse



[tr: “I am delicious” said the grapefruit]

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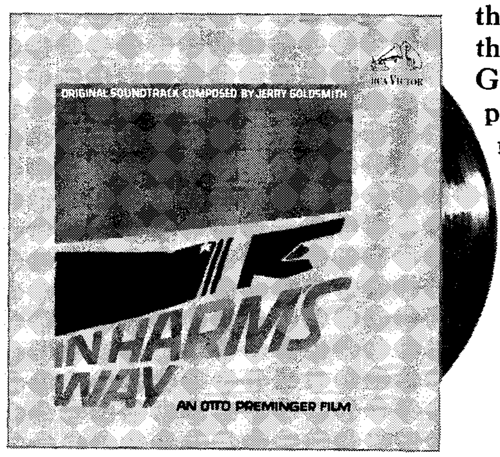
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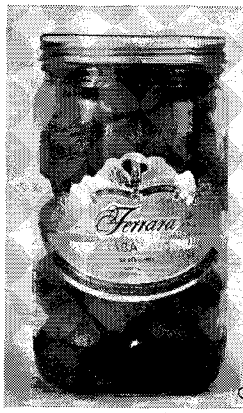
from Munich several years earlier. After the meal, the men were assigned sleeping quarters in the bunkhouse, and Miss Stiven and I were shown to a nearby cottage, similar to the one we had used at Baker Lake, except that here the water system was working only too well. When I turned on the cold tap, the water gushed forth boiling hot, and in the course of our stay, which lasted two days, we learned that in order to get the water cool enough to brush our teeth, we had to leave the tap running all the time. Because the ground is partly frozen even in summer, Rankin has what is known as a "utilidor" water system, with pipes running from building to building aboveground inside foot-square wooden ducts. Directly inside each duct is a large metal pipe, and inside that are three smaller ones, carrying cold water, hot water, and steam; the steam and hot-water pipes keep the cold water from freezing—and, in fact, when the cold water in a house is used infrequently, as it was in ours, they give it a thorough heating.

After breakfast the next morning, we tramped through the snowy streets to the house of the Industrial Division's local projects officer, Ron Milligan. As it happened, Milligan was away, but his wife was waiting to give Snowden information on the food tests. It was Sunday, and a beautiful sunny morning, and we passed numerous Eskimo families on their way to church. The radiance of the day seemed to be augmented by the ringing of the church bells, and the bright-colored parkas of the Eskimos, with their children running along behind them, added to the loveliness of the scene. Outside the Eskimo houses, dog sleds and Ski-Doos sat side by side. Mrs. Milligan served us some coffee and Scotch shortbread, and while we were eating she told Snowden, in an accent that she identified as straight out of Aberdeen, that her husband had held a food-sampling session for Rankin's white residents one recent evening and they had liked the food so well that they had suggested that it be sold, finely chopped, in small cans for hors d'oeuvres in the south. She told us that the sampling by Eskimos had been done under the supervision of an Eskimo named John Ayarak, and that a home-economics teacher in Rankin had conducted further tests with Eskimo women.

That afternoon, following lunch at the big bunkhouse, Snowden sent Louis Voisey, a local white trapper whom he had hired as interpreter for the occasion, to fetch Ayarak, who was the



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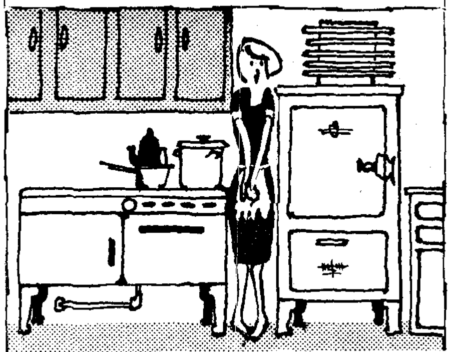

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maintenance man in the mine's boiler house—the source of Rankin's electricity.

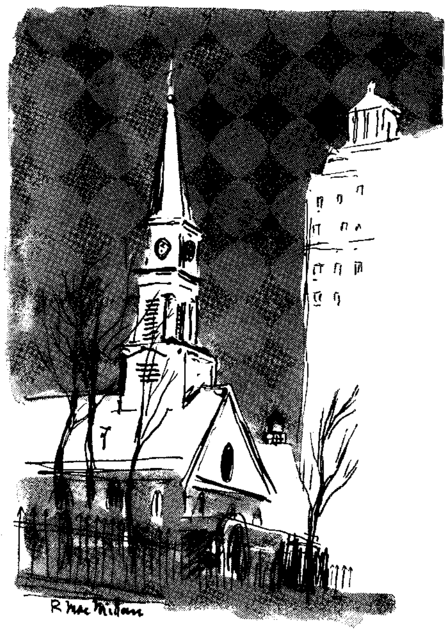
Ayarak turned out to be precise and businesslike; he responded with a brisk nod when Snowden thanked him for distributing the food samples.

"How did you give out the food?" Snowden asked him.

"I gave it to the ones who would do what they were asked to do," Ayarak replied, through Voisey. "I went to eighteen houses. Some of the people looked worried when I came in, because they thought they would have to pay for the cans. I told them that these were being given out just for them to try but that later they would have to buy from the store. I said that this meat was from last summer, made in Whale Cove, and that if they had shot a seal and tried to save it that long it would have gone bad, but this way it could keep for a long time. I said that it was the first time Eskimo food had been canned for Eskimos, and that if they liked it, more would be made up. I said it was better to have this than canned food from the south, because the money earned would come back to them. Eskimos who can't hunt could work in the plant. The ones who are hunting would bring their catch to sell, and the others could buy after it's put into cans. That's what I told them."

"You did it just right," Snowden said. He asked Ayarak which people had received the samples.

Ayarak pulled a small notebook from his pocket and consulted a list of names neatly printed in syllabics. "Two I chose work for the government, one works for your crafts officer, one is a carpenter, two are on relief, one is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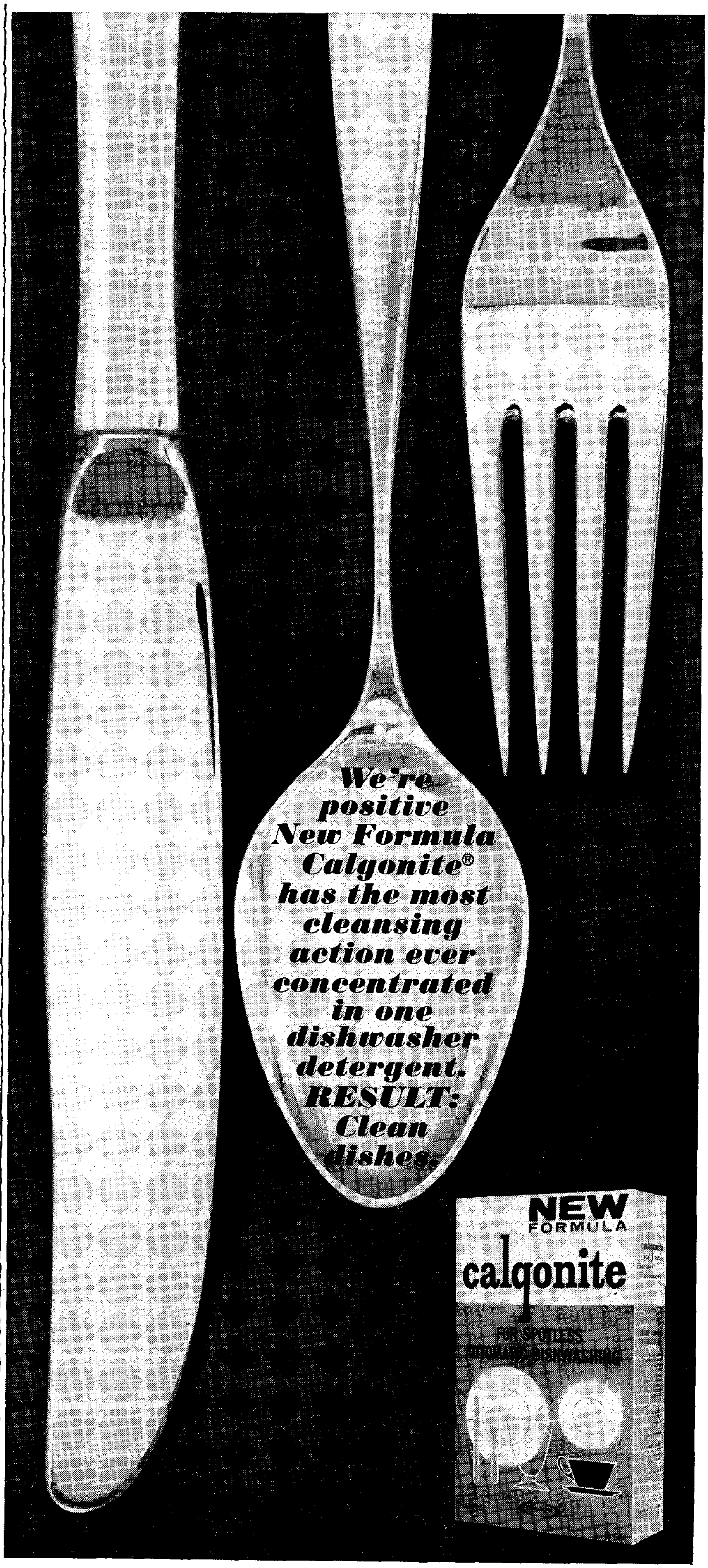
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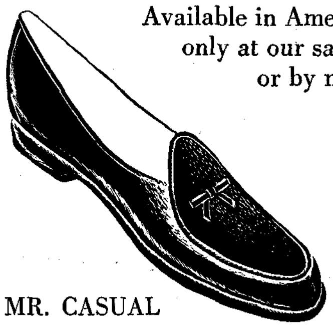

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fairly old and is sick, and so is not trapping, and the rest are trappers," he said. "I gave it to the ones who have lived on the coast and liked seal meat, to see if they liked it in the can also. Then maybe the inland people would hear how it was, and want to try. Some inland people, after they saw the label, wouldn't even look at the whale-meat can."

"If they hadn't known from the syllabics what was in the cans, they might have tried it, eh?" Snowden asked.

Ayarak nodded. "Yes, they might have eaten it," he said. "But all think it's a good idea to know what's in the can. I hear from Eskimos that when they buy a can and don't know what's inside and then don't like it, they are throwing money away."

"I want your help," Snowden said. "We made this label. What else should be on it?"

"It's O.K. without even a picture, as long as you have what it is and where it is made," Ayarak said. "That was the first time I'd ever seen syllabics on a can, and I told the Eskimos that it was the first time I'd ever seen it."

Snowden asked Ayarak how he himself liked the food.

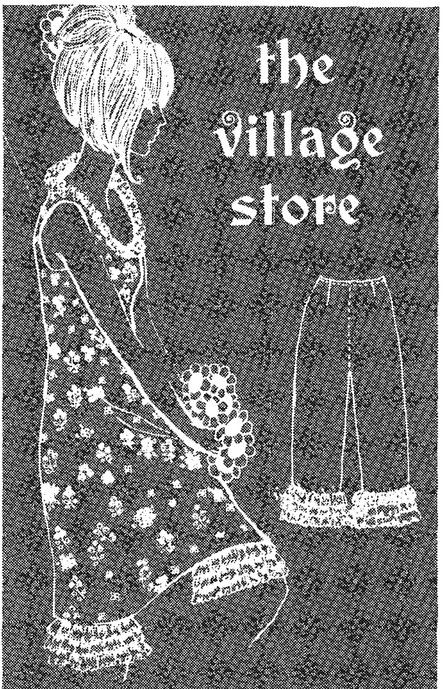
Ayarak took off his cap and shyly patted his black hair, which was neatly parted. "There are seven in my family," he said, smiling, "and the small kids said it wasn't very good, but they don't know what's good or bad. The grownups and the ones at school age liked it. The first can we tried was plain *muktuk*, and we liked it, but some said if it had a little bit of fat, just a little bit, it would be very good."

"How about *muktuk* sausage?" Snowden inquired.

"*That's* the one we liked," Ayarak said. "The thing nobody wants to see ever again was the insides of the seal or whale—the tripe. Eskimos never eat the guts, and they know it's guts and don't want to touch it."

Snowden asked Ayarak whether he would buy the food in the Hudson's Bay Company store if he could, and Ayarak replied that he would. He added that he thought Eskimos out hunting would like to take it with them, and went on, "Now they have no better food than biscuits or flour. This would keep them warmer."

A discussion of trapping followed, in which Voisey joined. Voisey was a husky young man, a member of a family that, according to Snowden, was renowned up and down the coast of Hudson Bay for its trapping skill. Increasingly, both Eskimos and white



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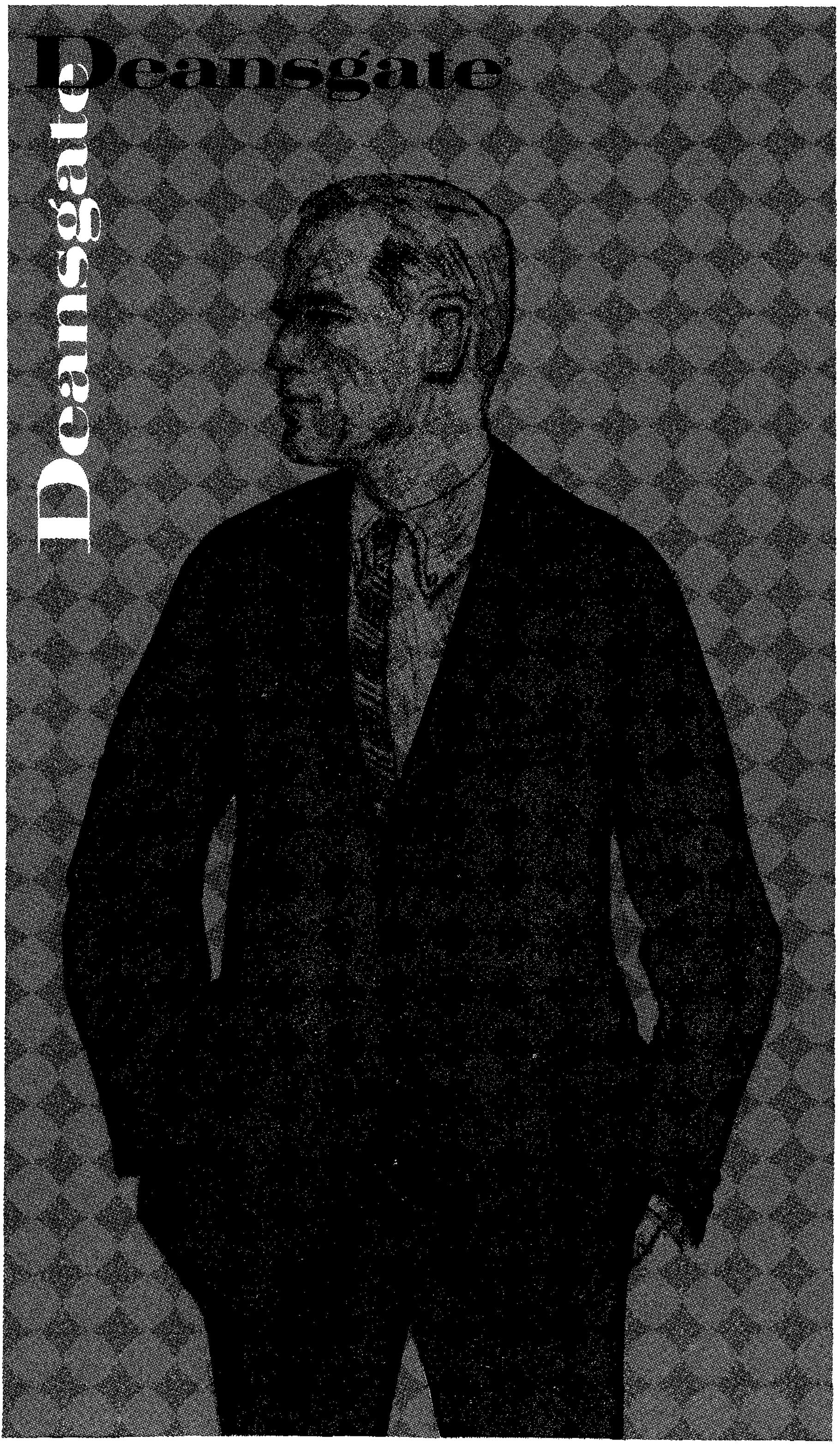
men now hunt with Ski-Doos rather than dog teams, Voisey said, and they travel in pairs instead of alone, as they used to do. "We used to take a couple of days to go forty or fifty miles, and on a Ski-Doo we can do that in one day," Voisey explained. "Ski-Doos are cheaper to maintain than dogs, too. It costs about a thousand dollars a year to feed a dog team if you have to buy the food, and I figure that gas, oil, and repairs for a Ski-Doo cost about six hundred. The disadvantage is that if you get stranded somewhere and have to walk in from your trap lines, you can't eat your Ski-Doo."

Ayarak said that there were twenty-seven Ski-Doos in Rankin, and perhaps only a dozen dog teams. "I have no dog team but have a share in a Ski-Doo," he explained. "If the Eskimos here had enough money, all would have Ski-Doos."

Snowden began sorting out the can labels that Ayarak had collected, and as Voisey translated the Eskimo syllabics written on the backs, Snowden kept a written tabulation of the comments. There were again many comments of "ᒪᒪᑐ"—"This tastes good"—and one Eskimo wrote that the *muktuk* "would keep us warm in winter." Several didn't like the flavor of the smoked meats, and the seal tripe was almost universally disapproved, drawing such comments as "No good," "Not clean," "Waste of time to make it," "Fix it up," and "Smells rancid." When Snowden counted up the opinions, he found that the different kinds of *muktuk* were again the most popular, with the seal meatballs, the canned seal meat, and the whale meat with gravy or with onions and tomatoes close runners-up.

Soon after Voisey and Ayarak had left, Frances Wipfler beckoned me from the kitchen, and we talked while she fixed the vegetables for supper. "I'm against that Eskimo food—all that fish stuff and whale," she said. "It smells. I can't stand the smell. Maybe you'd like it, but I don't think so. The night I opened the cans for the white people here to taste, I opened about fifty cans, until I had no more pots. I was as tired as a horse. I had my whole oven full of stuff. The *muktuk* looked nice, like mushrooms, but so spongy." She locked her arms across her chest and sniffed. "The smell of seal or whale makes me sick. Like when Louis Voisey was here today, I smelled his sealskin boots as if the room was full of them. I thought I might have to leave. I am almost six years here, and I never get used to that smell."

Before our departure the next day,



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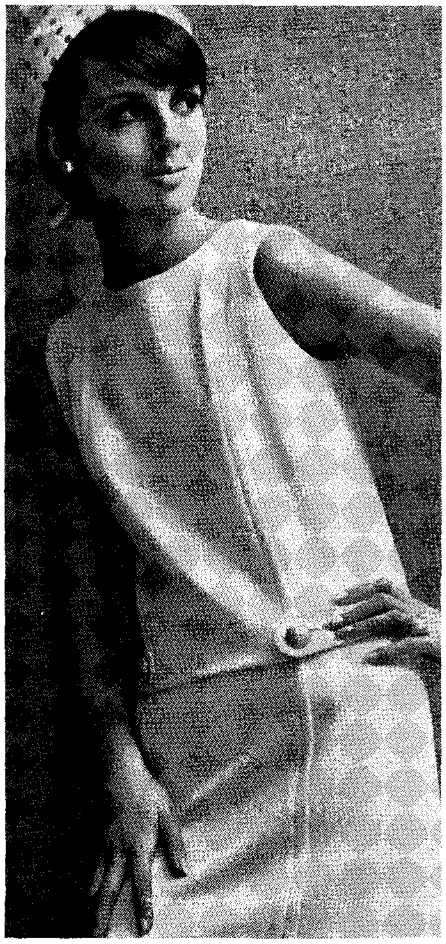

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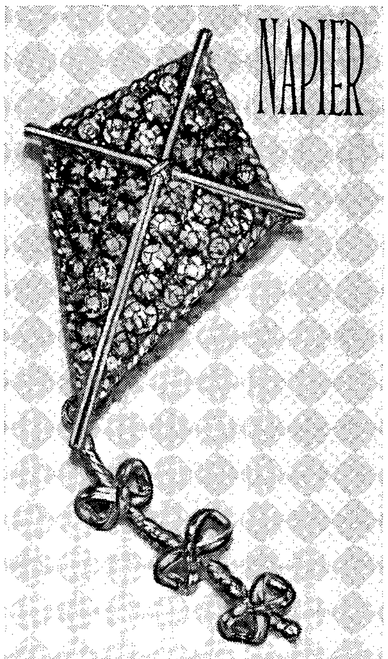
Snowden made two calls. The first was at a small cottage where Miss Nelson, the home-economics teacher mentioned by Mrs. Milligan, held classes for Eskimo children and housewives. Miss Nelson was a plump, alert young woman in high-heeled shoes, a trim gray flannel skirt, and a flowered blouse, and she wore pearl earrings and a matching pearl necklace. She settled herself firmly at her desk to tell us about the food testing she had carried out, and we sat at tables in front of her. In addition to the traditional blackboard, the room contained sewing machines, washing machines, a small cookstove, an ironing board and iron, and tables covered with hand-weaving equipment that Miss Nelson had been using that morning to instruct some Eskimo children, who were now out at recess. "Frankly, I was rather disappointed in the way the whole food thing was handled," she said briskly. "I don't use an interpreter, so I put the cans out and let eight women who were here look at them. We heated up the contents and tasted all the way around. I hadn't a clue as to how the things should be served, so it was a bit of a shemozzle. I had never seen whale meat in that form, so I didn't know what to do with it. Serving instructions should be printed in syllabics on the cans."

"That's an excellent idea," Snowden said.

"What the Eskimos do with the foods and what we may think is the best way to use them may be entirely different," Miss Nelson continued. "I would have preferred to go into the homes individually and devise ways of preparing the food. It has possibilities, though; it really has."

The children were returning from recess, so we left. On the steps, Snowden turned and watched them racing into the classroom. "I like to think that the Eskimos would really be far better off if the food is a success," he said.

We went on to our next stop, the Hudson's Bay Company store, which was housed in a large, white building whose interior looked like that of an American supermarket, except that the stock was more varied, ranging from food, through shoes, to refrigerators. Snowden found the storekeeper, a youngish man named Casey Jones, and explained his plans for marketing the Eskimo foods. Jones had heard about the tests, and he was interested when Snowden produced a notebook in which he had made tabulations of Eskimo preferences and told him that he hoped there soon would be a small permanent



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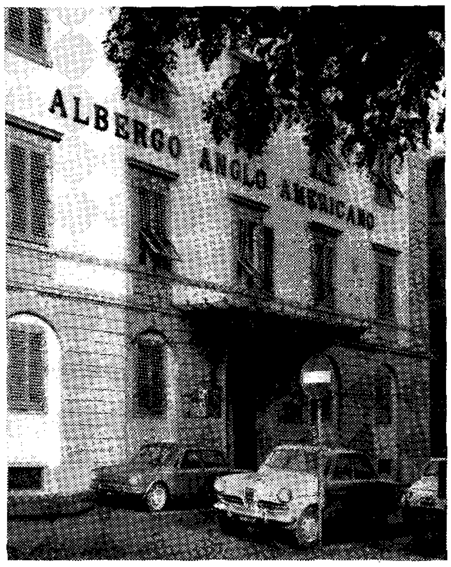

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"Have you any idea about prices?" Jones asked.

"A twenty-ounce can might retail for up to seventy-five cents," Snowden said.

"We sell a lot of canned goods, and I hear that some of your products are pretty good," Jones said. "As far as I'm concerned, I'd like to stock them, and I don't see why they shouldn't be a big success."

"I'm not too worried about it," Snowden said casually. "If it interests the country, it will stay here."

Talking to Jones, Snowden had been the detached government officer, but now I noticed that he was humming as we left the store and started back to the bunkhouse. We collected our luggage, said goodbye to Gély, who was going back to Baker Lake after observing the new pottery project, and were driven to the landing strip. Our red plane, which had seemed such a frail and chilly shelter at first, had by now become familiar and almost cozy. After twenty-five minutes in the air, we arrived at Whale Cove.

SO far, as we had travelled around the Keewatin, I had been amazed at how unlike each other the Eskimo communities were, despite the lack of variety in terrain and resources. There was the desperate sadness of Baker Lake; the old-fashioned sunniness of the Chesterfield Inlet mission; and, at Rankin Inlet, the transitional, uncertain quality of an abandoned mine town. At Whale Cove, I knew, I would see something still different. The settlement, now comprising some two hundred Eskimos, had been founded by the Department of Northern Affairs in 1959, after a number of Eskimos had died in scattered Keewatin camps from the hardships of a terrible winter. Eskimos who wanted to continue to trap and hunt were encouraged to settle at Whale Cove, which had been selected because it had a good harbor and good supplies of seal, whale, fish, and game nearby. Here, inland Eskimos were introduced to coastal living and to concepts of communal organization and hygiene. At the beginning, the whole population had been on relief, but by 1962 the number was down to a handful, and the Eskimos of Whale Cove had the first and only coöperative retail store in the Keewatin District.

Our plane landed far out on the harbor ice. We had started walking toward the settlement when a machine resembling a large yellow dragon rum-

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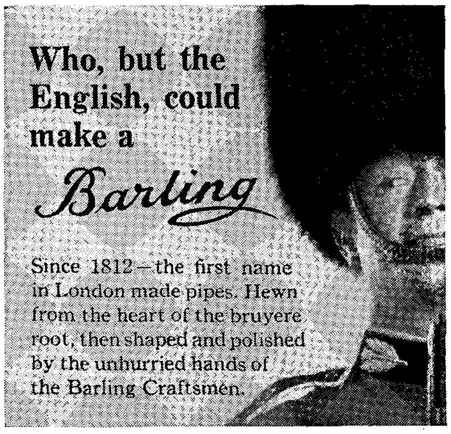

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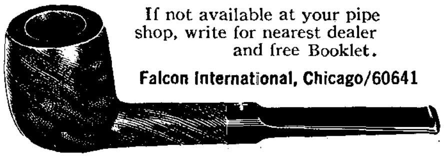

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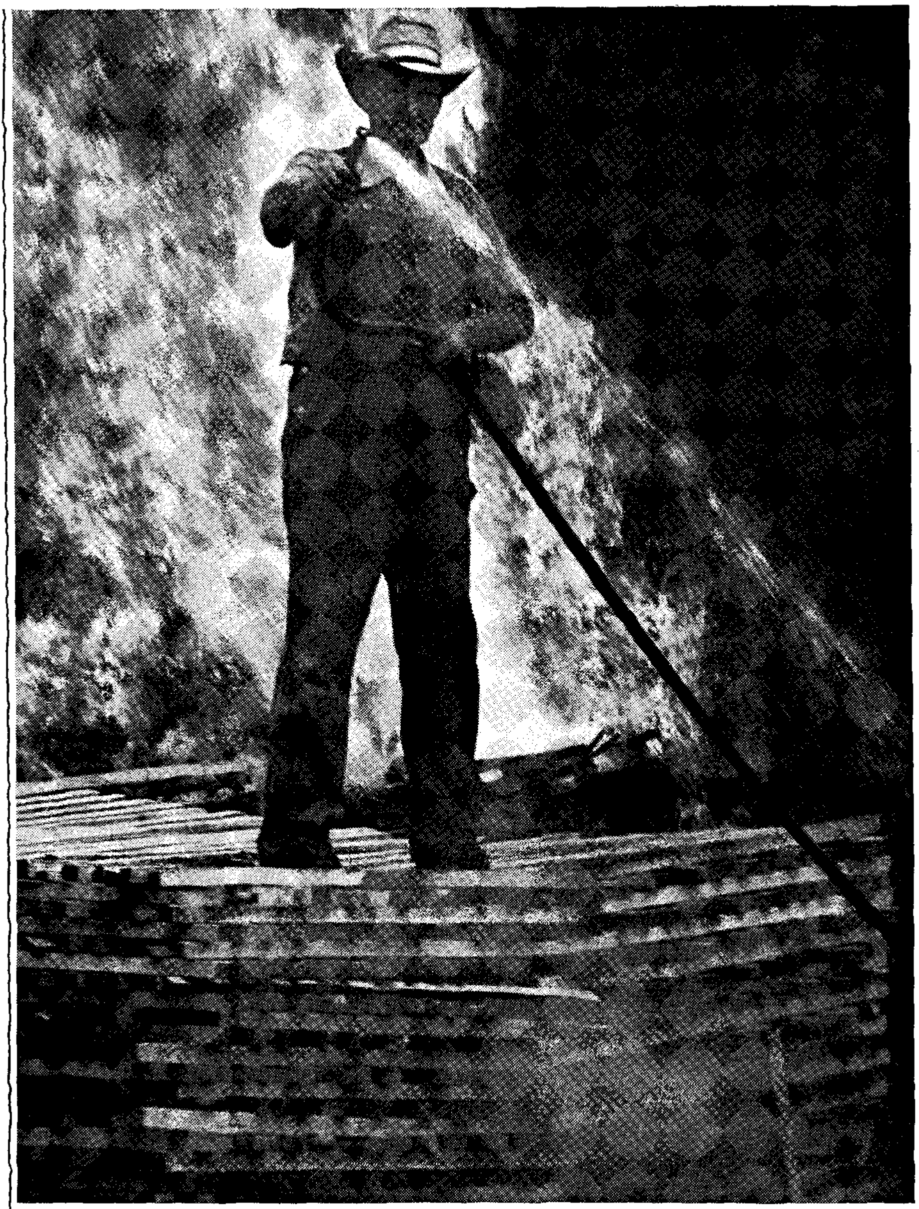
bled toward us. It was one of the largest vehicles I had ever seen, and I learned that it was known as a Muskeg Tractor. Miss Stiven and I climbed up beside the Eskimo driver—a handsome, round-faced young man with a crew cut, who looked vaguely familiar to me—and the four men hopped into a massive open wagon that was hooked on behind. Halfway to the shore, though, our conveyance stalled, so we got out and began walking again. It was thirty below zero, the coldest it had been on the trip so far. My nose grew so numb that I felt I must wiggle it hard to keep it from freezing.

That evening at the cottage of the local administrator, where Miss Stiven and I were spending the night, from the broad front window I watched Eskimo children playing on the swings of a school playground across the way. Though it was after ten, it was not very dark, but the temperature had fallen even lower. The children's laughter rippled musically in the sub-zero air as they swung higher and higher. Beyond, at the foot of a gently sloping hill studded with the small houses of the settlement, the land curved around a sheltered cove. In the clear night air of the Arctic, electric lights sparkle, and at the edges of this tiny community it was easy to see where the lights stopped and the dark blue of the uninhabited, empty land began.

In the morning, after breakfast, we went down to the coöperative store, which occupied part of a large steel warehouse by the water. The place seemed crude by comparison with the luxurious Hudson's Bay Company store at Rankin Inlet, since it consisted simply of a partitioned-off section of the warehouse, in which counters and shelves held food, clothing, tobacco, ammunition, Ski-Doo parts, and larger items such as outboard motors. A white man standing behind a cash register introduced himself as Bernard Fredland, head of the Intercontinental Mission at Whale Cove, and told us he had been a missionary in the north for the past fifteen years. He said that, since he spoke Eskimo, he was acting as storekeeper for the coöperative until a young Eskimo who had been selected for the job could complete a training course in the south. Three Eskimos were in the store, one of them being the attractive young man who had driven the tractor out to meet our plane the previous day. Now I recognized him as Celestino Magpa, whom I had met the year before on Baffin Island. As the president and one of the directors of the Whale Cove coöperative, he



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had attended a conference there of Eskimos representing Arctic coöperative groups, and I recalled that at one of the meetings he had asked a fascinating question. He had wanted to know whether Eskimos could get a tax rebate on the purchase of Ski-Doos, just as farmers in the south received tax allowances on the purchase of harvesting machinery. Nobody could answer the question, since the idea was a new one to Eskimos and government men alike.

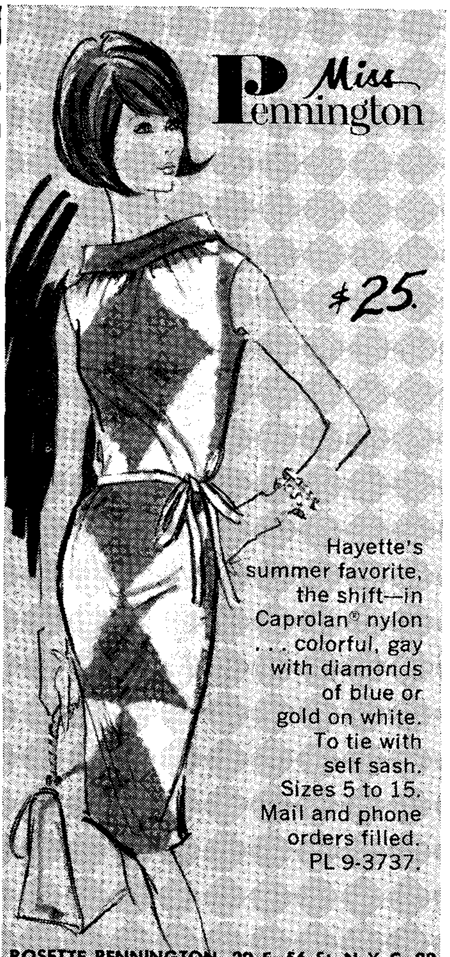
Magpa shook my hand, smiling. "I knew it was you, but I wait to see if you remember me," he said, in English.

I said I hadn't forgotten his question at the conference, and had often wondered where he got the idea.

From beneath the counter he produced a catalogue from Eaton's—the Sears, Roebuck of Canada—and said, "I was thinking about that question for two years. The Eskimo doesn't use the Ski-Doo just for fun but for hunting and trapping. I noticed that Eaton's had two machinery prices—one for farmers, one for other persons. I asked someone to explain, and I thought of that question."

Magpa acted as interpreter for the two other Eskimos, whom he introduced as directors of the coöperative. (There were four directors in addition to Magpa, but two were away hunting.) Snowden discussed the operation of the store, the food-testing program, and the projected canning operation. He said that the Department of Northern Affairs was considering the construction of a small permanent cannery at Whale Cove, and observed that since canning is a summer industry, the building might serve as a crafts center in winter. Magpa interpreted in a staccato voice, and periodically fired questions at Snowden, referring to a notebook he carried. His questions were those of an efficient businessman in a hurry to get things done: Would Erich Hofmann be coming to can, and, if so, when, he wanted to know, in order that the seals could be hunted at the proper time and the meat would be ready for Hofmann. Would other settlements want canned dog food, and, if so, how much? Magpa himself had some doubts about the current method of preparing meat for dogs. "A lot of guys told me that the dogs don't like ground meat, and get thinner and thinner," he informed Snowden.

Snowden and Magpa next began examining labels from cans of food that had been tested among the Eskimo families of Whale Cove, and it was ap-



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parent that their preferences were going to parallel those of the other Keewatin communities. Everybody liked the *muktuks*, and hardly anybody liked the whale meatballs or the tripe.

Snowden asked, "What would the coöperative's directors think about selling some of our remaining stock of *muktuk* sausage in the store here?"

His suggestion was instantly approved, and it was decided to put the food on sale the following morning.

"How about a little sausage for us all right now?" Snowden suggested.

A can was brought in from the stockroom, and since no one seemed to be able to lay hands on a can opener, Magpa picked up a large, shiny, new hatchet from a shelf and cut the top open. This was my first opportunity to taste any of the Eskimo canned foods, and I took a deep breath and bit blindly into a piece of the gelatinous-looking, cream-colored sausage, which was passed to me on the point of a hunting knife. It turned out to have a crisp, chewy texture and the mild flavor of lightly spiced mushroom, along with another taste, which I had never encountered before. The second time around, I was as eager for my share as the others.

When the can was empty, Snowden turned it slowly around in his hands and asked whether the Eskimos who had migrated to Whale Cove from inland communities liked seal and whale meat.

Magpa consulted with the directors. "The people from inland like the *muktuk* very much," he said. "I myself tried it out on one young man who told me he didn't like seal or whale meat. So I say, 'O.K., come home for supper.' My wife cooks, and he doesn't know it is whale, and likes."

I was curious to know what other sorts of canned foods the Eskimos were already familiar with, and Fredland told me that in the store orange juice and apple juice sold very well, and so did sardines, corned beef, and luncheon meats. Cans of peaches, pears, and apricots that came in by ship during the summer were always gone before Christmas, and then the Eskimos would buy dried fruits.

Presently, Fredland and Snowden went into the storeroom to check the stocks of Eskimo food, and I asked Magpa to tell me a little bit about himself.

He cracked his knuckles once or twice, eying me guardedly, with his head cocked to one side. Then he smiled, and said, "I was born at Arctic Bay, on Baffin Island, in 1937. Some-

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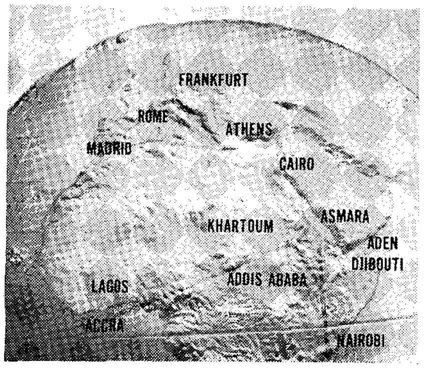

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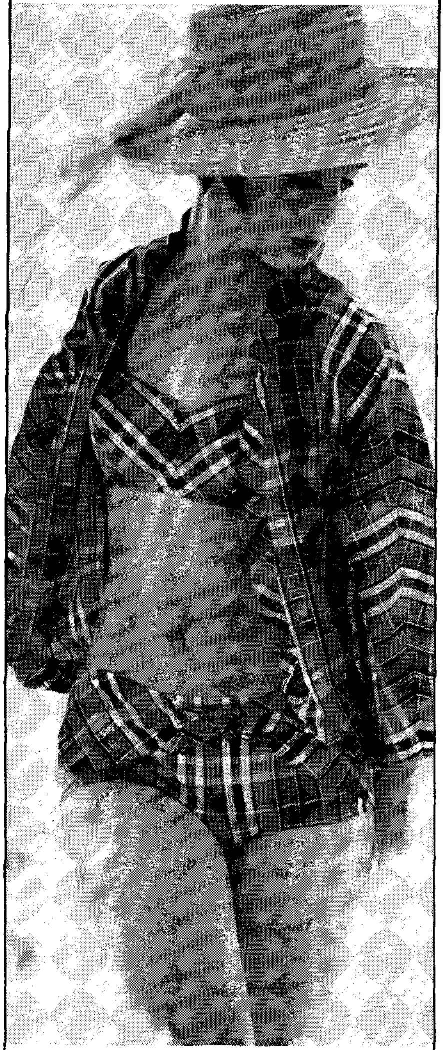

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one adopted me when I was a little baby. All my family are still alive, but I never saw. I was taken south to Igloolik by dog team, and when I was ten, I went to the school at Chesterfield Inlet." He paused to light a cigarette, and continued, "Then I was working at the mission, starting when I was fifteen, for four years—fixing pipes, driving, anything. The mine started in Rankin Inlet, and I worked for three years three hundred and fifty feet underground. I liked that best."

I asked why.

He scratched his head, and finally said, "When we work on the surface, it is stormy and blowing in winter, and in summer it is too warm to work. Underground, it is always the same. After the mine closed, the Department of Northern Affairs asked for a powerhouse operator at Rankin, and after one year there I became powerhouse operator at Whale Cove. I am also interpreter for the department and the first president of the Whale Cove co-operative, which I organized. I didn't go hunting the whole year, but I read anything—something different every day."

He cracked his knuckles again, and suddenly asked, "Would you come to visit my house and my family?" I said I would, whereupon he declared, "Then we will go now."

We left the store, and when we had walked perhaps a hundred yards, he stopped. "Want to see my boat?" he asked.

When I nodded, he opened the door of a large shed, in which the Muskeg Tractor and several other vehicles belonging to the department were stored. At the far end, sitting on wooden horses, was a beautiful little white motorboat with red trim.

"I bought the boat for seven hundred and ninety-five dollars from Casey Jones, at Rankin Inlet," Magpa said. "He had it two years. I use it to take my wife and five children out for rides. I also have a Ski-Doo. All the Eskimos with enough money would buy Ski-Doos. One of the Eskimos with me at the store today, Thutungi, had a good dog team before he got a Ski-Doo, but then he forgot all about his dogs and gave them away." Magpa added that his Ski-Doo had cost seven hundred and sixty-five dollars, and I realized that I was in the presence of the Keewatin's foremost Eskimo expert on capitalism.

"How do you manage to do all this?" I asked.

Magpa stared at me, seeming puz-

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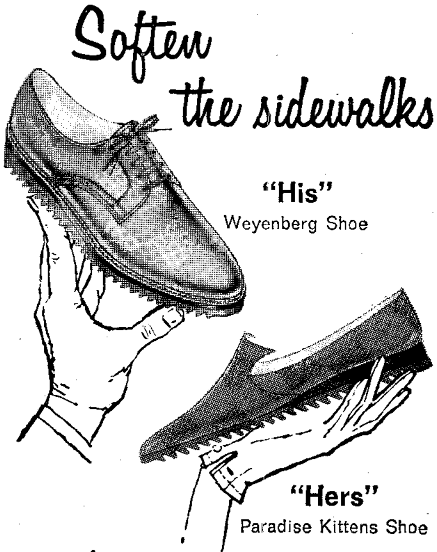

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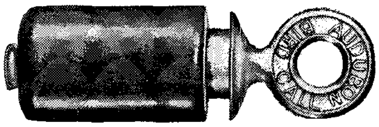

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zled for the first time. "So. I've been working all my life," he said quietly. "I work eight hours, five and a half days a week. When I deduct taxes, I sometimes have three hundred or more dollars a month left."

Magpa's house was a two-room wooden cottage, the two rooms being a small bedroom and a big kitchen. A large German shepherd dog, which, he explained, was just a household pet—an almost unheard-of luxury among Eskimos—padded toward us as we entered. Magpa's wife, a plain, cheerful woman with a broad face, stood by the kitchen sink, smiling shyly. Magpa and I sat down at the kitchen table and talked for a few minutes, and he told me that he planned to buy a three-bedroom house soon, for thirty-five hundred dollars. By now it was almost time for me to join my party for lunch, and I said goodbye.

That evening, the Eskimos of Whale Cove—there must have been almost a hundred present—came to the coöperative store to hear about the canned-food program. Magpa sat on a counter to interpret for Snowden, who was standing behind it with Gibson and Miss Stiven.

Snowden began by asking how many people in the room had helped make the food products used in the tests, and hands were raised all over the room. Walking over to a large wall map of Canada, he showed the people where the canned samples had been sent and told them what the various communities had thought about them. Then Snowden outlined plans for a permanent cannery at Whale Cove, and the Eskimos listened with close attention.

A man with a drooping mustache said loudly that he had "liked so much the canning work" of the previous summer, and a man behind him repeated his words. After translating these two remarks, Magpa added one of his own. "A lot of us wondered how it would be, the canning, when it first started, but it seems to work out very well now," he said.

After some discussion of food preferences, Snowden called on Gibson, who said that the Minister of Northern Affairs had asked him to tell the Eskimos how very happy the department was at the way things were going at Whale Cove.

When Gibson had finished speaking, Snowden suddenly shouted, "Whose store is this?"

Magpa translated, and the Eskimos laughed, and shouted back "*Uvaguk!*" ("Ours!")

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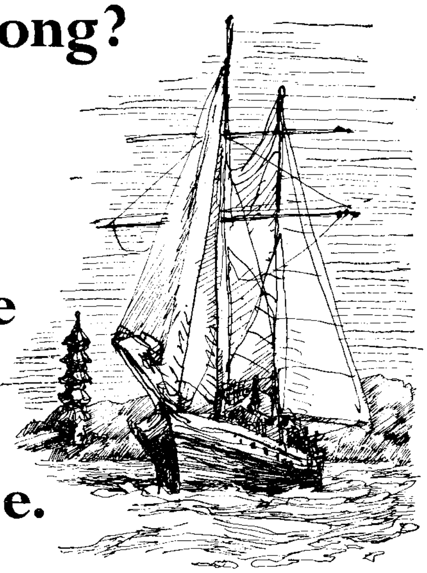

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ing your own store?" Snowden asked.

The Eskimos cried "*Ayü!*" ("Yes!"), and everyone was still smiling as the meeting broke up, and they all went out the door and up the hill to their houses.

The next morning, before our party left for Eskimo Point, which was to be our last stop, Snowden, Gibson, and I went to the coöperative store to see how well the new food was actually selling. Soon a woman came in and bought four cans of *muktuk*. She was followed by two men, who bought powdered milk, biscuits, and three more cans of *muktuk*. Two women accompanied by a little boy moved up to the counter to order a large supply of staples; at the end of the order I heard the word "*muktuk*," and several cans were added. This group was followed by a woman in a caribou-fringed parka. She collected an order of rolled oats, flour, biscuits, powdered milk, tobacco, cigarette papers, and several cans of soup, and then she hesitated. After a minute, she asked for four cans of *muktuk* in oil, two cans of seal meat cooked in gravy, and two cans of *muktuk* sausage.

"We're in business," Snowden said softly. "When you get a woman from the inland country to buy whale and seal meat, things are really changing."

Within a few minutes, we were bound for our plane in the big tractor with Magpa. In the wagon behind it were four mammoth bales of white-fox furs; the Whale Cove coöperative was sending the furs, which were valued at more than ten thousand dollars, to the Hudson's Bay Company's fur auction in Montreal. When the bales had been loaded onto the plane, we took off.

WITHIN an hour we landed at Eskimo Point, a relatively old settlement, with a population of almost two hundred inland and coastal Eskimos. The food tests there had been conducted by the Anglican minister, an athletic-looking young man named John Marlowe, who greeted us at the door of his house wearing a gray sweater over his black habit and clerical collar. The results seemed to be similar to those we had been given elsewhere. While the Reverend Mr. Marlowe was talking, I glanced out his living-room window, from which I could see dog teams and Autoboggans intermingled on the adjacent road. Beyond, far out on the ice of Hudson Bay, was the low, round dome of an Eskimo snowhouse—the first I had ever seen. Mr. Marlowe was now telling Snowden about the

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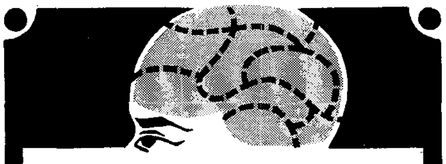

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abundance of life in nearby waters. "At the end of June," he said, "you can see the Arctic char coming down the Maguse River, fifteen and twenty together, their silvery fins sparkling in the water."

"I am convinced that the feeding of the Arctic population must be based on the wealth of food in these northern waters," Snowden said. "If the Keewatin can feed its people, why, surely, the whole Arctic can be made self-sufficient."

LESS than twenty-four hours later, we were flying toward Churchill. Snowden reached into his knapsack, pulled out a can of fruit juice, and opened it. While he was drinking it, he said, "Well, the experts told us that it was highly unlikely that Eskimos would ever pay cash for natural food caught by other Eskimos, and we've seen them doing it. The experts also told us that inland Eskimos would never eat coastal food, and now we know that the inland people who have tried our food have liked it. Some of us think that the Arctic could yield enough food, year in and year out, to feed and make fat and healthy far more people than live in the north today, especially as we find ways to use every scrap of raw material. After all, the Japanese harvest large quantities of plankton from the sea, and the Russians, we're told, have evolved deep-sea-fishing techniques so efficient that nothing at all is wasted. I simply don't know how much food the Arctic can produce, and neither does anyone else, but I believe that within five years foods that are totally strange to us, and not very damn familiar to the Eskimos, either—after all, they'd never heard of whale meatballs before—will be on the shelves of all the stores in the north. And I'll bet they'll sell so well that there won't be enough to go around, which means that more and more Arctic people will be employed in food processing."

When we landed at Churchill, Gibson and I transferred to a plane for the south. Miss Stiven went off to inventory Churchill's crafts warehouse, and Snowden remained behind to finish up his work. A few weeks later, on his return to Ottawa, he sent me word that the coöperative store at Whale Cove was selling four times as much Eskimo food as tinned meat from southern Canada, and that in a month the Eskimos had bought four hundred cans—half the supply on hand. He also reported that Barry Gunn had obtained a surprisingly favorable response to canned seal and whale meat

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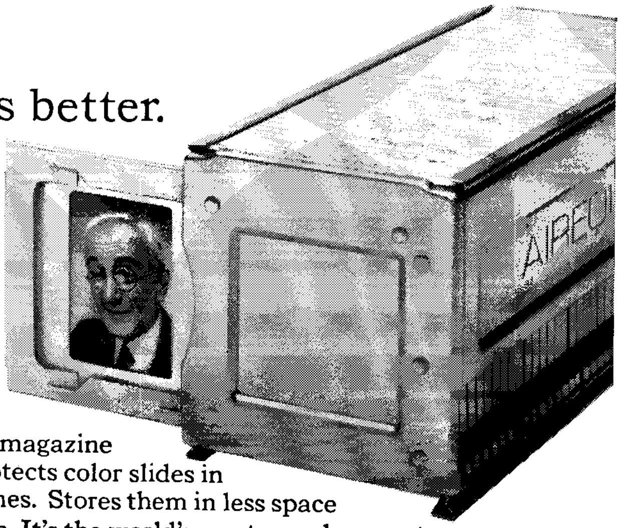

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from the inland Eskimos at Baker Lake.

The next news I had of Snowden was that he was taking a leave of absence from the Department of Northern Affairs to make a survey of agricultural coöperatives in Newfoundland. Subsequently, the present chief of the Industrial Division, Jon Evans, informed me that a total of forty-five hundred can labels bearing Eskimos' comments on the food had been received in Ottawa, and that Erich Hofmann had produced thirty thousand more cans of Eskimo food at Whale Cove for ultimate sale in Hudson's Bay Company and Eskimo coöperative stores. Hofmann had also stirred up a thousand or so more cans of his imaginative samples, which this time included corned and roasted seal meat, whale-meat goulash, sweet-and-sour whale meat, whale-meat paste, walrus meat in Spanish sauce, sealburger in tomato sauce, pickled whale flippers, and walrus flippers vinaigrette.

The other night, standing in the kitchen of my New York apartment and wondering what to have for dinner, I opened a can of seal meatballs—part of an array of Eskimo foods that I had brought back all the way from Whale Cove wrapped in my sleeping bag, at an excess-baggage charge of six dollars and eighty cents. I heated the seal meatballs in a saucepan and took a taste. I decided I didn't care for them. So I opened a can of *muktuk* sausage, made from that outer layer of whale skin that the Eskimos consider so delicious, and ate a piece on the end of a fork. It still tasted fine to me—just fine.

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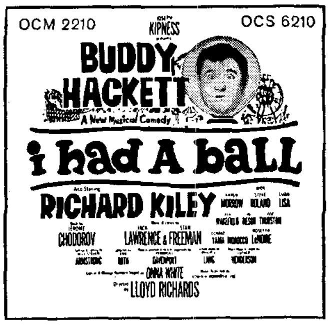

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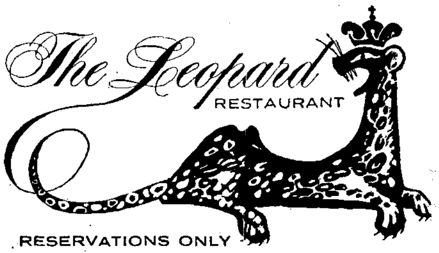

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AN exceptionally fine movie called "Nobody Waved Goodbye" has come down to us out of the Canadian wilds—not those old shooting-of-Dan-McGrew wilds but the new suburban ones that, in their prosperous, middle-class nullity, seem very like our now standard United States model: confections of swept streets and tidy lawns, which, by an irony inexplicable to parents, are given over almost wholly to the tender rearing of children and yet foster so much juvenile delinquency. That family life on the split-level level frequently proves a disaster is the merest newspaper commonplace, and while "Nobody Waved Goodbye" deals with such a disaster, it brilliantly transcends its subject matter without for a moment departing from its theme. I hasten to assert this claim on its behalf lest anyone shy away from it on the ground that there's enough of the misery of adolescent rebellion and parental misunderstanding to be sampled in real life without going to see it in the movies; what "Nobody Waved Goodbye" offers isn't a grim sociological study of the evolution of a j.d. but a *story*, commensurate in the purity of its intentions, and even in the artistry of its execution, with, say, "The Catcher in the Rye." It is a story that is often extremely funny as well as sad, and its hero—a charming, wretched, impulsive, irritating, and highly intelligent eighteen-year-old—succeeds, in the unbroken tradition of his kind, in winning our hearts as if for the express purpose of breaking them.

The form of "Nobody Waved Goodbye" is that of a documentary, and so skillfully has Don Owen written his screenplay and directed his large cast that not a word of the dialogue sounds invented and in nearly every scene one would swear that the cameras (to say nothing of the intricate botheration of the lights, the sound equipment, and the crews) not only had happened to arrive at precisely the right spot at precisely the right instant but had enjoyed the further, and crucial, advantage of being there as ghosts, unbeknownst to the actors. In brisk, cunningly broken-off episodes we watch

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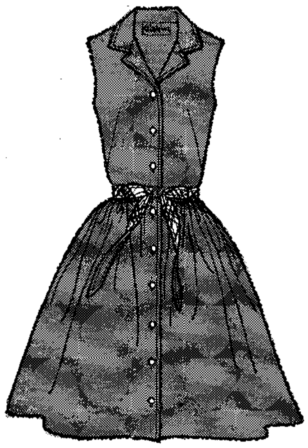

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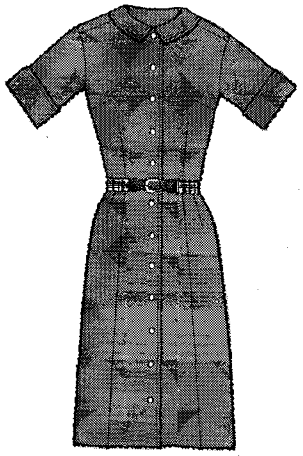

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Top: Pleasant blend of gentle flyaway prettiness with sturdy sense. Sleeveless; lapel collar; reversible madras sash. Bottom: Distilled essence of dress-ness, the LADYBUG® basic, to wear almost ceaselessly. Pan collar; roll sleeves; smoothly molding skirt and stretch belt. 5 to 15. Write for your nearest LADYBUG shopkeeper. About $18.

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the boy career with cocky bad manners from the harmless folly of skipping school to the theft of a car and the final, inevitable speeding away into the dark, alone and frightened, aware that in the eyes of the law and perhaps of his family as well he is already a confirmed criminal. The poignancy of his fall from a not very secure state of grace is greatly heightened by the offhand naturalness of the leading players, among them the fantastically gifted Peter Kastner, as the boy; Julie Biggs, as his girl friend; Charmion King and Claude Rae, as his mother and father; John Vernon, as a crooked parking-lot operator; and John Sullivan, as a probation officer. The love scenes between Peter and Julie are as beautiful and touching as the scenes between him and his parents are ugly and harsh, and for this we have to thank not only the actors and Mr. Owen but also the director of photography, John Spotton, and Donald Ginsberg, who, with Mr. Spotton, was responsible for the apt editing. "Nobody Waved Goodbye" is an almost unbearably just depiction of the pitfalls of family life; boldly, it affirms that home is the place where the child is blooded and learns to draw blood, and then it adds that, heavy as the burdens of family life may be, the heaviest of them is that it is all we have.

BY far the most distinguished thing about "The Pawnbroker" is Rod Steiger's performance in the title role. It comes close to being true, indeed, that he *is* "The Pawnbroker" as well as the pawnbroker, with the result that much of what I didn't like about the picture has already begun to slip from my mind, dimmed and blurred against the general brightness and force of its star. Mr. Steiger is an actor of formidable power who, by a magic more mysterious (and, of course, more creditable) than his always clever makeup, manages to convince me at once that he is whoever he pretends to be, whether it is a tweedy psychoanalyst somewhere in the British Isles, as in "The Mark," or a hard-pressed Italian businessman, as in "Mani sulla Città," or, as here, a benumbed Jewish refugee of the Second World War named Sol Nazerman. Having escaped from the German gas ovens, Nazerman lives on in the squalid limbo of Harlem, running a pawnshop as a front for the crooked activities of a rich Negro gangster. He stands armored in unfeelingness, and one sees by every sagging muscle of his fat middle-aged body as it shuffles about the shop and by the shallow sing-

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song of his tired voice as he deals with one or another of his troubled customers that he has made himself inhumanly safe—safe even from the threat of death, which he would not lift a finger to delay. "The Pawnbroker" tells how that armor is stripped off and poor Nazerman is restored, naked and suffering, to the hell of the living. The screenplay, by David Friedkin and Morton Fine, is based on the well-known novel by Edward Lewis Wallant, and I'm afraid I found it a little too pat for my taste; the direction, by Sidney Lumet, fails in a different way, by echoing but never quite assimilating the styles and devices of several currently admired pictures (for example, the use of slow motion to represent a remembered past, as in the French film "An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge"). Among the actors on hand are Brock Peters, as the gangster; Geraldine Fitzgerald, as a social worker determined to bring Nazerman back into the world he hates; and Jaime Sanchez, as Nazerman's puny assistant and eventual surrogate in death. Nobody in the picture matters very much beside Mr. Steiger; since he matters immensely, I don't think you can afford to miss him.

A WEEK ago, I was saying that I hadn't expected much humor out of the Spanish movie "Not on Your Life," which has to do with undertakers and capital punishment. This week, I looked with foreboding upon the prospects for comedy in an Italian movie called "White Voices," which builds its hopes for laughs on the venerable Italian custom of castrating boy singers in order to preserve their soprano voices. Last week I was wrong: the Spanish movie is funny. This week I am right: the Italian movie is awful. The uneasy amorous frolickings that take place in the foreground gave me no pleasure whatever, so I fixed my eyes on the background of every scene and, since many scenes were photographed out-of-doors at historic sites, was able to catch glimpses of some of the most enchanting eighteenth-century villas, pavilions, gardens, and fountains on earth. I recommend "White Voices" highly to architectural historians and to no one else.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

Donaldson Dimpsey, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Dimpsey of Tryon has completed his course in Finnish with an A average. The Air Force will send him to the island of Crete in June.—*Tryon (N.C.) Daily Bulletin.*

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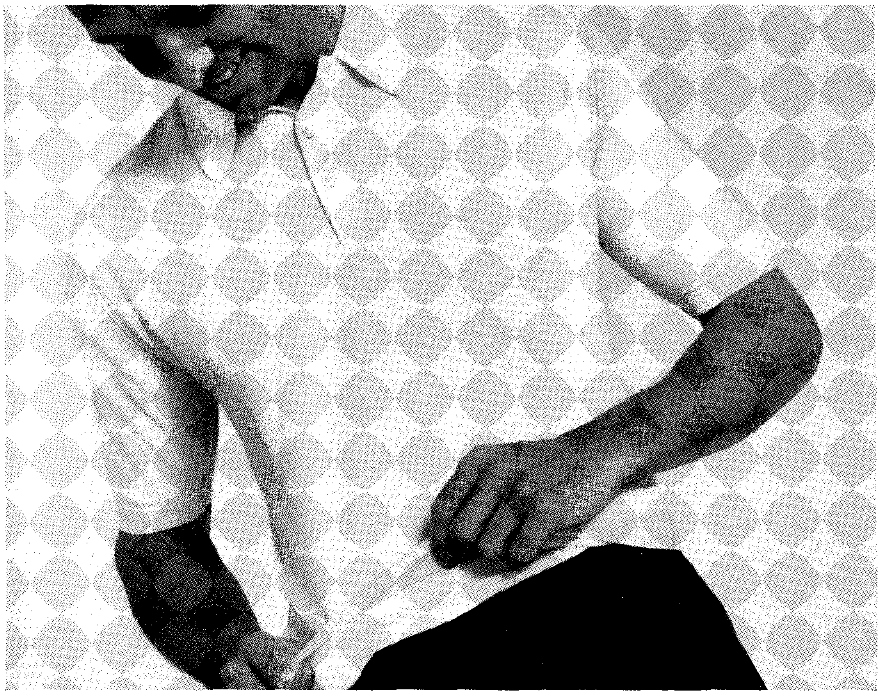

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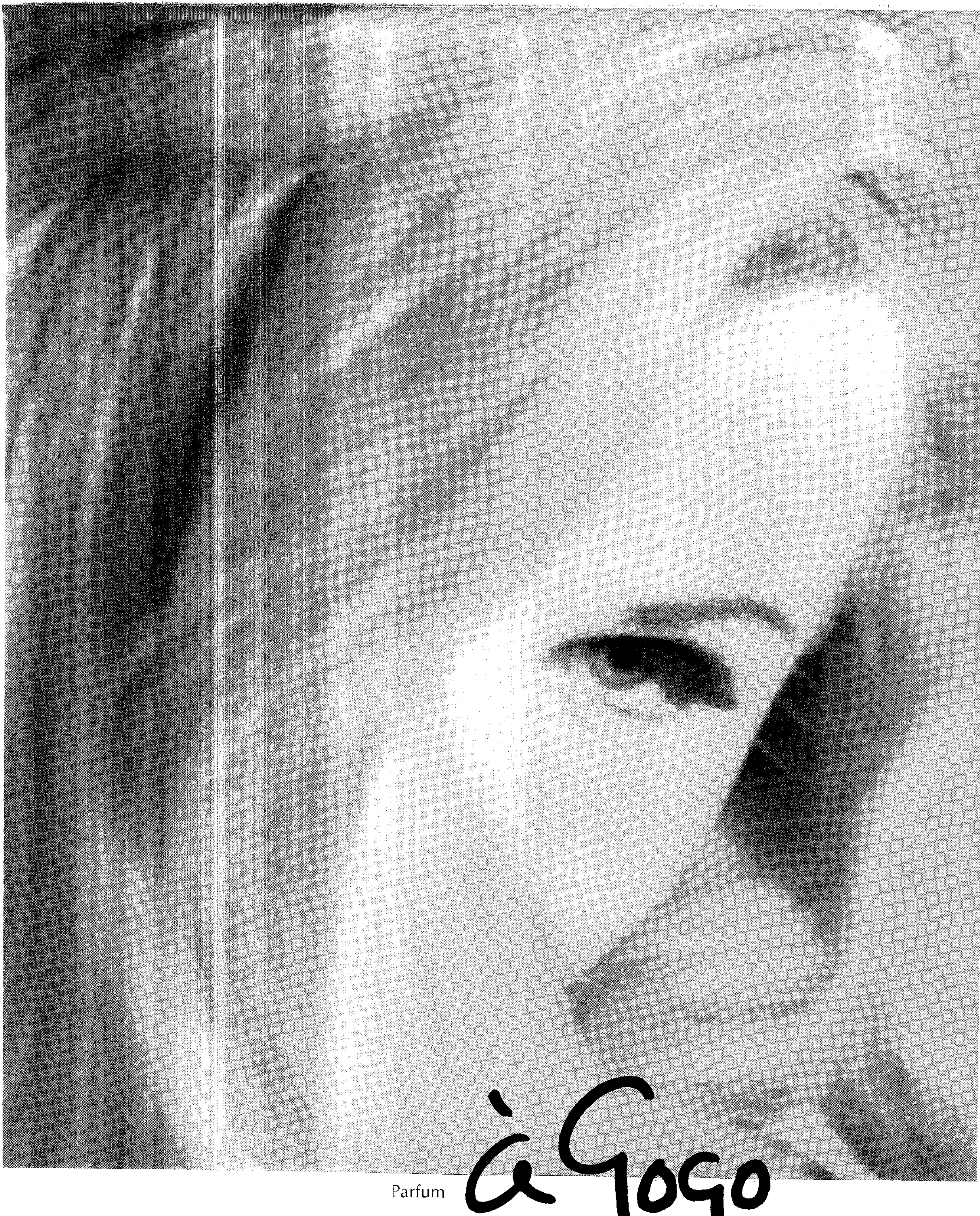
LETTER FROM SOUTH VIETNAM

APRIL 16

EARLY one recent morning in the town of Phu Cat, in the coastal province of Binh Dinh, some two hundred miles north of Saigon, I climbed aboard an American Army helicopter that was about to accompany a so-called Eagle Flight—in this case a flight of six helicopters, each with an American pilot and co-pilot, each with American machine gunners guarding the two doors, and each carrying six Vietnamese soldiers, whose mission was to attack and destroy a fortified Vietcong village fifteen minutes' flying time away. Shortly before we reached the objective, two American Skyraiders strafed and bombed the village, which lay in a shallow valley below a long range of hills, and sank a small junk in a nearby river, and then, as we approached the site, two more helicopters, which were carrying rockets and were known as gunships, made another attack on the village and on the designated landing zone—a field about two hundred yards away. As the troop-carrying ships approached the field, the pilots found that dozens of short tree trunks had been driven into the soil to prevent just such a landing, but they managed to ease the helicopters in among the stumps, and they set down, debouched their troops, and took off in the remarkable time of ten seconds, which is thirteen seconds less than it takes a shell from a mortar—a weapon that the Vietcong now have in considerable supply—to reach its target. While the pair of gunships and the helicopter that I was in hovered overhead, to provide protection and to attack any Vietcong flushed from their hiding places, the three dozen government soldiers and a young American lieutenant who was serving as their adviser (each wearing a red sash over one shoulder, so they wouldn't shoot each other by mistake) dispersed through the village, which consisted of twenty houses and was surrounded by a moat filled with sharpened bamboo spikes two and three feet high—punji sticks, they are called. The Vietcong had apparently fled, and there was no sign of activity, but eight bodies were found in ditches and beside foxholes. After carefully searching the houses, the troops set fire to all twenty of them. Then, deploying through the fields, they found seven women and children cowering in canals and took them prisoner. The whole operation lasted a little less than an hour, and then the helicopters landed again, picked up the troops, and flew back to Phu Cat, arriving with their fuel tanks almost empty. The prisoners, frightened and weeping, were immediately questioned by Vietnamese interrogators, who sought information about the men of the village and the movements of the Vietcong contingents in the area. Afterward, I was told, the seven would be free to settle in one of the government-held villages, of which there are few now in Binh Dinh, since the Vietcong control ninety per cent of the province's area and about seventy per cent of its people, who number nearly a million.

"I suddenly noticed that everybody in the bank had gone out to lunch except me."

Eagle Flights, which are essentially quick actions aimed at meeting emergency situations and at baiting the Vietcong into a fight, have become common, not only in the critical area of Binh Dinh but all over South Vietnam, and they are perhaps the best example of the improved mobility provided by the growing participation of American aircraft in the war. In the last several months, the arrival of more helicopters (and still more are coming) has made possible the rapid movement of company-size attack forces and, if necessary, of reserves to follow up Eagle Flight contacts. Early in February, for example, when the Vietcong made a night attack on the American barracks at Pleiku—an action that proved to be a small Pearl Harbor, in that it precipitated our air attacks against North Vietnam—fast-pursuing Eagle Flight troops caught up with the fleeing terrorists at dawn and, with the help of reserves brought in by helicopter, killed twenty-seven of them. There is little question that the combination of fast troop movements and aerial assaults against enemy troop concentrations and bases within South Vietnam—especially quick retaliatory strikes by jet bombers—has forced the Vietcong to alter their basic plan, which was designed to give them victory this year. This plan, which was conceived in mid-1964 as the beginning of the third, or all-out, stage in the Communists' long-term strategy, was predicated on the continuing instability of the Saigon government and on the seeming demoralization of government troops, and it provided for a series of assaults on the central coastal plains, the establishment of enclaves along the shore to receive new, Chinese-made Soviet-style weapons brought in by sea,



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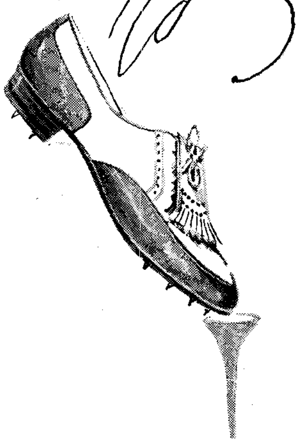
and the use of forces up to regimental size to cut the country in two, leaving the southern delta, which is already mostly held by the Vietcong, as the lower jaw of a vise in which to grip Saigon, while the other jaw was, of course, the central plateau. Then the mountainous, northern region just above the plateau and just below North Vietnam would be isolated and attacked.

Until a month or two ago, it looked as if this plan might succeed. In February, both regular and local elements of the Vietcong, bolstered by infiltrators from North Vietnam, had moved boldly onto the plains of the two most important coastal provinces then held by the government, Binh Dinh and Phu Yen, and had completely disrupted earlier pacification efforts there. Since then, our air attacks have driven the Vietcong back into the mountains or have forced them to lie low in villages and swamps near the coast; any assaults they now make in the open are likely to be costly. At the same time, government forces have become more aggressive, and in the last three weeks have won a series of encounters, some while repelling Vietcong attacks and others while carrying out their own. These encounters, in which some seven hundred Vietcong were killed, took place not only in the plateau and in the coastal areas but also in the delta and up north. The arrival last week of three thousand more American Marines in the northern-corps area, bringing the total Marine force in South Vietnam to about eight thousand men, or half a reinforced division, with air and missile support, has probably forestalled any immediate Vietcong plans to launch a major attack in the region around the northern port of Danang. The added Marines will be used to extend offensive patrol work over a wider area going inland from the city of Hué, not far from the Seventeenth Parallel, to below Danang, and perhaps even farther. These troops constitute the first sizable American ground units to be used for offensive as well as defensive action in South Vietnam, and sooner or later they will undoubtedly tangle with the Vietcong; in fact, nothing rules out their use as direct combat forces on Eagle Flight actions, and in an emergency they may be airlifted to areas at some distance from their base.

THE combination of this influx of Marines, of the succession of government victories, of the evolving pattern of bombings aimed at destroying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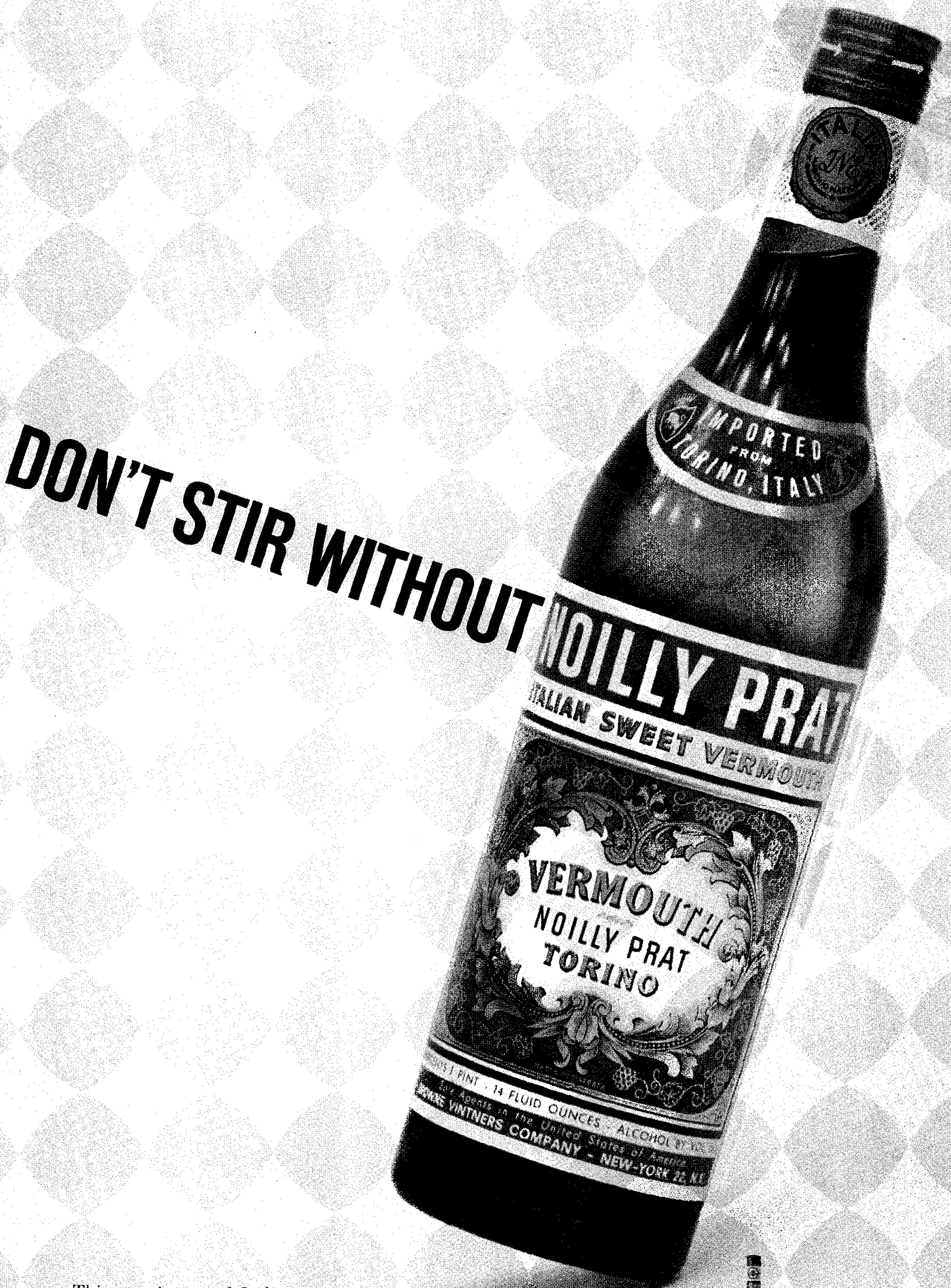
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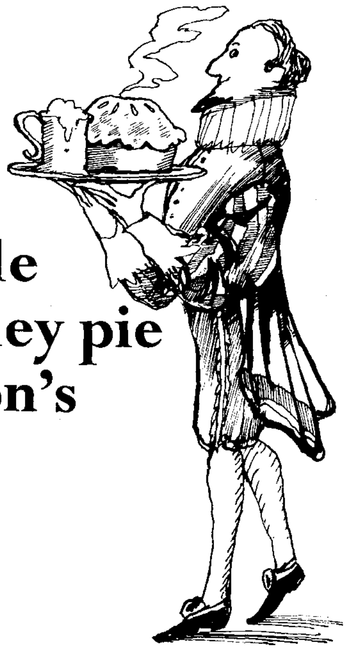
North Vietnam's communication and transportation systems, and, finally, of President Johnson's speech on April 7th has brought the war into new focus here. The President's speech got an odd reaction: it was officially praised by Prime Minister Phan Huy Quat and Foreign Minister Tran Van Do, but an undertone of official worry was detectable, prompted by the fear that the United States had gone too far in opening the path to negotiations, even though American spokesmen made it clear that while we were ready to hold "unconditional discussions" of the situation, we would not "negotiate" until we were satisfied that aggression had ceased. The South Vietnamese have, of course, received a great deal of American aid for many years, and have been promised more, so the prospect of peacetime aid for other countries in the area, including North Vietnam, carries less weight here than it would elsewhere. The government's worries aside, though, the reaction of the Vietnamese press and public to the speech was generally good, though guarded. If there was a consensus, it seemed to be that there was still a long way to go in the war; that North Vietnam, whether or not it responded to the President's overtures, would scarcely give up its long-term objectives in South Vietnam; and that what was more important than big economic and social plans, no matter how splendid, was the determination of the United States to handle first things first—that is, to continue to deal with the war itself, and then, during and after any discussions or negotiations, to protect this country from renewed Communist encroachment or subversion.

South Vietnam's own role in this defense is still far from successful. Politically, despite much talk about stability, including hopeful American talk, the situation is by no means stable yet, and militarily, despite the turn for the better, the picture is still pretty dark. Not only do the Communists currently control almost two-thirds of the country—including big chunks of new territory gobbled up where they are now consolidating their political position and regrouping their military strength—but there is every indication that in about a month, when the rainy season starts in the south and it becomes harder for planes to fly, there may be a new Vietcong offensive, possibly aimed simultaneously at provincial and district capitals in the highlands and major towns along the coast, which will tax to the utmost the government's ability to resist with the forces it has availa-



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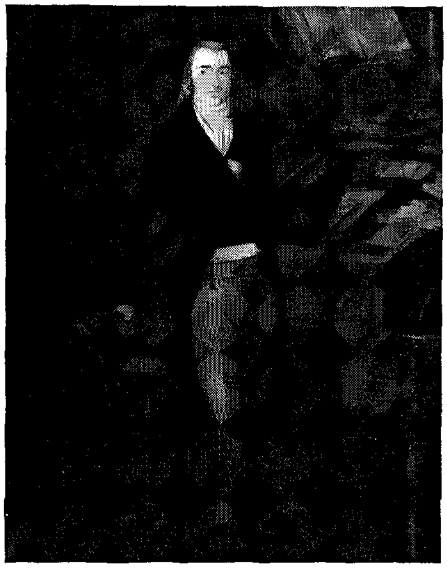

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ble. Government plans call for augmenting troop strength this year by a hundred and sixty thousand men, for a total of seven hundred thousand, but though the number of volunteers is increasing, many of the regular government battalions in the nine Army divisions are still some twenty-five per cent under strength as a result of combat losses, and conscription is still necessary. At the moment, the government has only eleven reserve battalions that can be moved about quickly to deal with emergencies, and that would not be enough in the event of a multiple Vietcong offensive. The recruitment of new manpower for the important secondary elements—the Regional (that is, provincial) Forces and the Popular (that is, local) Forces, whose ranks were decimated in battle and by large-scale desertions during the Vietcong offensives last year and early this year—is not proceeding nearly as fast as either the government or the Americans would like.

Despite the government's new offensive spirit, its forces are not gaining much real ground, because, as most experts are quick to point out, the major roads that have been recaptured are still easy to cut off, and mere mobility and the application of special techniques are not enough in themselves to turn the tide. For example, the use of chemical sprays to kill rice crops in Vietcong-controlled areas, of defoliation sprays and fire bombs to rout the Vietcong out of their forest bases, and of tear-and-nausea gas to flush them from caves does little toward actually winning the war here; in fact, even when such measures are preceded by warnings to the population—as is done in the case of the sprays, and when napalm and ordinary bombs are used in what are now called "bomb-free" zones—their value is doubtful when set against the basic need "to win the hearts and minds of the people," a phrase that, however shopworn it has become here, remains the key to the situation. To be sure, all may be fair in war, but the conflict in South Vietnam is as much a political and social one as a military one, and the effect of certain military measures may be just the opposite of the effect desired, and may be far from making people love us, *even* if for the moment, out of fear of being killed, some of them renounce the Vietcong and come over to our side. Moreover, the Vietnamese are extremely superstitious people, and recently when, within a single fortnight, a forest fire that was set by napalm in a Vietcong zone was extinguished

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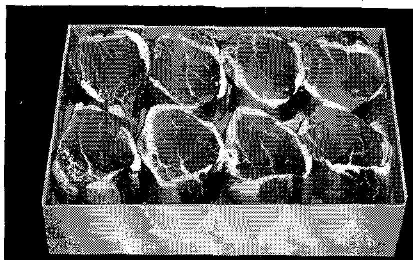

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by a sudden freak rainstorm, and attempts to spray a Vietcong rice area and to use tear gas against a Vietcong hideout failed because of winds and bad weather, the failures were widely regarded as "heavenly omens" favoring the Communists.

Any kind of warfare is grotesque, and in a war as messy and fluid as this one, in which the elements of hide-and-seek play a large part, the civilian population is bound to suffer greatly. Escalation breeds further escalation, and notwithstanding the President's speech, if the continuing attacks against North Vietnam fail to achieve the desired result, it is considered very likely that additional American troops will be committed as fighting units in South Vietnam, and that the United States will assume greater operational control of the war through the formal establishment of a joint command. Such steps, though they might not be popular either in the United States or in Vietnam, would be the logical (many people say the inevitable) consequence of what has taken place, or, rather, *not* taken place, here in the last four years. To a large extent, they would be an admission of the failure of the American advisory system, whereby American officers in the field both train the Vietnamese and serve as consultants to them down to the battalion, and sometimes company, level in the Army and down to the administrative districts that are the paramilitary subdivisions of the country's forty-five provinces. While the advisory program has testified to the politeness of both parties, it has fundamentally failed in its primary aim—to persuade the Vietnamese officers to get their men out into the countryside and keep them there, if necessary, day and night, for weeks on end. This view of our attempts at persuasion has been expressed to me privately by most of the advisers I have spoken with during a trip through the vital plateau area, and it is reinforced by what advisers from other battle areas have said. The general feeling is that the advisory system is inherently anomalous and unworkable, reflecting a predilection for trying to get a probably impossible job done in what a British friend of mine has described as "your typical nice American way."

Why the South Vietnamese have been unwilling to take advice and fight the war in what we regard as the right fashion is something that is constantly discussed here, not only by the Americans but also by the few Vietnamese who have ideas of their own about how to fight a counter-guerrilla

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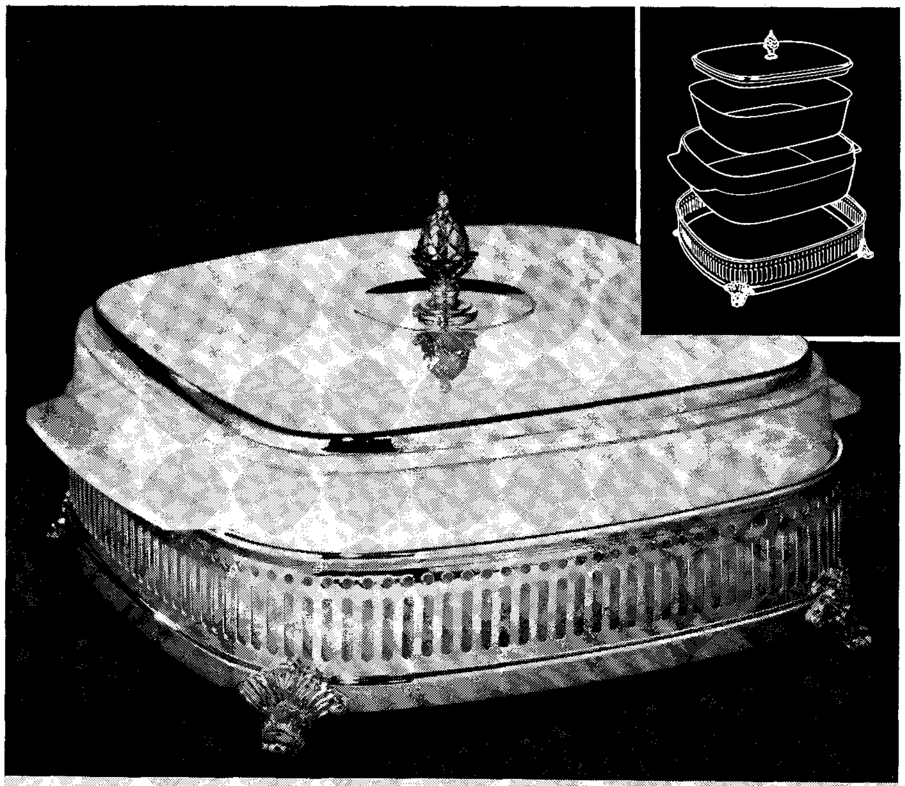

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war—men, invariably, who spent several years with the Vietminh during the war against the French. The chief reasons cited for the failure of the South Vietnamese forces to do better than they have up to now are lack of leadership and lack of motivation. Those who have watched the situation here for some time tend to emphasize the fact that there is a big difference between courage and leadership, and between morale and motivation. The individual Vietnamese soldier, these observers maintain, is brave and can be aggressive, if he is imaginatively inspired and properly led, but too many of the senior officers and most of the junior officers prefer fighting the easy way, going out on an action in the morning and returning for dinner and a relatively comfortable bed in camp or in a village where, under the Vietnamese system, the families of all troops, officers and men alike, will be waiting for them, having followed the unit about from place to place. The Americans have for several years been urging the regular forces to stay out on patrol and fight at night, but such urging has been unsuccessful, except among a few elements, such as the Special Forces, with whom American advisers have a much more coöperative relationship. It is significant that these troops, usually operating in squads or platoons but sometimes in companies, have in the past two years done a really good job of cutting the various mountain, valley, and riverbed trails along the Laos border and on the central Annamite mountain range, over which the Vietcong infiltrate men and supplies from the north.

While the greater American involvement has obviously strengthened the South Vietnamese tactically—that is, in matters having to do with communication and transportation, as well as in aerial-combat assistance—it has also increased their reliance on American helicopters and other new techniques and forms of assistance. This is where the question of motivation vs. morale comes in. Morale, so low last year, has undoubtedly been lifted in recent weeks, chiefly as a result of the new display of American air power; attack planes are actually being encouraged to buzz Vietnamese troops during actions to enhance their confidence, and the South Vietnamese greet the news of air strikes with almost childlike glee. Significantly, though, the troops show no desire to remain in the woods and swamps, set traps for the enemy, clobber him, and then pursue him relentlessly, nor is there any willingness to settle down in

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strange villages and protect the villagers and get steady intelligence from them—"from girl friends in place of wives, if need be," as one American senior officer has bluntly put it.

This matter of motivation is essentially a Vietnamese problem—something that the Americans can do very little about, although they keep trying. The problem has to do with many subtle aspects of Vietnamese life—with the French orientation of the Army, with a whole system of rewards and punishments that reflect political and family influence in the structure of the Vietnamese officer corps and civilian administration (a system that arose and flourished during the nine years of the dictatorial Ngo Dinh Diem regime), and with lack of confidence resulting from the countless shifts of government over the past two years. In the last month, even as the military situation has slowly improved, there has been constant talk in Saigon of another coup and of fresh rivalries among the generals on the Armed Forces Council—a body that continues to inhibit the freedom of action of the well-meaning but still tentative and not altogether popular government of Prime Minister Quat. A week ago, a "mutiny" by four senior naval officers against their admiral and a cooked-up graft charge against the general in command of the Saigon military district (a highly competent man, who is especially well regarded by the Americans) looked very much like preliminaries to a major coup, which most observers believed would lead to a blood bath of Catholics and Buddhists. Both the admiral and the general were suspended as a result of pressure by the Buddhists, who are making a bold new drive for power and are seeking to eliminate all officials—and especially Catholic officials—who had anything to do with the old Diem regime. The Buddhists have formed a new group, the National Front for a True Revolution, and they openly talk of the need to get rid of the "many henchmen" and "dog generals" of the Diem regime, ostensibly to "preserve the new national spirit," to "force the Quat government to carry out truly a real democracy," and to "preserve security for the Buddhists." What is building up is, in essence, a battle between, on the one hand, the Buddhists and their representatives among the generals—notably Air Vice Marshal Nguyen Cao Ky and Brigadier General Nguyen Chanh Thi, who is the commander of the northern corps and an ally of the chief Buddhist monk, Thich Tri Quang—and, on the other,

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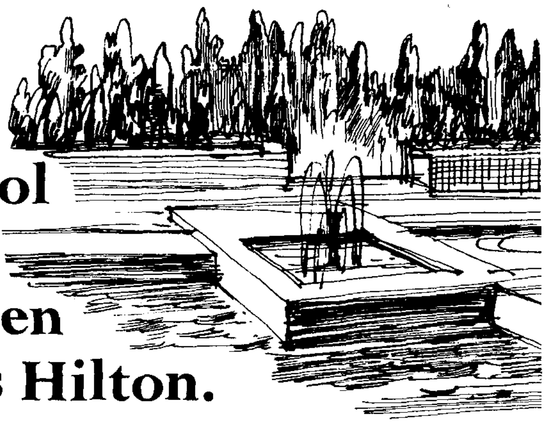

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the forces coalescing around Colonel Pham Ngoc Thao, the underground leader of the coup in February that served to eliminate General Nguyen Khanh from the scene. (Colonel Thao has been in hiding, but I have managed to see him several times. He is eager to coöperate with the Quat government if the officers—some fifty in all—who joined him in last February's coup are amnestied, but since this has been long delayed, a fresh feeling of resentment on the part of these disaffected elements has developed. "After all, we simply wanted to get rid of Khanh, and we did it," Thao told me. "Everyone else wanted the same thing, but now we're being blamed and punished for what we did." It seems to be impossible for Vietnamese groups and factions to work together, and jealousies and power plays tend to be self-perpetuating.) The impact of the kind of skirmishing that is now going on again is naturally felt throughout the countryside, where it inevitably disrupts the war effort by provoking fresh uncertainties among both military and civilian leaders. Each time there is fresh talk of a coup, things grind to a halt in the provinces, because province chiefs tend to cling to the funds allotted them by the Saigon government out of fear that a new government will accuse them of waste, or, even worse, of malfeasance. Almost always when a new government takes over, new province chiefs are appointed, and in the last year and a half most provinces have had four or five different chiefs—a state of affairs that makes any kind of continuity of operation impossible. As one astute Vietnamese officer I know puts it, "If the civilians don't trust their leaders, and if the troops don't trust their officers, how can you fight?"

IN trying to cope with a military situation that involves so many fluctuating psychological and emotional factors as well as political and social ones, the American advisers, who are selected from the top-rated ten per cent of the United States Army officer corps, are subject to countless doses of frustration and exasperation. Sooner or later, either their patience wears thin or they succumb to the temptation of believing that they are accomplishing more than they really are—that when their counterparts agree to a recommended action, for example, it will actually be carried out. The task of the advisers is not made easier by a standing order from the top American command to remain optimistic. Pessimism is simply not countenanced, and any man who con-

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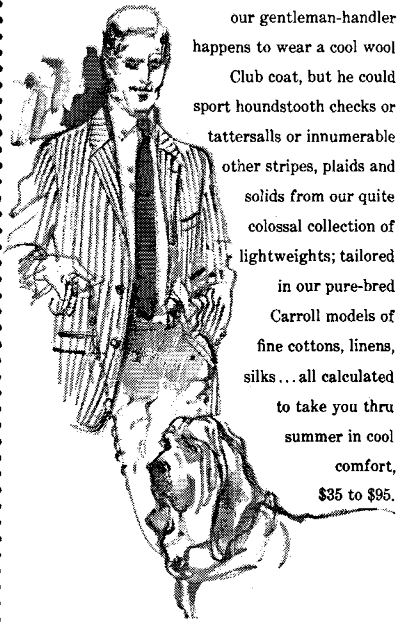

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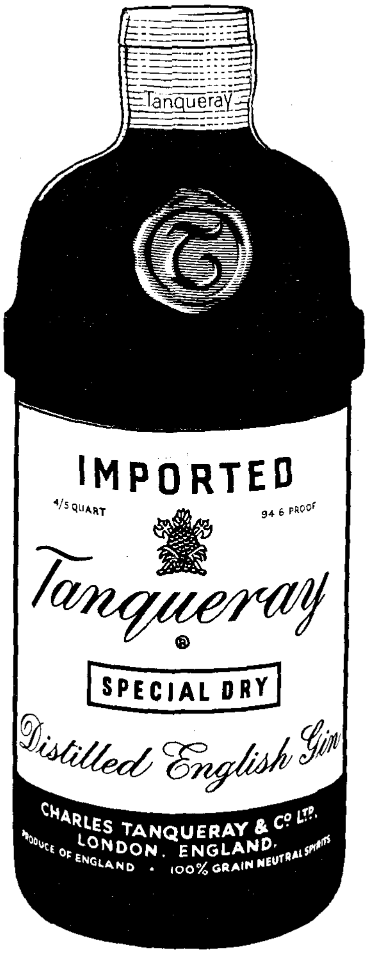
sistently complains, legitimately or not, is characterized as a "loser." I do not wish to overstate the case; the relationship of American advisers in the field to their superiors in Saigon is much better today than it was a year ago, when false optimism was a positive disease. Furthermore, in four years of covering the war in South Vietnam I have come across numerous instances in which a particularly close relationship between an American officer and his Vietnamese counterpart has achieved commendable results, both in battle and in what is called civic action—coöperation of the military with the civilian province and district chiefs to protect villages from the Vietcong and turn them into trustworthy anti-Communist communities. By and large, however, the advisory system is not a success—or so a great many people, including many advisers, feel—because Americans spend only a year here, which is not enough time for the advisers and the advised to come to understand each other's ways of thinking and acting. The Americans cannot comprehend all the intricacies of Vietnamese history and culture that put personal and bureaucratic stumbling blocks in the way of efficient military action. It is undoubtedly too much to ask that they should. The language difficulty alone is all but insurmountable, and though some of the advisers being sent here have received a little Vietnamese-language instruction back home, a huge majority still have to work through interpreters—interpreters whose knowledge of English is rather limited and whose knowledge of military strategy and tactics, which are what advisers and their counterparts talk about, is just about nil. The lower the echelon, the more difficult this matter of communication becomes, and at the battalion level good interpreters are particularly hard to come by. Some advisers feel that a two-year term instead of one would be a good idea, but others maintain that one year is enough of a drain on their emotions. "You effectively advise your counterpart only an hour a day, but the interchange of ideas is very taxing," I was told by a captain who is an assistant sector, or province, adviser. "By the end of the day, you know you've lived it."

Most of the advisers I have talked with agree that the year of service here tends to follow a pretty firm pattern. "For the first three months, while you're feeling your way, you tend to be optimistic and full of beans," one man told me. "Then the curve starts going down, and it reaches its low



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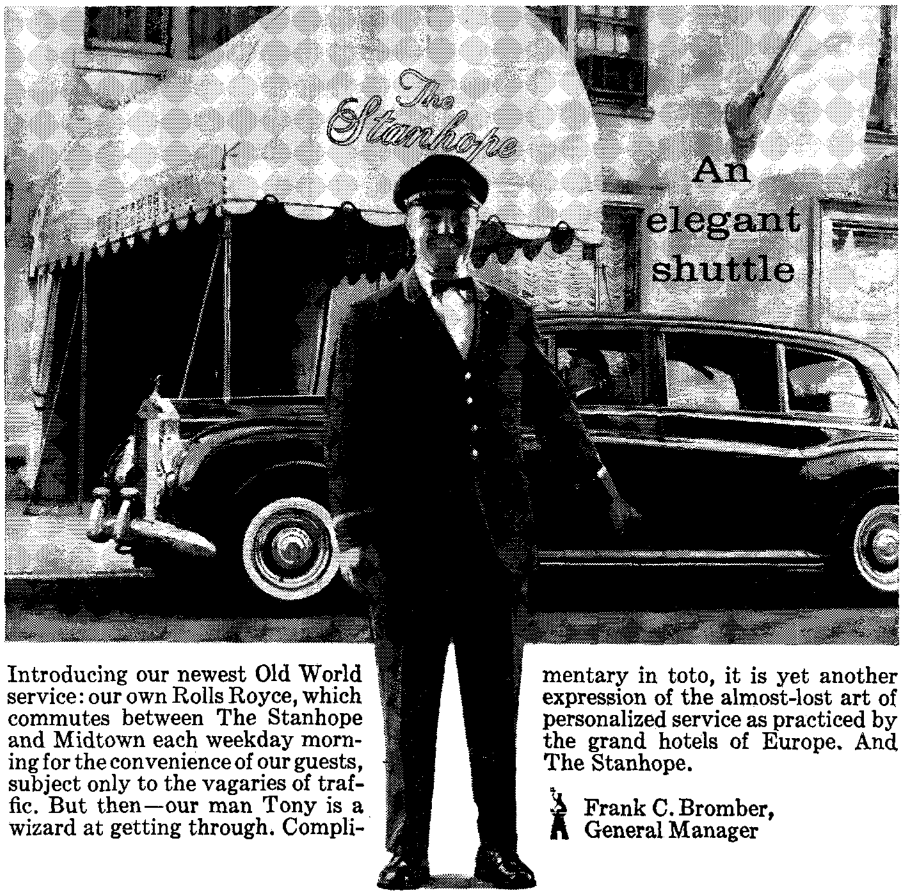

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point when you've been here about eight months. And then, oddly, maybe because you've grown wiser and expect less, or maybe just because you know you're going home soon, the curve starts going up again, and by the eleventh month your feeling of hope returns. That's why a surprisingly large number of officers and men volunteer to come back." It seems to be during the five months or so in the middle that an adviser is most apt to blow his top. For one thing, he gets fed up with Vietnamese work habits, which include a two-and-a-half-hour lunch-and-siesta break, and a disinclination to work in the evening. A lieutenant colonel I know walked into a division headquarters one evening shortly before a large operation was scheduled and found eight American officers hard at work but none of their Vietnamese counterparts on the premises at all. He angrily ordered the eight to quit and go to bed. Shortly thereafter, the Vietnamese division general appeared and wanted to know where the Americans were. When he was told what had happened, he routed his Vietnamese officers out of their quarters, and everybody, Americans and Vietnamese, worked until midnight.

Vietnam is not the first place where the United States has had an advisory military role, but the rules of the game here have made the role unprecedentedly subtle and complex. In Korea, it was far more direct. There was a true joint command, and not only was there more American decision-making but, as one adviser assured me, "the Koreans were more persuadable than the Vietnamese." Other advisers have pointed out that the same was true of the Greeks, who had American advisers with them during their war against Communist guerrillas in 1948 and 1949. "There were no American helicopters or bombers in Greece, but we gave the Greeks some good Missouri mules," one adviser recalled. "I spent six months in the field with a mountain division, climbing around and lugging howitzers on muleback. We chased the guerrillas night and day, and never lost contact with them, as the troops here do. In Greece, too, we were able to force political reforms. And there were other factors that helped turn the tide. When the borders with the neighboring Communist satellites were sealed and no more military assistance came in, *victory over the local* Communists became possible. We never have been able to seal the borders here, so men and supplies are still coming in from the north."

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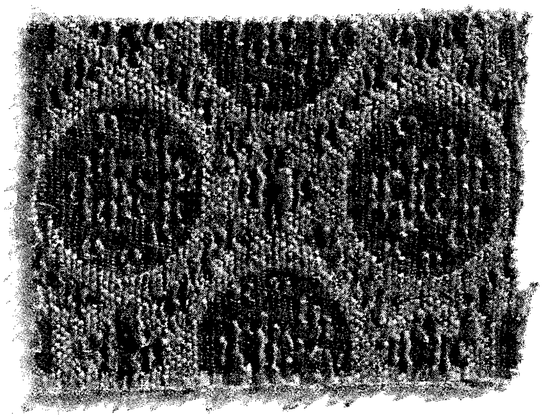

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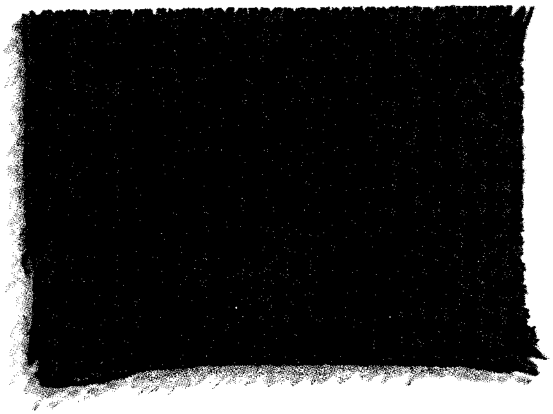

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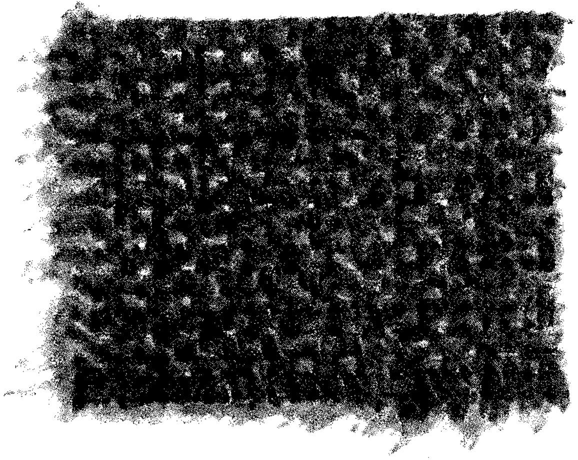

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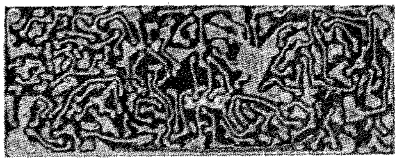

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icans and their counterparts showed a great readiness to adapt themselves to each other's ways. Nothing like this has happened in Vietnam, and the trouble can perhaps be attributed to the Americans as much as to the Vietnamese. There are many military experts who feel that, starting in 1954, when there were a few hundred advisers here, and increasing after 1961, when their number rose into the thousands, we tried to re-create the shattered South Vietnamese Army in our own image, as an American-style organization. This approach extended not only to administration but to ways of fighting; *many* Vietnamese junior and senior officers were sent to American war colleges for training, and for the most part were given courses in conventional warfare, scarcely suited to the type of guerrilla war being waged here. This, combined with the previous French influence, explains the predilection of many Vietnamese commanders for committing their forces in large numbers to so-called "sweep actions," in which whole battalions, and even regiments, are flown by American helicopters to areas where the Vietcong, according to intelligence reports, are in control; the very size of such operations defeats their purpose, for the time it takes to mount them almost always gives the Communists a chance to escape. Lately, the Eagle Flight technique has tended to reduce the number of large-scale maneuvers, yet some are still being attempted. I went on one recently in Binh Tuy Province that involved elements of five outfits totalling more than a thousand troops; the net result after three days was half a dozen Vietcong killed. The Americans strenuously oppose such tactics, but Vietnamese general officers are sensitive about these matters and are defensive about the whole question of accepting advice. I talked with one of them—a man who is considered to be one of the best generals in the country—and he praised the early American efforts to reorganize the Vietnamese Army but added that in the current stage of the war "the help of American advisers is not always valuable, because

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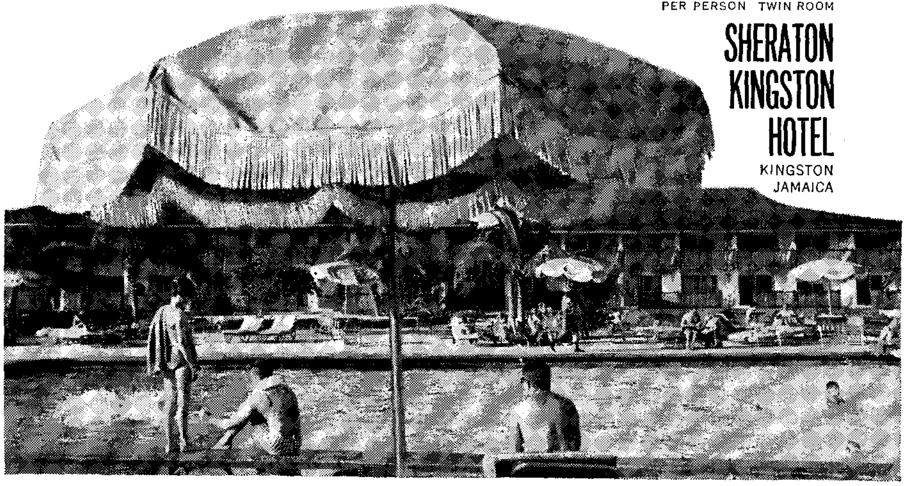

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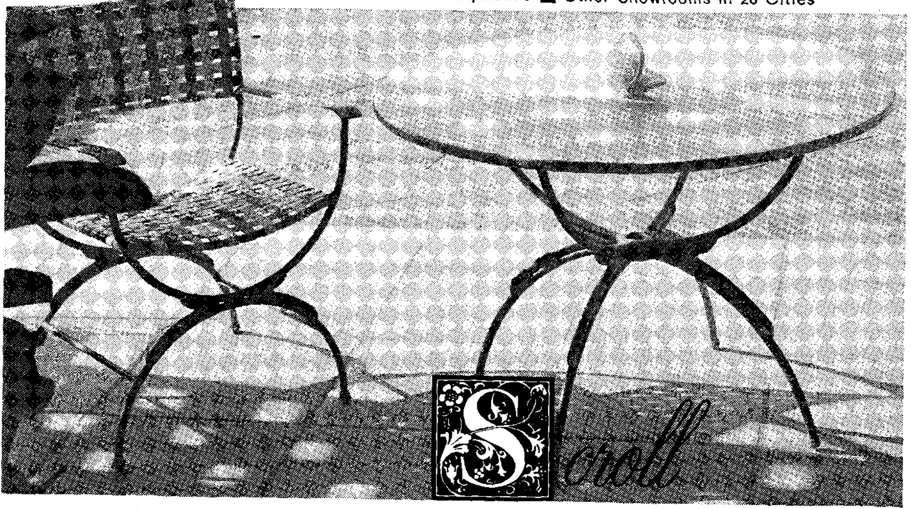

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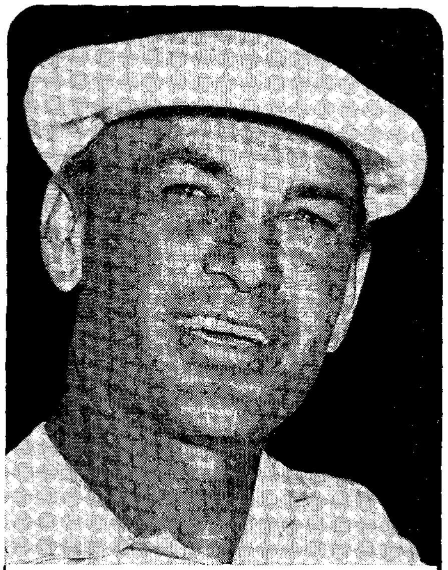
we Vietnamese feel we know more about the situation in the countryside than our American friends do."

It is right here that exasperation sets in, on both sides. While the Americans would agree that they naturally know less than the Vietnamese about village life, they don't accept the excuses that Vietnamese battalion or regimental commanders are always giving them for not moving against reported Vietcong elements. "I can't use a club on my counterpart," one battalion adviser says. "All I can do is try to influence him. I'll even coax him, but if I go too far or too fast, our relationship, which is perhaps just beginning to be a close one, will be spoiled." The relationship between an American and his counterpart often hinges on another relationship—that between the Vietnamese officer and his superior. Frequently, the Vietnamese, because he was educated under the French, will not pass American advice on to his immediate superior—partly out of fear, based on a traditional sense of subservience and the desire to protect himself, but also out of a feeling of independence and pride. Many incompetent officers have stayed in their jobs for years by engaging in this practice, and under the present system there is very little that the Americans can do about it. Sometimes influence can be brought to bear nearer the top—at the division or corps level—and sometimes changes are made. More often, they are not, and things just slide on as before.

When exasperation leads to disillusionment and fatigue, an adviser's usefulness is obviously impaired. I have heard one weary senior officer say, only half in jest, "I could do a better job out here advising the Vietcong." The tedium of the job, the fact that every bit of progress calls for the utmost amount of patience, is particularly disturbing to most Americans, who by nature tend to be impatient—a trait in the national character that, in turn, upsets the Vietnamese, who tend to be anything but. The relationship of an adviser and his counterpart is as much a psychological game as anything else, and sometimes it degenerates into a kind of psychological warfare. One of the more enthusiastic officers I met—a colonel who is a deputy corps adviser and, perhaps because he is an older man, is unusually patient—handles the matter of funnelling supplies to the Vietnamese, getting them to use certain things the right way, and gently rejecting their requests for things that he feels they don't really need or may simply want to distribute as largesse.



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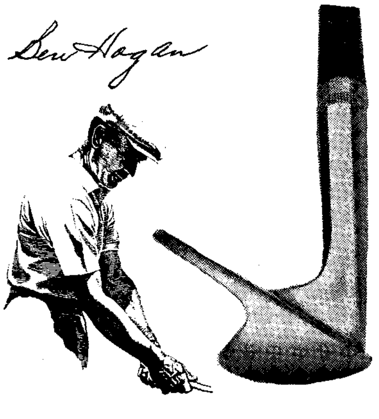

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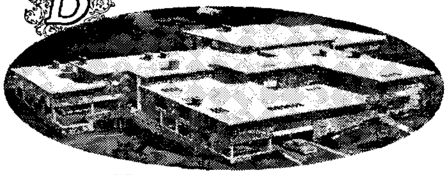

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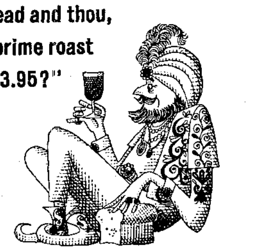

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"The way I see my job," this officer says, "it's to get my counterpart to want the things he knows I have that I think will help him, and to keep him from asking for anything else. I find it a rather stimulating challenge."

Whatever success an individual adviser has is due as much to luck as anything else—the luck of the draw in the selection of his counterpart. For example, in Pleiku, one of the central provinces, where the Vietcong is strongest, Captain William Zaldo, of El Paso, Texas, who took part in the successful chase of the Vietcong terrorists after they attacked the Pleiku barracks and airfield last February, had what he calls "a tremendous relationship" with a Vietnamese captain, whom he advised on the training and use of Regional and Popular Forces. "He was a wonderfully aggressive guy, who never got tired of doing his job and doing it well," Zaldo says. "We got to be great friends, and did everything together—ate, drank, and went out on dates and danced. But then he was transferred, to go to staff-and-command school. I realized it was for his own good, but I haven't been able to establish nearly as close a relationship with either of his two replacements." Zaldo is currently engaged in the difficult job of building up the Popular Forces in Pleiku, where there have been many desertions, and organizing them into company-size instead of platoon-size outfits in the hamlets, so that they won't be panicked by the Vietcong into surrendering or throwing away their weapons before Regular Army elements can come to their support. His problem, like that of other advisers in Vietnam, is to find one good leader for each hamlet force.

The importance of one good leader has been borne out time and again. A few weeks ago, near Phu Cat, two American captains and a sergeant went along with a Regional Force of three companies on an early-morning search for a reported Vietcong battalion in the area. As the force moved toward two villages in three columns, one company was ambushed; its Vietnamese commander was killed, and the American sergeant was wounded. Instead of quickly appointing someone to take the place of the dead commander, the lieutenant who was the task-force commander in charge of the whole operation bolted, and the entire second company, which he was with, turned and ran, too, severely jeopardizing the position of the isolated third company and ruining whatever chance the task force had for a successful mission. A Viet-

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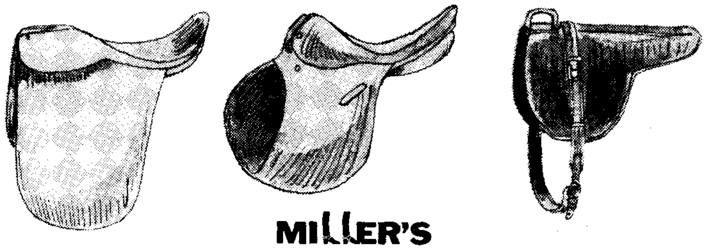

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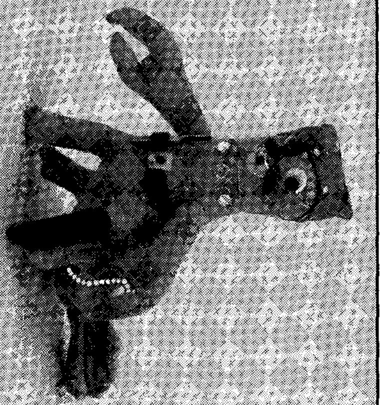

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namese major sat on a nearby hill and laughed as he watched the rout through a pair of binoculars. "All it takes is one bad egg, like that lieutenant," Captain Kenneth Wright, of Louisville, Kentucky, who was advising the third company, later remarked to me. "Despite the report we wrote, neither the lieutenant nor that major who thought it was so funny has yet been transferred. No Vietnamese in the camp will even talk to them, though."

THE continuing battle of Binh Dinh, one of the most important of the war so far, began early last December, when the Vietcong moved down from the hills and, after ambushing a government battalion, captured a district capital in the northern part of the province. The government forces then retreated and built a strongly fortified post and an airstrip above the town of Bong Son, on Route 1, the north-south coastal road. The fort and strip are the most strongly defended spots I have seen in Vietnam, with bunkers and parapets and blockhouses all over the top of a hill and on the surrounding slopes. The airfield is necessary for supplying the whole area, so it naturally has to be protected, but the place reminded me rather dismally of the French forts I used to see out here. Until a few weeks ago, Bong Son could be reached only by air. This was the result of the big Vietcong offensive that began early in February, just after the Vietnamese New Year, when the Vietcong took advantage of a self-proclaimed truce to move their troops into position. In their next strike, they won control of Route 1 in Binh Dinh; they already had control of it in the provinces of Phu Yen, to the south, and Quang Ngai, to the north. At the same time, they seized the east-west road, Route 19, from Qui Nonh, the capital of Binh Dinh Province, to Pleiku, the capital of Pleiku Province. Late in February, the government began to hit back, and, thanks to American air support that included an almost perfect coördinated use of bombers, rocket gunships, and troop-carrying helicopters, was able to land troops at several spots on Route 19 for a counterattack on the Vietcong; the attack was supported by protective fire from the air, and the government troops were airlifted out again after a series of battles that hurt the Communists so much that they began moving back into the hills. Then, on March 8th, the Vietcong attacked the Special Forces camp of Kannack, just north of the road, and suffered a stunning defeat, leaving a

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hundred and thirty dead against the barbed-wire of the encampment and losing at least a hundred and fifty more as a result of air attacks. After the battle of Kannack, Route 19 was successfully reopened to convoys, and in mid-March the government started its campaign to reopen Route 1, too. By early April, it had done so, with a minimum of resistance, up as far as Bong Son; the Vietcong were apparently willing to let Route 1 be opened that far without a major fight, since they could always cut it again, as they had done before, by digging deep trenches in the road or placing ties from the adjacent railway across it. I saw their handiwork when I walked up the road during the clearing operation, watching the same poor villagers who had been ordered by the Communists to dig the trenches and put down the ties now following the orders of the government troops to fill the trenches and drag the ties away.

It is important for supply purposes, as well as for strategic and psychological reasons, to keep Route 19 open, but, in the opinion of many American military observers, the government is putting too much emphasis on Route 1, which it probably won't be able to keep open all the time anyway; in their view, there should be a greater concentration on the adjacent valleys between the sea and the mountains. In these areas, the Vietcong are entrenched in the villages—including fortified villages, like the one attacked and burned out by the Eagle Flight company I accompanied. "Route 1 by itself doesn't mean a damn thing anyway," one American adviser told me. "If we just hold on to that, we're right back where the French were. We have to get out into the villages, where the people are." The Marines moving north of Bong Son on Route 1 toward the Quang Ngai border have been killing a large number of Vietcong regulars, who are now resisting any further advances along the road, but other government troop elements farther south in Binh Dinh are still conducting futile large sweep operations instead of probing the countryside. As another adviser put it, "It's meaningless for troops to move out, make contact with the Vietcong, take a casualty or two, and then call for an air strike, which may kill some Communists along with other people but will surely settle nothing in these crucial rural areas."

The ability to deal with the Vietnamese situation at its grass roots, first militarily and then politically and socially, is basic to the problem of winning the war, and it will be just as important in winning any peace. Mil-

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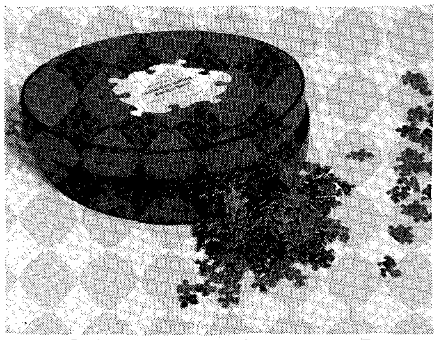

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lions of words have been written and spoken about pacification programs and psychological warfare and the like, but very little has actually been done, partly because more and more of the country has been coming under Communist control. I have talked with a handful of Vietnamese, and with a handful of Americans, who firmly believe that the only way to reach the people is to start not from the top but from the bottom—that is, from the twelve thousand hamlets of the country. In the opinion of this group, the hamlets need to be reorganized so that the men who speak and fight for them are truly representative of them, rather than of government officialdom and higher military echelons. According to a high Vietnamese official I know in a key province, this would require the formation of a real "People's Force," consisting of local partisans who would be responsible only to the province chief, who would become the military as well as the civilian head of his province. It would also entail something that many American military advisers privately admit would be a good thing—the abolition of corps and divisions and the creation of brigades and battalions, operating, as the Vietminh did against the French, and as the Vietcong now does, in special zones comprising several provinces or a single province. "In many respects, I think we should look upon the war as lost, and we should consider ourselves the true guerrillas," this Vietnamese official says. "The Communists have sown many seeds in the last ten years, but if we do things right we can still reap the harvest. We must think in terms of a social revolution, the way the Communists pretend to think—and in terms of true social justice in the villages and hamlets. Up to now, despite all the talk, there has never been any real village democracy or any real land reform. The members of the hamlet militia have protected the government's hamlet chief, and if the Vietcong killed him they have run away or deserted to the enemy. If a village is liberated by the government, the landlords, who were the first to flee, are always the last to come back, and then they collect all the back rent they can. There must be a true village democracy. One way we can start, I think, is to establish small village governments-in-exile among the refugees from the Communist areas. When we can get these people back to their villages, let them take over as the heads of new coöperative village councils. There is not enough arable land for everyone, but what there is should be distributed

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to those who till it, while those who protected and supported the Vietcong should be sent to virgin lands in the central highlands, where they can raise new crops and create new homes, working with the mountain tribes. Perhaps in a generation or so, they will be able to integrate themselves and the mountain people into the national society. To do all this, we will need the help of the United States in mechanizing agriculture and in other ways, just as we need your help now, logistically, to fight the war, but, in all vital respects, it must be a Vietnamese fight."

There are a few quietly conceived and quietly functioning American-backed programs in South Vietnam where ideas like these are being slowly introduced today. They are based on the injection of native elements—often refugees from the same village—into areas that the Vietcong now control. A well-armed platoon of these "black commandos," in Vietcong-style black pajamas, not only seeks out and fights the enemy but then remains in a recaptured village and works with the people, helping them tend their crops, dig wells, and so on. These programs, which are outside the major war effort, are making some headway. The question is: Will there be time for them to expand to the point where they have a real impact? Most impartial observers of the Vietnamese scene who have watched the slow process of erosion and retrogression for a long time are convinced that if the answer is no the battle here will be lost, whether in war or under conditions of armed peace, and such bold schemes as those outlined by President Johnson will never have a chance.

—ROBERT SHAPLEN

•

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brimming with sunlight
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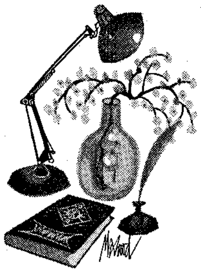
BOOKS

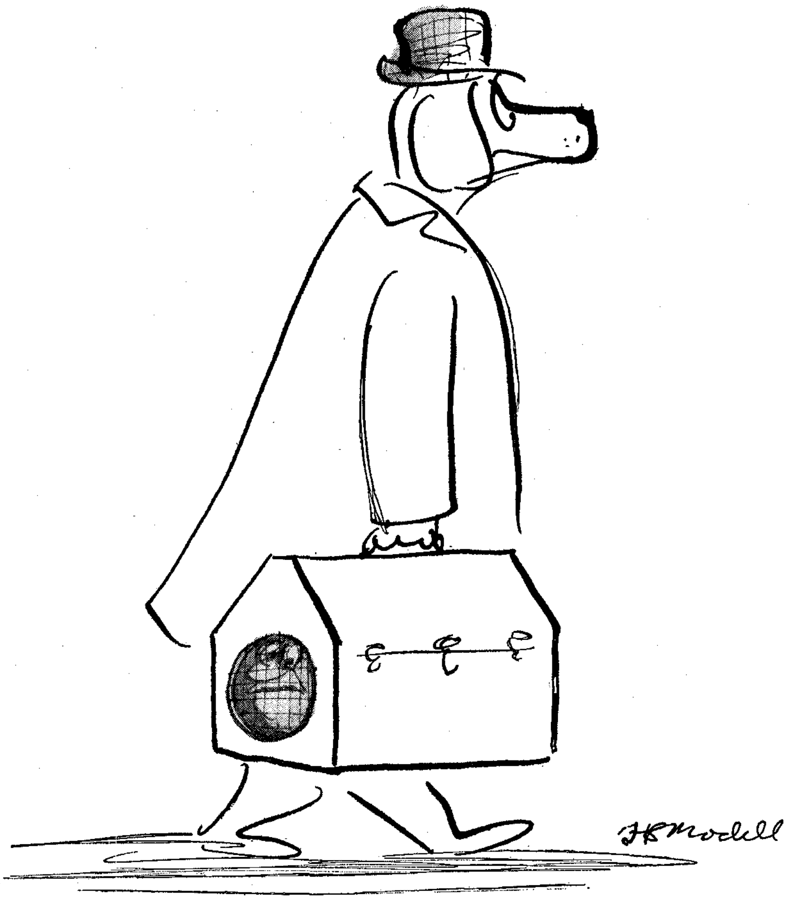
Innocents Abroad



THE behavior of many Europeans away from Europe has often been very bad—though no striking contrast, come to think of it, to their behavior at home—but those high-minded Europeans who have gone to strange lands and among curious people to do or be good convince us that there is a connection between goodness and distance: that charity begins abroad. Two recently published books—"Verdict on Schweitzer;" by Gerald McKnight (John Day), and "Baden-Powell: The Two Lives of a Hero," by William Hillcourt (Putnam)—illustrate two different but fully accredited kinds of transmarine European goodness. The books are fascinating, and they are not at all alike. McKnight, a British journalist, investigates a celebrity; Hillcourt, who works for the American Boy Scout movement, provides a full-dress biography of the Scouts' founder.

Both Schweitzer (1875- —) and Baden-Powell (1857-1941) share the Frankish Crusaders' concept that the land beyond the sea is an arena for the development and display of European virtues. Baden-Powell was a British Army officer—serving first in wars on India's Northwest Frontier and then in Africa—when he worked out the scouting techniques he began to teach to little boys. Schweitzer, an Alsatian, went to French Equatorial Africa (now the Republic of Gabon) to demonstrate a way of life by which he hopes to redeem not African but modern European civilization. He doctors Africans because, in moral sign language, a European healing non-Europeans is immediately understood throughout Christendom to be doing good. That sort of benevolence is an odd thing about Europeans, or Christians—Kublai Khan did not send doctors to Venice, any more than the Incas did to Cape Horn—but no odder than the optimism that prompted Baden-Powell, retired from the Army, to try to organize little Indians and little Africans (both Negroes and Boers) into Boy Scout troops after he had defeated their fathers. Some moral continuities are evident in these books—such as the world's time-out-of-mind association of physical discomfort with ethical superiority. Dr. Schweitzer, perhaps not wholly to his surprise, has discovered another—that celebrity remains, even in our impious twentieth century, a reward of exceptional goodness. McKnight's book takes as its point of departure Schweitzer's eminence as the most celebrated holy man of the West. In it, the author fills in, with conscientious and enterprising reporting, the outline of Dr. Schweitzer's biography. Nearly everybody knows that the Doctor renounced two flourishing European careers (in music and theology) to study medicine, and that he moved to an African jungle inhabited only by Africans, whom he has been tending in his own hospital at Lambaréné since before the First World War. Most people know little more. McKnight supplies the more, and plenty of it. He also tries to separate the man from the legend. And, most ambitiously, he wants to determine whether Schweitzer deserves to be famous for goodness. The author does not succeed on either of these two counts, and so the title of his book is inaccurate; there *is* no verdict. McKnight keeps explaining to the reader, and sometimes to himself, that Schweitzer claims ethical extraterritoriality and that it is no use trying to judge him by our standards. The establishment at Lambaréné is indeed *sui generis*, falling between the genus Bellevue Hospital and the genus Shaker colony. It is administered according to the Doctor's fundamental law, "reverence for life"—a rule that bewilders McKnight, since in practice it includes so many inconsistencies. Schweitzer takes in any patients who appear, including madmen, but he will not modernize the drainage. He does revere life—no one may kill a bug on the premises—but he shows little respect for the living: he insults Africans by calling them "*tu*," which translates, roughly, into the English "boy." The author can't make sense out of Schweitzer's kindly contempt for Africans. Yet since Schweitzer's grand goal is self-sacrifice, there is a logic behind his supposing his patients incompetent, unteachable, untrustworthy, and—above all—ungrateful.

McKnight does what he can with something no one can do well—conveying a spirituality for which one has little sympathy. He is much more successful with the establishment at Lambaréné (it is tacky rather than—as North Temperate Zone gardeners might imagine, because of its jungle setting—lush), and the tempo at which it moves (his word "pottering" sums it up), and the interesting people on the staff. In reporting his own conversations with Dr. Schweitzer, the biographer catches a quality that is as difficult to get on paper as an original piety—the Doctor's charm, a wry, private,



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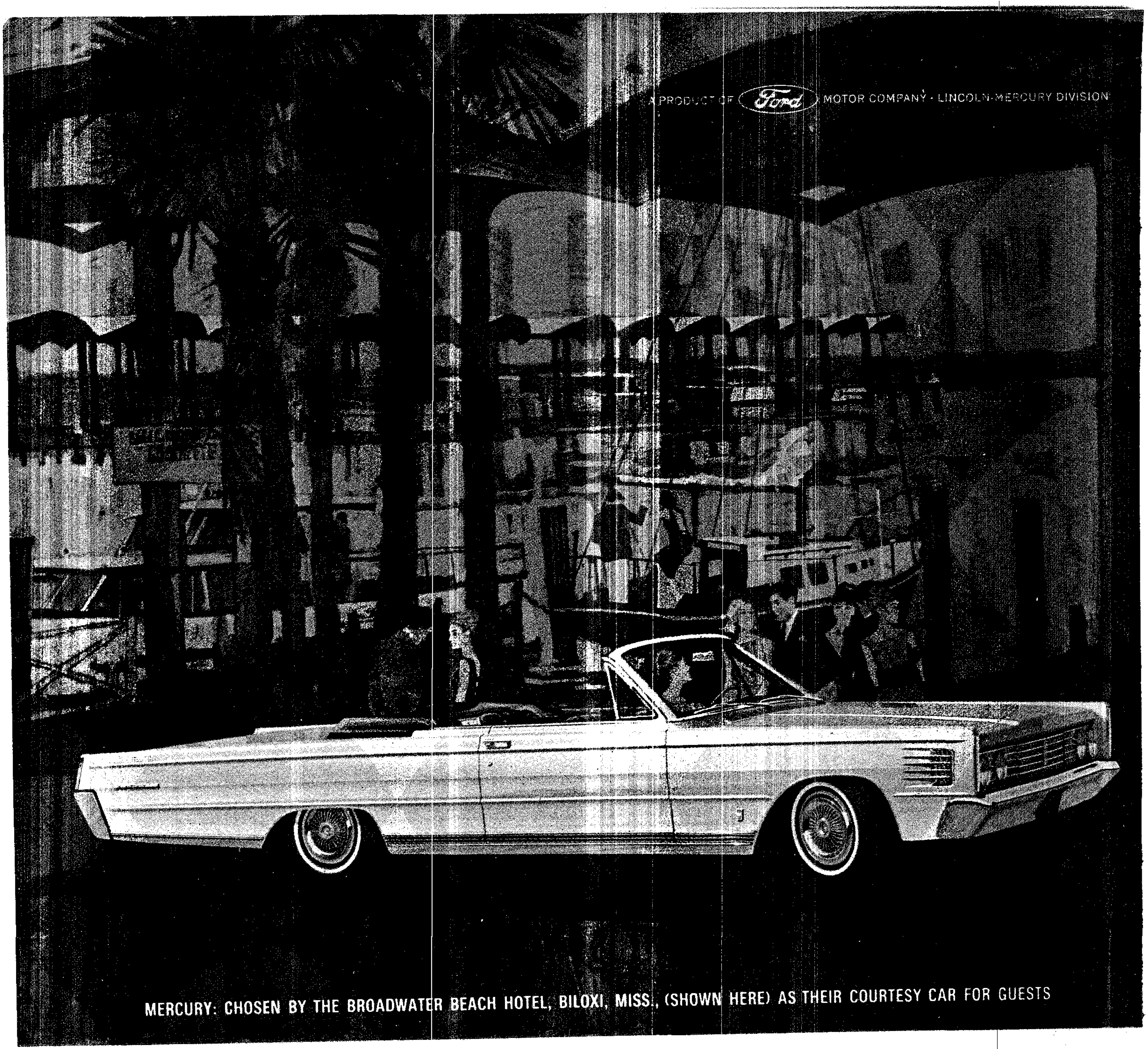

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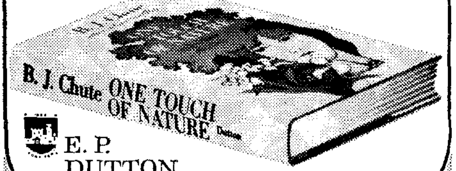

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self-conscious, but not embarrassed attractiveness that affects the reader, the reporter, and (so McKnight's account suggests) nearly everyone the Doctor has met in his long life. In spite of his charm, aspects of his personality (as distinct from his ideas) disturb McKnight, particularly his authoritarianism. Yet when Schweitzer was young, many good older men were authoritarian. Modern European history (for that matter, Modern European Drama I: Shaw and Ibsen) records countless authoritarian, lawgiving fathers, husbands, pastors, headmasters, ironmasters, just as it records countless rebellions against those authorities. Young Schweitzer was one of the rebels of the rebellious period before the First World War. He rebelled against Christian orthodoxy and the complacent routines of European charity, against European preoccupation with physical ease and self-satisfaction. He is not the first young rebel to become an old authoritarian set in his ways.

The more data McKnight uncovers, the less "real"—in the everyday, newspaper sense—the Doctor appears. That is to say, he is as real as Mount Kenya, which we know only from photographs—but as something that indeed exists, and in Africa. Yet his character, especially its inconsistencies, seems invented, a work of his imagination. Schweitzer has said he has wanted to make his life an argument, but he has made it a legend. There have been other men who, by inventing themselves, have turned themselves into legends, as Tolstoy and, for that matter, several eighteenth-century highwaymen did. And the public, at different times, makes varying uses of legends according to its temper. It is true, for example, as McKnight points out, that Schweitzer is a most heterodox Christian, and that by the rules of most denominations he may even not be considered a Christian. Or Schweitzer may strike the theologically inclined reader, up on heresies, as somewhat Pelagian: he seems to want to do more for God than he will allow God to do for him. Yet there is no doubt that Schweitzer is part of Christendom and one of its legends. Whether he will be remembered as a guide to salvation or as a mysterious Christian presence overseas, like Prester John, it is impossible even to guess.

ONE point about which Schweitzer and the late Robert Stephenson Smyth Baden-Powell disagree is the appraisal of the European civilization into which they were born, a generation

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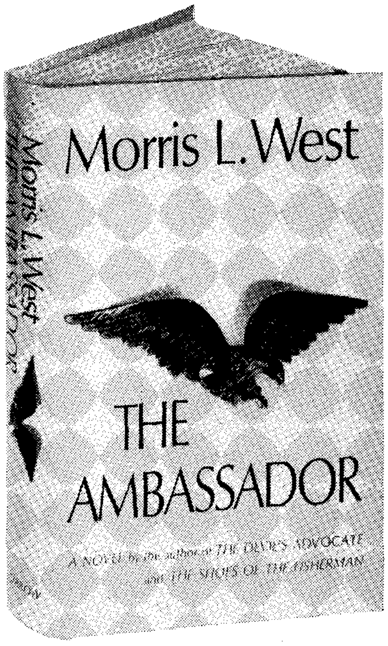
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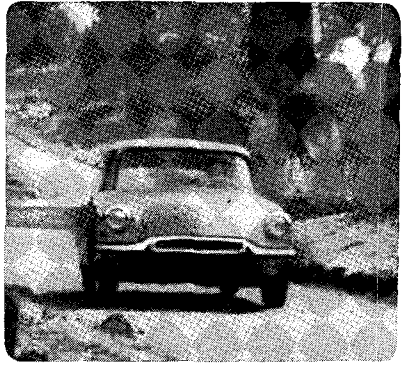

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apart—sons of the same sort of distinguished but not wealthy families. Mr. Hillcourt has had access to all Baden-Powell's papers, as well as the assistance of his widow, and it appears that Baden-Powell never once thought of defying the stringent restrictions and appalling demands of his society. Consider the matter of money. Baden-Powell's widowed mother—B.-P. was three when his father died—had seven children to bring up in the rank the family had achieved (Hillcourt's brief genealogy is studded with modest renown) on somewhat less money than she needed. Unfortunately, in nineteenth-century England the Baden-Powells would have dropped themselves most pitiably into the lower middle class if any of them had dared to set out to make money as a shopkeeper, like Marshall Field. So Mrs. Baden-Powell's sons all had to win scholarships and pass examinations in order to follow honorific and low-paying pursuits—the Civil Service, the Armed Services. They had, besides, to postpone marrying—Baden-Powell was fifty-five when he married—because their mother thought it essential for the family's success to maintain a house in London and entertain useful people. He never protested, and he chipped in for the smart address, but he frankly preferred life on the veldt.

Like Schweitzer, Baden-Powell had many talents besides the one for which he became famous—in his case, military leadership. This biography is illustrated in part with his fluent, appealing sketches. He was a good enough journalist to add regularly to his income, reporting for English periodicals from the fringes of the Empire to which his duties took him. And his books found their publics; his volume on pigsticking, which appeared in 1889, remains, Mr. Hillcourt tells us, the classic work on that sport. The book that led to Baden-Powell's second career was a revision of his military handbook "Reconnaissance and Scouting" (1884); as "Aids to Scouting," the new version appeared in England in the fall of 1899, while he was settling down, as commander of the garrison, to hold Mafeking against the surrounding Boers. He had become a crafty fighter, having, by 1899, fought such crafty fighters as Afghans, Zulus, and Ashantis, and having learned from them all. During the two hundred and seventeen days of the siege, the commander's book became a best-seller.

Baden-Powell was slow to realize who he himself had become. Even after Mafeking, he wanted to be not a world

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figure but a commander of cavalry. He went on to organize the South African Constabulary (a force resembling the Canadian Mounties), serve as Inspector-General of Cavalry in the British Army, and train the first Territorial division raised under Lord Haldane's British Army reforms, but he was extracted from the Service, in 1910, by the insistent demands of tens of thousands of children who, having long been seen, now made themselves heard. In the years Baden-Powell served his country abroad, idle children had materialized on city streets at home; travelling in the United Kingdom in 1903, he saw "thousands of boys . . . pale, narrow-chested, hunched-up miserable specimens, smoking endless cigarettes." Many attempts had been made to provide improving activities for such boys, but Baden-Powell's Scouting was the first notion that evoked their enthusiasm. The non-European world has been getting Europe's hand-me-downs (such as its rebelliousness) a century later, but before the primitive world began the process of paving itself over it contributed to Europe what it had—its knowledge of wildness. Such knowledge had mostly been used by Europeans in waging war; Baden-Powell thought it could be beneficial in peace. All he at first intended to contribute to the health and happiness of British city boys was a third version of his book (the boys had been reading the second), designed to be used by already existing organizations like the Y.M.C.A. But the boys of Great Britain and the young men who were planning social work on their behalf kept writing him letters, asking advice, extending invitations; they wanted to be certain that they would be his kind of Scout, not anybody else's. They took all his spare time, and at last the King consented to part with a general and give his young subjects a Scoutmaster. The passion for Scouting, by the way, was international; so was the adoration of Baden-Powell, even in countries like Germany, which had been pro-Boer.

Hillcourt is much more sympathetic toward Baden-Powell than McKnight is toward Schweitzer, and I think our temper is so conservative (or pessimistic) that we are tempted to feel that Schweitzer, who wants nothing less than the total redemption of mankind by such unusual measures as pacifism and vegetarianism, is bound to be less effective than Baden-Powell, who was willing to do a measure of good as the opportunity arose. Yet it would belittle Baden-Powell to suggest

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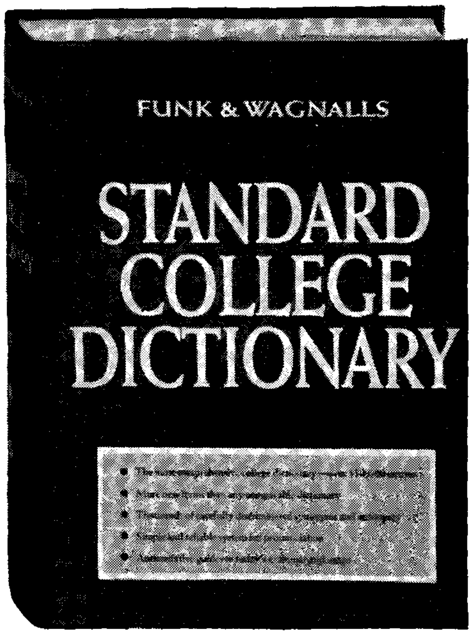

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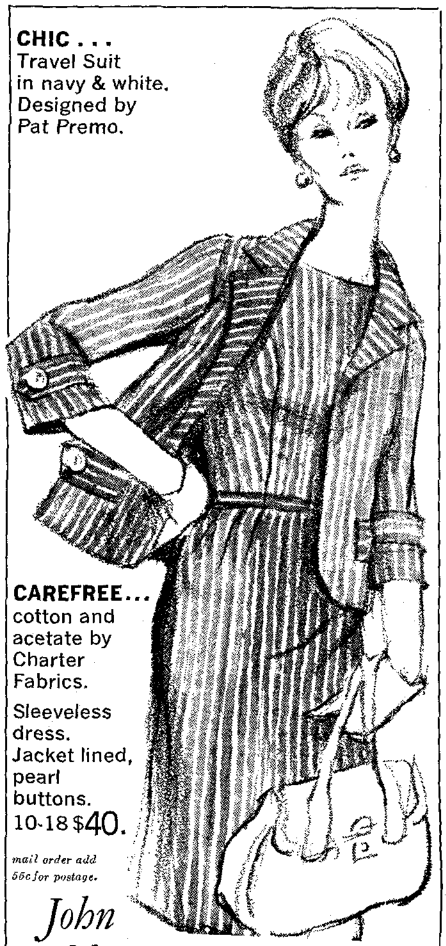

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that he had no grand vision. He hoped that Scouting would create better understanding within nations—that boys of different classes, religions, and races would, by Scouting together, grow up free of distrust and division. (The Socialists of his time distrusted him, and conservatives suspected him of dangerous radicalism.) He also hoped that the international Boy Scout movement would be a force for peace, and when he organized it he avoided military forms. And yet, widely loved as he was, he could do nothing when the totalitarian states abolished the Boy Scouts and began their militaristic youth movements. He tried in vain to argue the matter with Mussolini, and he told the Germans that the Boy Scouts would have nothing to do with the Hitler Jugend.

It is hard for the reader to accept Baden-Powell's disappointments, since Baden-Powell himself is so appealing—so spunky (even cheeky), so cheerful, so without pretentiousness, so active, so stalwart in duty, so ready for fun—that one wants destiny to reward his efforts with hundred-per-cent success. It comes as a sad reflection that the world—European and non-European—is not ready to be as good as a Boy Scout, let alone a Scoutmaster.

—NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

VALPARAISO, by Nicolas Freeling (Harper & Row). The story of a young man who is damned because of his lack of direction and because of his desire, originally innocent, to enjoy a better and more interesting life than the one his parents show him. Raymond, a native of a minor European city, perhaps in Holland, dishonors himself at the age of twenty by accepting money in exchange for his promise to abandon a girl he loves and who loves him and is pregnant by him. After this transaction, Raymond becomes a wanderer until the day he sees and buys the Olivia, a small working boat, ancient but sound, and comfortably equipped for solitary living. The Olivia becomes Raymond's one real love, but even the good, dependable little boat cannot give him self-respect or any idea of his responsibility to himself or to the people he makes friends with. Mr. Freeling's ability to describe cities, towns, bars, living rooms, wharves, seaports, and shops—all the interiors and exteriors where human lives are spent—is

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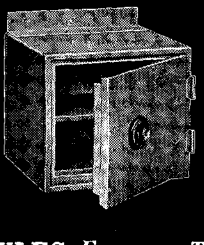

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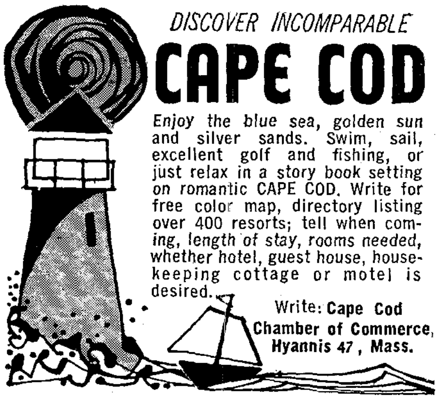

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superb, and in addition he gives us a thoughtful portrait of a lost but not really unlikable young man.

THE GARRICK YEAR, by Margaret Drabble (Morrow). Emma Evans, the narrator of this tale, is an extremely attractive and inordinately self-centered young woman who is married to an actor and is the mother of two small children. Emma, who was a part-time model, catalogues what she has lost by her marriage—"my independence, my income, my twenty-two-inch waist, my sleep, most of my friends . . . a whole string of finite things, and many more indefinite attributes, like hope and expectation." She is a glib young lady, but even she can hardly hope to get away with the adjective "finite," just like that. It is rude to dismiss one's reader, but then, of course, Emma *is* rude. As the story opens, in her house in London, she is also in a rage, because her husband, David, a childish young man who never develops beyond the vague sketch we are given of him in the first few pages, has accepted a seven-month job in a provincial theatre, and Emma is afraid she will be bored in the provinces. She is bored, naturally, but that does not prevent her from describing what happens—or, rather, what does not happen—to her during the seven months. Miss Drabble's writing has a smooth finish, and her portrait of Emma is to the life.

GENERAL

THE ERA OF RECONSTRUCTION: 1865-77, by Kenneth M. Stampp (Knopf). A well-spoken argument for a less southerly view of the painful aftermath of the Civil War. This is the period that "The Birth of a Nation" and most historians have taught us to see as, in Lord Bryce's phrase, "a Saturnalia of robbery and jobbery" cooked up by an irresponsible gang of carpetbaggers, scalawags, and bemused Negroes. Mr. Stampp, a professor of American history at the University of California, suggests that this is a somewhat blinkered depiction of radical Republican reconstruction. ("In Mississippi," he notes, "the treasurer of the Democratic regime that overthrew the radicals in 1875 immediately embezzled $316,000, which broke all previous records.") He reminds us that it was these radicals who, during the Reconstruction, enacted the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, the Civil Rights Act

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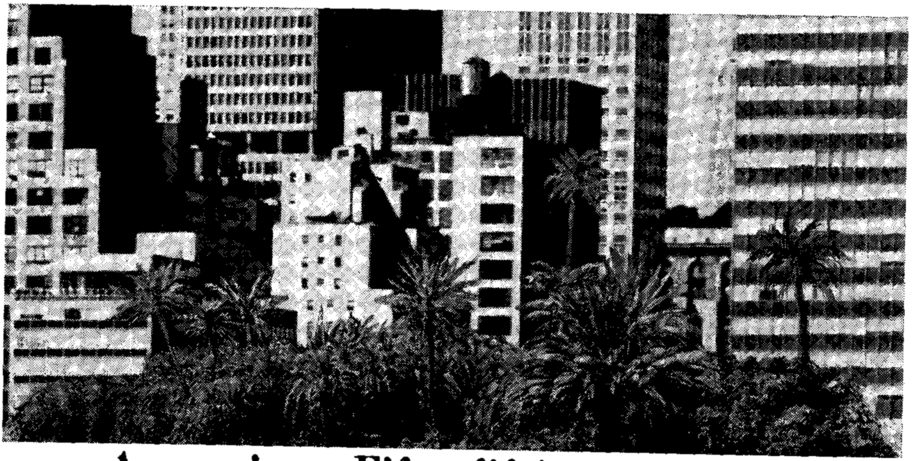

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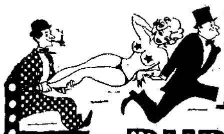

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of 1875, and the Force (or anti-intimidation) Acts of 1870-71, and that it was after the conservative repudiation of Reconstruction that Congress repealed the Force Acts and the Supreme Court invalidated the Civil Rights Act of 1875 and sanctified "social segregation." "Granting all their mistakes, the radical governments were by far the most democratic the South had ever known," Mr. Stampp concludes. "They were the only governments in Southern history to extend to Negroes complete civil and political equality, and to try to protect them in the enjoyment of the rights they were granted. The overthrow of these governments was hardly a victory for political democracy, for the conservatives who 'redeemed' the South tried to relegate poor men, Negro and white, once more to political obscurity." An edifying book.

THE GREAT SAHARA, by James Wellard (Dutton). A study of the world's biggest and oldest desert that has almost nothing to say about either its origin or its nature. What interests Mr. Wellard, an English journalist, is the various peoples who have made the Sahara their home, and he traces its human history from the highly artistic aborigines of ten thousand years ago to the air-conditioned oil boomers of today, with long and absorbing pauses among the Romans whose industry made the wasteland bloom, the Arabs who briskly restored its earlier desolation, and the doomed parade of nineteenth-century "African travellers"—Frederick Hornemann, Mungo Park, Major Alexander Gordon Laing, René Caillié, Dr. Heinrich Barth, Henri Duveyrier, Alexandrine Petronella Francesca Tinne—who opened it to European exploitation. Photographs and an endpaper map.

FUN IN A CHINESE LAUNDRY, by Josef von Sternberg (Macmillan). One of the most celebrated of movie directors—from his hand came such classic works as "Underworld," "The Blue Angel," "The Last Command," and "Morocco"—Mr. von Sternberg was also celebrated, in the illiterate, money-grubbing Hollywood of the twenties and thirties, for a certain fastidious cantankerousness. He held—and was, he admits, perhaps unduly eager to manifest—a low opinion of most of the producers, actors, and directors of the day, and this exceptionally well-written and erudite memoir

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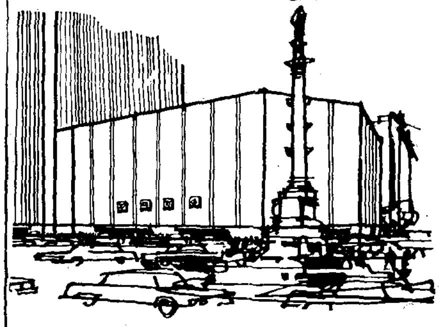
TRADE EXPOSITIONS AND PROFESSIONAL MEETINGS IN JUNE: National Lighting Exposition, June 6-9; American Medical Association Annual Meeting, June 20-24.



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(the author drops the names of Horace, Lucian, Molière, Hazlitt, Freud, Henry Irving, Shakespeare, and Stanislavsky within two pages) is evidence that he had every right to do so. By the strictest standards, Mr. von Sternberg is a rare bird indeed—a highly intelligent self-educated polymath, whose lifelong interests have been painting, sculpture, architecture, music, history, philately, and travel, and whose career in movies is but one of the many careers in which he might have distinguished himself. Born Jo Sternberg, in Vienna (the phony "Josef" and "von" were thrust on him by a couple of Hollywood associates, without his knowledge), he emigrated to New York and, still in his teens, happened to find work mending broken sprocket holes in film. "About ten years later," he writes, "I directed my first film, producing it with a handful of coins I had saved, all of which were recovered in one evening and one theatre." The picture was "The Salvation Hunters," made in 1924. He had reached the top at a single bound, and he has been studying the elevated prospect ever since, with mixed feelings. He is gratifyingly explicit on the craft of movie directing, and spells out why, for example, actors in movies must be manipulated like puppets and cannot know what it is they have performed until after the picture is finished. The title of the book is borrowed from the title of an early movie produced by Thomas A. Edison.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

A SIMPLE CASE OF ILL-WILL, by Evelyn Berckman (Dodd, Mead). Eerie, domestic, and very, very English, Miss Berckman's story of bad deeds in a genteel London bridge club will enclose the reader in a tight grip for the whole of its length. Miss Armina Clere, the elderly, courageous club hostess, wants nothing in the world as much as she wants the cozy little hall bedroom that is going to waste on the main floor of the club. Mrs. Phyllis Dalton, the amiable but somehow not very pleasant owner of the club, wants to hold on to her lease on the clubhouse. Miss Fleur, whose flighty manner fails to conceal a will of steel and a shrewish temper, is determined to keep her second-floor flat, where she gives voice lessons. And then there are others, some of them filled with malice and some hidden behind a men-

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Measuring something concrete against a standard that is near at hand isn't very difficult. But what do you do when you have something intangible to measure and no absolute standard to measure it against? What do you do, for example, when you are trying to decide whether a stock is appropriate for your investment aims?

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acing silence. It would be a pity for anyone who admires good writing and a good murder plot to miss this book.

DON'T GO IN ALONE, by Genevieve Holden (Doubleday). A lovely, domestically inclined mystery story in which three women who never will be missed die violently and very mysteriously in empty houses. A ruthless real-estate lady, an even more ruthless interior decorator, and an almost invisible cleaning lady are all done away with, one after another, while the residents of the area, a rich suburb of Atlanta, hold their heads and lock their doors and wonder what the world is coming to. The detective in charge of the case is handsome and amorous, and the second male lead, a reporter, is also romantic in nature and appearance.

FOR KICKS, by Dick Francis (Harper & Row). Mr. Francis is the former English steeplechase jockey who distinguished himself a year or so ago with a hard-driving racecourse thriller called "Nerve." In "For Kicks," he takes us a couple of steps down from the sordid world of jockeys to the squalid world of stableboys, but the villain remains the same—the unscrupulous fixer of races. The nasty piece of goods here gets his lumps from one Daniel Roke, a young Australian horse breeder who creeps into his employ disguised as a guttersnipe. Roke is a dazzling creation. Honest as the day is long, handsome as all getout, a consummate actor, generous to a fault, the soul of honor and the mold of chivalry, and a graduate of Geelong (the Australian Eton), he would have been too much for even John Buchan to stomach.

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HINDI FILM TUES

The University Students' Association of India is showing a full-length Hindi movie, "Jab Pyar Kisi Se Hota Hai (When You Fall in Love)," at 8 p.m. tomorrow in 155 Dwinelle Hall.

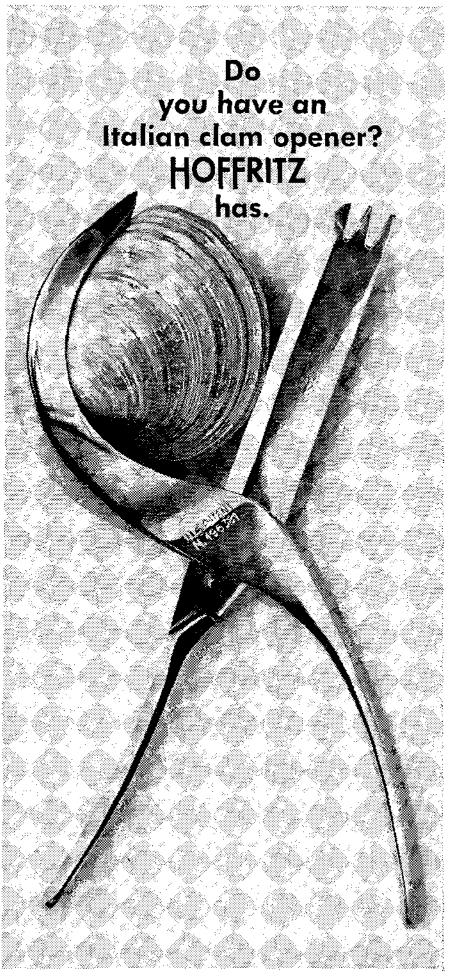
The film has English sub-titles.—*University of California Daily Californian, March 7th.*

NO HINDI MOVIE

The Hindi movie, "Jab Pyar Kisi Se Hota Hai (When You Fall in Love)," will not be shown at 8 p.m. today in 155 Dwinelle Hall, as previously announced in the Daily Californian.

The film was shown last Saturday.
—*Same paper, March 8th.*

Ham kisi nahi dekna sha rah ete (We didn't want to see it anyway).



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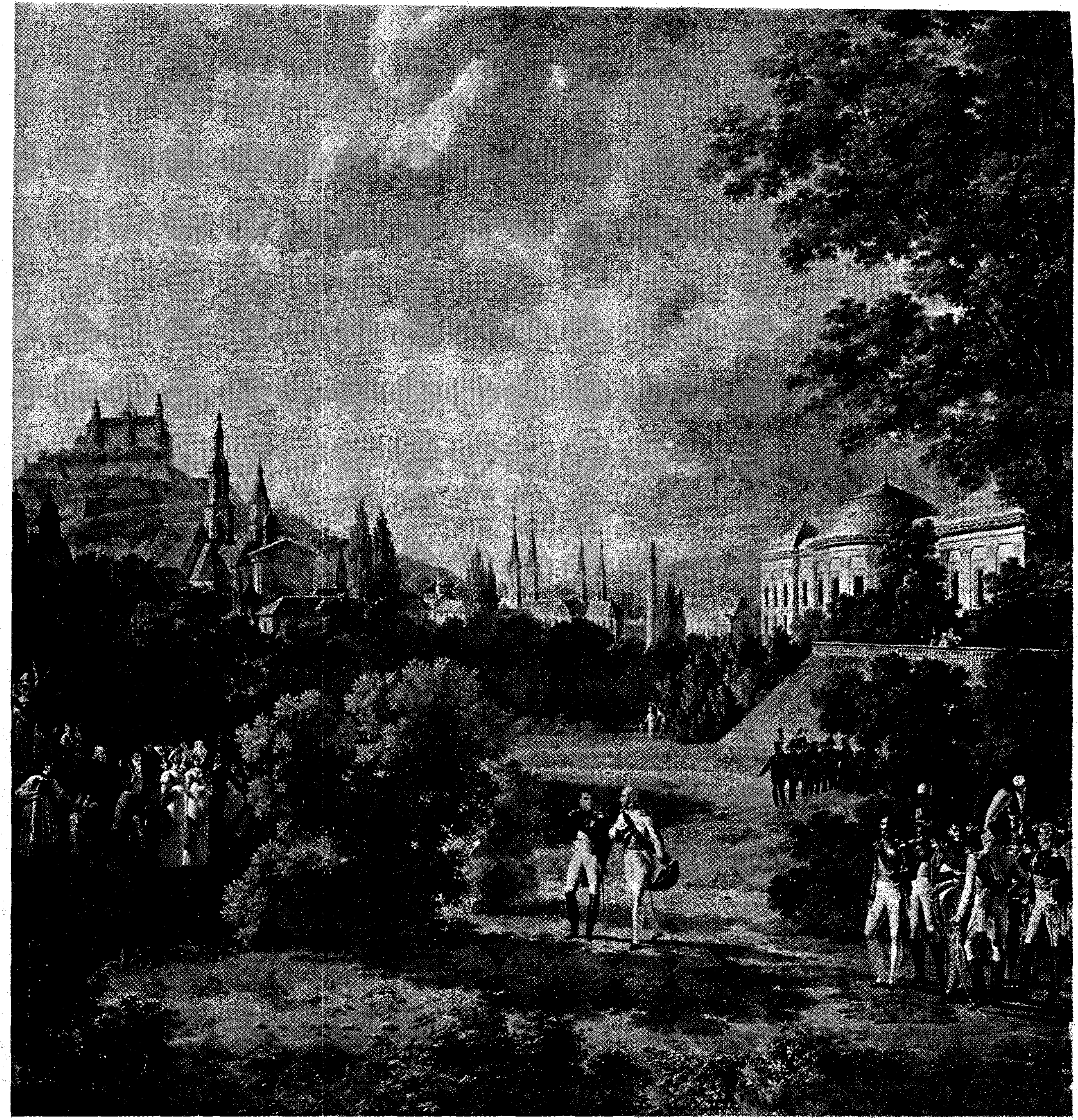

Entrevue de Napoléon et du Grand-duc Ferdinand à Wurtzbourg. Détail de la peinture par Hippolyte Lecomte. (Musée de Versailles.)

Napoleon confers with his host at Würzburg, Archduke Ferdinand of Austria, whose niece, Marie-Louise, was destined to become the second Empress of the French in 1810. A few days after this interview, Napoleon attacked Prussia and was completely victorious at Jena and Auerstädt on October 14, 1806.

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